8 August 1981 US $1.95 (by air) 30p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 60c NZ 70c Den Kr 10.75 Fr NF 6.00 Ger Dm 4.30 Malaysia $2.25 Spn 175pts IR 42p (inc. VAT)

IAN DURY·ARTHUR LEE STORY·MENSI·TOXTETH·COSTELL

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

World's shadiest rock weekly

CAFE IS OPEN

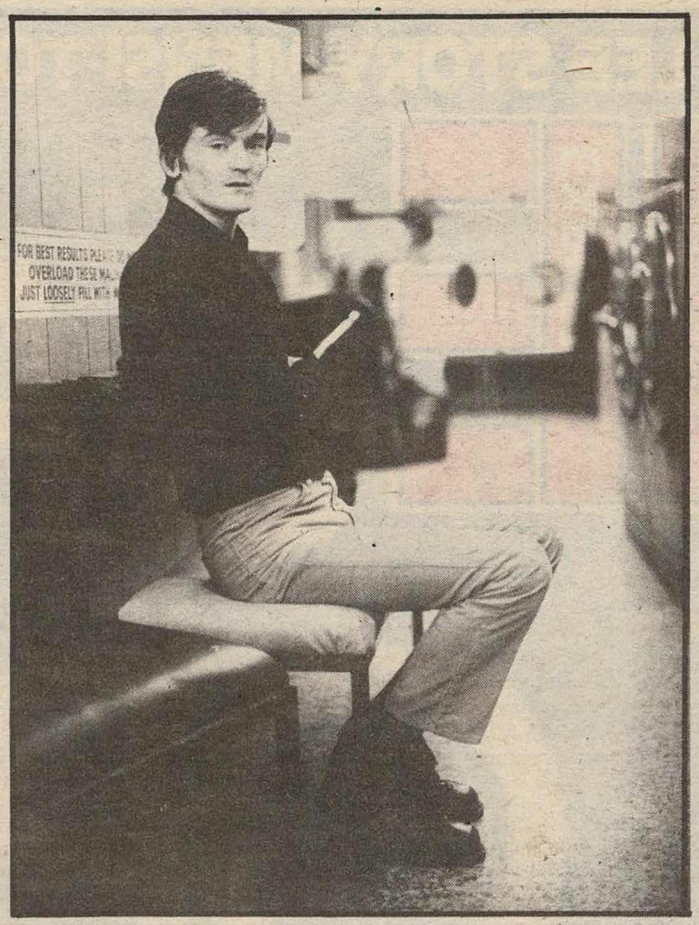
THE SPECIALS
Ending Of An Era?

By Paul Du Noyer

Specials outside the last cafe in ghost town/Pic: Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	(10)	**GREEN DOOR**	**Shakin' Stevens (Epic)**	2	1
2	1	CHANT No 1	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	3	1
3	11	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (RCA)	2	3
4	2	GHOST TOWN	The Specials (2-Tone)	7	1
5	3	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	3	3
6	4	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2	Starsound (CBS)	5	2
7	5	LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	3	5
8	15	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY	Sheena Easton (EMI)	4	8
9	16	NEW LIFE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	5	9
10	6	CAN CAN	Bad Manners (Magnet)	6	2
11	—	BACK TO THE SIXTIES	Tight Fit (Jive)	1	11
12	8	DANCING ON THE FLOOR	Third World (CBS)	7	8
13	19	WALK RIGHT NOW	The Jacksons (Epic)	3	13
14	7	BODY TALK	Imagination (R&B)	7	4
15	20	GIRLS ON FILM	Duran Duran (EMI)	2	15
16	—	BEACH BOY GOLD	Gidea Park (Sonet)	1	16
17	—	WATER ON GLASS/BOYS	Kim Wilde (Rak)	1	17
18	22	VISAGE	Visage (Polydor)	4	18
19	14	NO WOMAN NO CRY	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	7	7
20	9	SAT IN YOUR LAP	Kate Bush (EMI)	4	9
21	12	MOTORHEAD (LIVE)	Motorhead (Bronze)	4	7
22	21	SHOW ME.	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	3	21
23	23	YOU MIGHT NEED SOMEBODY	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	5	12
24	—	ARABIAN NIGHTS	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	24
25	25	CARIBBEAN DISCO	Lobo (Polydor)	2	25
26	13	WORDY RAPPINGHOOD	Tom Tom Club (Island)	6	6
27	—	TAKE IT ON THE RUN	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	1	27
28	—	MOTORHEAD	Hawkwind (Flicknife)	1	28
29	—	JULIE OCEAN	Undertones (Ardeck)	1	29
30	—	HOLD ON TIGHT	ELO (Jet)	1	30



The Undertones' Julie Ocean in at No.29. Pic: David Corio.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
1	1	**LOVE SONGS**	**Cliff Richard (EMI)**	5	1
2	2	KIM WILDE	Kim Wilde (Rak)	5	2
3	4	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH	Motorhead (Bronze)	7	1
4	7	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	37	1
5	3	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2	Starsound (CBS)	12	1
6	13	BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON	Michael Jackson (Motown)	4	6
7	5	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	10	5
8	9	HOTTER THAN JULY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	36	1
9	6	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	6	5
10	15	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	14	9
11	10	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	9	1
12	8	BAD FOR GOOD	Jim Steinman (Epic)	11	8
13	16	JU JU	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	7	10
14	12	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	10	1
15	20	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	19	4
16	(—)	CATS	Various (Polydor)	1	16
17	(—)	ROCK CLASSICS	LSO/Royal Chorale Society (K-Tel)	1	17
18	(30)	FACE VALUE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	17	2
19	21	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	14	6
20	(—)	BELLA DONNA	Stevie Nicks (WEA)	1	20
21	29	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	16	3
22	11	DISCO DAZE & DISCO NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	11	2
23	14	JUMPIN' JIVE	Joe Jackson (A&M)	5	14
24	(—)	FOUR	Foreigner (Atlantic)	1	24
25	18	NAH POO THE ART OF BLUFF	Wah! (Eternal)	4	12
26	25	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	5	25
27	26	HIGH & DRY	Def Leppard (Vertigo)	2	26
28	23	HEAVEN UP HERE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	7	4
29	(—)	PUNKS NOT DEAD	Exploited (Secret)	9	(10)
30	(—)	I'VE GOT THE MELODY	Oddysey (RCA)	2	29
30	(—)	ARC OF A DIVER	Stevie Winwood (Island)	10	16

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (1) **New Life**.....Depeche Mode (Mute)
2 (2) **Neu Smell**.....Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
3 (3) **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** Pigbag (Y)
4 (4) **Motorhead**.....Hawkwind (Flicknife)
5 (5) **Another One Bites The Dust** General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
6 (10) **Puppets Of War EP**. Chron-Gen (Gargoyle)
7 (6) **Q Quarters**.....The Associates (Situation 2)
8 (28) **Ceremony (12" remix)**..New Order (Factory)
9 (15) **I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys** Higsons (Romans in Britain)
10 (7) **Forget The Dawn**..... Wah! (Eternal)
11 (8) **L'il Red Riding Hood**..... 999 (Albion)
12 (11) **Our Swimmer**.....Wire (Rough Trade)
13 (13) **Dreaming Of Me**..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
13 (—) **One In Ten**..... UB40 (Dep Int)
13 (18) **Watching The Hydroplanes** Tunnel Vision (Factory)
16 (12) **Too Drunk**..... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
17 (26) **Freaked**.....Charlie Harper (Ram Kup)
18 (17) **Brave New England** Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Hip)
19 (—) **Nero**.....Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
20 (21) **The Resurrection EP**. Vice Squad (Riot City)
21 (—) **Cover Plus (We're All Grown Up)** Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
22 (—) **My Love**..... New Age Steppers (Statik)
23 (—) **Fight Back**..... Discharge (Clay)
24 (—) **Number 11**.....Dead Or Alive (Inevitable)
25 (16) **Go For Gold** Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
26 (—) **Last Rockers**..... Vice Squad (Riot City)
27 (20) **In The Greylight EP** Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
28 (14) **Dole Age**.....Talisman (Recreational)
29 (23) **Bela Lugosi's Dead** Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
30 (25) **Nagasaki Nightmare**.....Crass (Crass)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (1) **Penis Envy**.....Crass (Crass)
2 (2) **The Only Fun In Town**.... Josef K (Postcard)
3 (3) **Present Arms**..... UB40 (Dep International)
4 (4) **Playing With A Different Sex** Au Pairs (Human)
5 (9) **Document And Eye-Witness**...Wire (R Trade)
6 (6) **Punks Not Dead**.....The Exploited (Secret)
7 (7) **Black Sounds Of Freedom** Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
8 (5) **Anthem**.....Toyah (Safari)
9 (8) **Closer**.....Joy Division (Factory)
10 (26) **Action Battlefield**.....N. A. Steppers (Statik)
11 (16) **Firehouse Rock** Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
12 (13) **Live**.....Misty (People Unite)
13 (11) **Signing Off**.....UB40 (Graduate)
14 (17) **In The Flat Field**.....Bauhaus (4AD)
15 (24) **Fresh Fruit**..... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
16 (26) **Provisionally titled Singing Fish** Colin Newman (4AD)
17 (12) **Heart of Darkness**..... Positive Noise (Statik)
18 (23) **Lubricate Your Living Room** Fire Engines (Accessory)
19 (10) **Unknown Pleasures** Joy Division (Factory)
20 (20) **To Each**.....A Certain Ratio (Factory)
21 (18) **Prayers On Fire**..... Birthday Party (4AD)
22 (15) **He Who Dares**..... Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
23 (14) **Dirk Wears White Sox** Adam Ants (Do-it)
24 (22) **Stations Of The Crass**.....Crass (Crass)
25 (—) **Mesh And Lace**.....Modern English (4AD)
26 (—) **Labour Of Love**..... Mass (4AD)
27 (—) **Youth In Asia**..... Birds With Ears (Attrix)
28 (25) **Hopelessly In Love** Carol Thompson (Carib Gems)
29 (—) **Live At The Lyceum tape** Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Tapes)
30 (19) **Odyshape**.....Raincoats (Rough Trade)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops.

REGGAE

1 **Entertainment**.....Tristan Palmer / Jah Thomas / Rankin Toyan (Capri)
2 **Check For You Once** Edi Fitzroy (Musical Ambassada)
3 **Do The Thing Right**.....Glen Brown (Action)
4 **Buchra**.....Johnny Osborne (Jah Life)
5 **Jah Rastaman**.....Ras Karbi (Rockstone)
6 **Deep In The Dark**..... Barrington Levy (BL)
7 **Thanks And Praise**..... Devon Russell (Studio 1)
8 **Tribute To Bob Marley** Horace Andy (Top Ranking)
9 **True True True**..... Tamlins (Spidermen)
10 **Fist To Fist Days Done**. Lone Ranger (Channel 1)

Chart by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

FUNK

Import 12" singles

1 **I'll Do Anything For You** Denroy Morgan (Beckett)
2 **Sweat**.....Brick (Tabu)
3 **Catch The Groove** Grand Groove Band (Grand Groove)
4 **The Dip**..... Keith Diamond Band (Millenium)
5 **Let's Get Nice**..... Glory (Posse)
6 **Manifique**.....Manifique (Siamese)
7 **Workin' Out**..... Ritz (Posse)
8 **Jammin' Big Guitar** Vaughan Mason (Brunswick)
9 **Get On Up And Do It Again**..... Suzy Q (J.C.)
10 **Let Me Give You Love**..Barbara Mason (WMOT)

Chart by Kev Edwards, Spin-Inn, 15 Cross Street, Manchester 2

INTERNATIONAL UNITED STATES

Singles

1 **Jessie's Girl**.....Rick Springfield (RCA)
2 **The One That You Love**.....Air Supply (Arista)
3 **The Theme From The 'Greatest American Hero'**..... Joey Scarbury (Elektra)
4 **I Don't Need You**..... Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
5 **Elvira**..... The Oak Ridge Boys (Elektra)
6 **Slow Hand**..... Pointer Sisters (Elektra)
7 **Bette Davis Eyes**..... Kim Carnes (EMI-America)
8 **Boy From New York City** Manhatten Transfer (Atlantic)
9 **Hearts**..... Marty Balin (EMI-America)
10 **Queen Of Hearts**..... Juice Newton (Capitol)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

Long players

1 **Long Distance Voyager** Moody Blues (Polygram)
2 **Hi Infidelity**..... Reo Speedwagon (Epic)
3 **Street Songs**..... Rick James (Motown)
4 **Mistaken Identity**..... Kim Carnes (EMI-America)
5 **Hard Promises** Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (MCA)
6 **Precious Time**..... Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
7 **Share Your Love**..... Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
8 **Paradise Theatre**..... Styx (A&M)
9 **Stars On Long Play** Stars On Long Play (Atlantic)
10 **The One That You Love**.....Air Supply (Arista)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Don't Go Breaking My Heart**...Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)
2 **Jeans On**.....David Dundas (AIR)
3 **A Little Bit More**.....Dr Hook (Capitol)
4 **Misty Blue**.....Dorothy Moore (Contempo)
5 **In Zaire**.....Johnny Wakelin (Pye)
6 **Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel**.....Tavares (Capitol)
7 **Now Is The Time**.....Jimmy James & The Vagabonds (Pye)
8 **The Roussos Phenomenon**.....Demis Roussos (Philips)
9 **Dr Kiss Kiss**.....5000 Volts (Philips)
10 **Harvest For The World**.....Isley Brothers (Epic)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Get It On**.....T. Rex (Fly)
2 **Never Ending Song Of Love**.....New Seekers (Philips)
3 **I'm Still Waiting**.....Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
4 **Devil's Answer**.....Atomic Rooster (B&C)
5 **Me And You And A Dog Named Boo**.....Lobo (Philips)
6 **Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep**.....Middle Of The Road (RCA)
7 **In My Own Time**.....Family (Reprise)
8 **Tom Tom Turnaround**.....New World (Rak)
9 **Monkey Spanner**.....Dave & Ansell Collins (Technique)
10 **Won't Get Fooled Again**.....The Who (Track)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

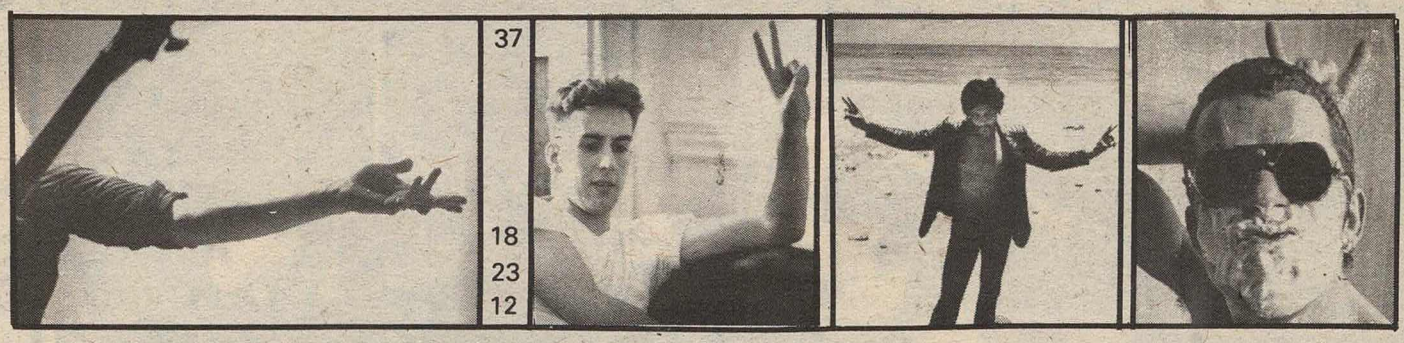
1 **A Girl Like You**.....Troggs (Fontana)
2 **Yellow Submarine**.....Beatles (Parlophone)
3 **Black Is Black**.....Los Bravos (Decca)
4 **The More I See You**.....Chris Montez (Pye Int)
5 **Mama**.....Dave Berry (Decca)
6 **Out Of Time**.....Chris Farlowe (Immediate)
7 **God Only Knows**.....Beach Boys (Capitol)
8 **Love Letters**.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
9 **Summer In The City**.....Lovin' Spoonful (Kama Sutra)
10 **Visions**.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **You Don't Know**.....Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
2 **Well I Ask You**.....Eden Kane (Decca)
3 **Johnny Remember Me**.....John Leyton (Top Rank)
4 **Temptation**.....Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
5 **Romeo**.....Petula Clark (Pye)
6 **Halfway To Paradise**.....Billy Fury (Decca)
7 **Pasadena**.....Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
8 **You Always Hurt The One You Love**.....Clarence Henry (Pye)
9 **Don't You Know It**.....Adam Faith (Parlophone)
10 **Runaway**.....Del Shannon (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

ARE YOU GOING TO COME PEACEFULLY . . .?



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Old boy Oldfield sues Virgin

VIRGIN RECORDS' first and most successful signing Mike Oldfield has begun law proceedings against Virgin boss Richard Branson and his company. He is suing for £1 million.

Oldfield claims that the contracts he signed with Virgin were made under Branson's guidance to his detriment, and he is suing Virgin for the profits made from the seven million Oldfield records sold worldwide. In addition he says he is no longer bound by the contracts he renegotiated with Virgin in '77.

Richard Branson is unsurprisingly hurt by Oldfield's action.

"We are all rather sad that the first we heard about this situation was through the press. It's rather bad form issuing press releases before you issue writs. At the moment we're in a position of total ignorance as we don't know exactly what Mike's problems are supposed to be."

Pic: Peter Anderson

Sporran partner Kevin Rowland

Dexys for Edinburgh — and Dury?

DEXYS MIDNIGHT Runners have confirmed that they will be playing Edinburgh's latest venue Coasters on Monday, August 17, as part of the city's annual rock festival. It is also probable that Ian Dury will be appearing at the Playhouse Theatre on Sunday, August 30, though at press-time some details were still to be tied-up.

Tickets for the Dexys gig are priced at £3.00, while seats for the Dury concert are likely to be on sale this week, price £4.00 and £3.50, postal applications for both concerts being dealt with by the Rock Festival '81 Booking Office, 2 Castlecliff, 25 Johnston Terrace, Edinburgh 1. Payment should be made by postal order only, made out to 'Regular Music', and send SAE enclosed.

The list of bands playing at the Nite Club each evening has also been announced and this comprises: Classix Nouveaux (August 14), TV 21 and The Very Thing (15), Linton Kwesi Johnson and Fungus (17), The Scars (19), Any Trouble (20), Altered Images (21), Those French Girls and Sophisticated Boom Boom (22), Angelwitch (24), Birthday Party (25), Funkapolitan (26), Huang Chung (27), Doll By Doll (28), Everest The Hard Way and James King And The Lone Wolves (29), Carlene Carter (31), Electric Circus (September 1), OK Jive (2), Bauhaus (3 and 4), The Twin Set and The Dream Boys (5).

Richard Strange and Cabaret Futura will also be in residence from August 24 to 29, while for the last week of the festival (August 31-September 5), the shows will be presented by new wave comedians from the Comedy Store. Further information on all Nite Club shows, plus reservations, can be obtained from the Playhouse Box Office, Edinburgh (031-557 2590).

Futurama presents

THIS YEAR'S Futurama festival, the third in a series organised by promoter John Keenan, switches from its Leeds home to the more spacious New Bingly Hall, at Stafford.

As before, the event takes place over two days, September 5 and 6, and will run from 2 pm to 1 am on the first day and from midday till 11 pm on the second. Some headline bands are still to be announced but those already booked to appear include:

Saturday: **Comsat Angels, Crown Of Thorns, Everest The Hard Way, Felt, Human Condition (with Jah Wobble), Meteors, OK Jive, Ski Patrol, The Sound, Theatre Of Hate, Way Of The West, Sisters Of Mercy, The Higsons.**

Sunday: **Blue Orchids, b-Movie, Diagram Brothers, Doll By Doll, Eyeless In Gaza, Godot, Havana Let's Go, Ludus, Martian Dance, Modern Eon, Positive Noise, Section 25, Tea Set, Thompson Twins, UK Decay, Virgin Prunes, Cry,** and **Another Colour.**

Apart from the main festival, which will take place on two stages in the hall, there will also be a bar, lasers and various other visual entertainments. A field next to the hall has been hired for campers and will also house a large marquee in which new bands not signed to the main event will perform. Keenan is eager to receive tapes from outfits who'd like to perform there.

Tickets for Futurama III are now available, price £6 per day, or £10 for two days, and can be obtained from John Keenan (to whom all cheques and postal orders should be made out) at PO Box HH9, Leeds 8, LS8 1AN. People sending cheques should allow at least 10 days for these to be cleared.

A film of last year's Futurama II is to be screened in four parts by the BBC during September.

Gaye plays

MARVIN GAYE is set to play a UK tour, opening at Brighton Dome on August 23 and including his first-ever club appearances in this country — three nights at Stoke Jollees on August 24, 25 and 26.

Though some dates are still to be finalised, others already confirmed are: Portsmouth Guildhall (August 29), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (August 31, September 3, 4 and 5), Aberdeen Capito; (11), Edinburgh Usher Hall (12), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (18) and Lewisham Concert Hall (20).

Prices at Brighton are £9, £8.50, £8 and £7, with restricted view seats at £4, while seats at Aberdeen and Edinburgh are set at £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50, those at London Drury Lane being £8.50, £7.50, £5.50 and £4.00.

Pic: Willie Smith/George Walker

El & Attractions — plus pedal steel player (right) — serenade the stetsons

COSTELLO GOES COUNTRY

By WILLIE SMITH

THERE'S A stranger in the town. No one has spoken — or so hoped London Weekend Television and Elvis Costello's management as Elvis and The Attractions appeared at Aberdeen's Country & Western Club in the Hotel Metro last Thursday. This secret one-off gig was set up for LWT to film them performing live, for the first time, material from Costello's forthcoming album of country cover versions, recorded with The Attractions last month in Nashville. Produced by Billy Sherrill, its title and release date haven't been fixed as yet.

The planning for this unique occasion had definitely been for the cameras, and no dancing was to be possible as the TV crew filled the front-of-stage space with tables and chairs to ensure the basic country and western audience remained in their places while they filmed the action for a *South Bank Show* special on Elvis.

Scanning the crowd, it was obvious that the presence of the mystery guest had remained a mystery to his more usual followers. The place was far from full, and the fashion-conscious in the audience were wearing

■ *Continues over*

COSTELLO GOES C&W

■ *From previous page*

stetsons, Brylcreem, fancy shirts, jeans and cowboy boots.

Elvis had also dressed for the occasion: red cowboy boots, lace tie and shades. His suit however seemed to have been bought from a weight-watchers' jumble and seemed a couple of sizes too big, even with the extra weight Elvis has gained. Bruce Thomas was also trying to keep up with the country Jones, with a shirt that was definitely not bought in Carnaby Street.

The authentic American look was however provided by pedal steel guitarist John McFee, courtesy of The Doobie Brothers, whose stetson was only matched in size by the Jimmy Carter type toothy smile.

The first set kicked off around ten, with the Attractions sound pretty rusty until they played 'Stranger In The House,' Elvis's principal previously recorded country and western song. The songs were a mix of originals and cover versions (Loretta Lynn, Charlie Rich, etc), and we were to discover that the next single is to be the George Jones classic-of-its-type (or so I'm told), 'It's Been A Good Year For The Roses.'

Someone else must have thought it wasn't quite right the first take — or maybe there was a shortage of suitable material — because at the outset of the second half Elvis apologised that every second song was to be a repeat of one they had already played. Ain't complaining though, as Elvis was now coming through loud and clear and creating more buzz than a queen bee. It's amazing what a dozen bottles of wine delivered to the dressing room can do at half-time. Ron Greenwood take note, that's your only hope of qualifying. It must have been good stuff as the Attractions, steel guitarist and all, were coming out with a vintage performance, the highlight of which was a new song ironically titled 'Tonight The Bottle Let Me Down'.

Elvis was in his element, now utterly confident, peering over his shades and characteristically posing for the camera . . . just after I unknowingly had run out of film — ever felt like a fool? Not to worry — on the basis of that second 25-minute performance, I'll be straight down to the record shop when the album is released.

I won't be the only one there either. A few traditional Elvis Costello fans (doesn't that make you feel old?) were still smiling and clapping well after the band had gone and it wasn't only because the scampi and chips had arrived. The new fans like William Basket with his stetson and sheriff badge will have good memories too — and something to tell the grandchildren next time they visit.

— WILLIE SMITH

Echo movie goes out with Floyd

THOUGH NATIONAL distribution still hasn't been finalised, Echo and The Bunnymen's *Shine So Hard* movie opens for an initial two week run at London's ICA Cinema on Thursday August 13.

The film, which was shot in January and incorporates footage of the band's performance at Buxton's Royal Pavilion, headlines a package which will also include another 20-minute film of the Bunnymen, shot in Italy at the close of their recent European tour. The climax of this film, which features a soundtrack score written and performed by the band's guitarist Will Sergeant, is a performance in Florence's historic Uffizi Square, an open air event which attracted some 4,000 people.

Other films on the same bill include *San Francisco and Turned On*, two vintage psychedelic shorts — the former utilising music by Pink Floyd — plus Derek Jarman's *Broken English*, featuring Marianne Faithfull, and *Associations* an earlier film by *Shine So Hard* director John Smith.

Rock and the Right — new initiative

THE PUBLISHERS of a new report on right-wing involvement in rock have announced that they will be mounting a major campaign against racism.

The Centre For Contemporary Studies, publishers of *Rock And The Right*, will be working with pop and sports stars whose names will be announced in mid-December.

Rock And The Right is a follow-up to the Institute's papers on *Football And The Fascists*, and *Nazis In The Playground*. Besides giving a short history of the role of the BM and NF in disrupting concerts, the Oi movement and events at Southall the report also accuses the rock industry itself of sometimes "cynically cultivating" trends which could give encouragement to right-wing organisations.

"It's worrying when a strong commercial motive is combined with a political feel," commented Eric Moonman, the Centre's Director, former Labour MP for Basildon.

"Rock stars," the report concludes, "bear substantial responsibilities to the public which so amply rewards them."

Rock And The Right is available for £1.00 from the Centre For Contemporary Studies, 163/175, Shoreditch High Street, London E1 6HU.

Jerry Lee — latest

JERRY LEE LEWIS, who was given a 50-50 chance of survival after undergoing extensive abdominal surgery last month, is still listed as being in a "serious but stable condition". A hospital spokesperson informed *NME*: "Mr Lewis is still in an intensive care unit, but thankfully showing some progress."

Get-well messages may be sent care of The Memphis Methodist Hospital (South), 1300 Westley Drive, Memphis, Tenn. 38116, USA.

Nolans in Sueds Corner shock

THE MAN who gave us The Nolan Sisters — Mr Thomas Nolan, proud father of the thrilling tribe — faces legal action.

His alleged offence, however, is not in fact the act of siring the smiling siblings. According to the Derek Block Agency, Nolan senior has broken their exclusive contract with the group by setting up his own shows for them in America, the Philippines and Japan. The agency is trying for a court order that will stop Mr Nolan "interfering" in contractual arrangements; they also want damages for any commission lost and because they say the group has been refusing live work.

What's more, claim the Block people, the chief Nolanoid pays three of his daughters a mere £100 weekly (and Colleen, 16, only £30) — despite the Irish idols' 1980 earnings of £180,000 plus royalties.

The court hearing was on Wednesday.

ARCHIVE FUN

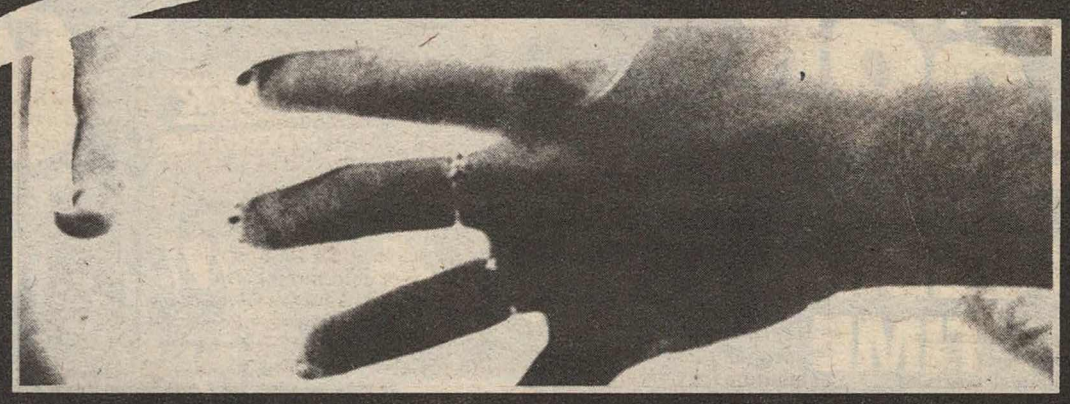
"If I hold this pose for 30 years, maybe I'll come back into fashion," ponders Pete Townshend's alto playing daddio Cliff (right).

Lowry

"Gorblimey son, you're not going out dressed like that, are you?!"

"Gorblimey son, you're not going out dressed like that, are you?!"

STATIK
THE DANCE
IN LUST
LP AND 12" SINGLE IMMINENT



BOOKS
The Dispossessed ..... Ursula LeGuin
The Crystal Caves ..... Mary Stewart
Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep? .... Philip K. Dick
The Wild Boys ..... William Burroughs
The Ticket That Exploded ..... William Burroughs
Junkie ..... William Burroughs
David Bowie Black Book
Lord Of The Rings ..... Tolkien
The Necronomicon ..... H.R. Giger
The Hobbit ..... Tolkien

RECORDS
Today ..... Ken Lockie
I'm Waiting For My Man ..... Nico
The Sound Of Silence ..... Simon And Garfunkel
Tears Of A Clown ..... Smokey Robinson
Back To Nature ..... Fad Gadget
Fade To Grey ..... Visage
Ashes To Ashes ..... David Bowie
Why Do'y Do It ..... Marianne Faithfull
Dancing Barefoot ..... Patti Smith
All Along The Watchtower ..... Jimi Hendrix

FILMS
Suspiria
Harold And Maude
Barbarella
Fahrenheit 451
Soylent Green
Westworld
Alien
Exorcist 1 and 2
Star Wars
Metropolis

TV PROGRAMMES
Cosmos
Mork And Mindy
Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy
Hammer House Of Horrors
Coronation Street
Weekend World
and all documentaries
MASH
Star Trek
The Outer Limits
BBC 2 late night films

MAKE-UP
A La Carte
Mary Quant
Biba
Revlon

FOOD
Seafood
Tropical Fruit

DRINK
Fresh orange juice

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER
TOYAH

ACTRESSES
Marilyn Monroe
Billy Whitelaw
Bette Davis
Divine
Sissy Spacek

STAR SIGN
Taurus

FAVOURITE PASTIME
Being scared

Pic: Barry Plummer

How to make Hiroshima Day go with a bang

A LITTLE more poop on Manchester's promising Northern Carnival Against Missiles — which will be the largest anti-Trident and Cruise missile carnival to be held in this country so far.

It takes place in Manchester's Alexandra Park this Saturday (8) after a rally outside Strangeways Prison at 11 am. The subsequent march through the city centre will arrive circa 1.00 pm to music from John Cooper Clark, Hawkwind, Ronnie Lane, local reggae band Harlem Spirit, The Freshies, the dependable Thompson Twins and The Damned.

■ Meanwhile, the Nordic contingent — who demand that Sweden, Denmark and Finland be nuclear-free — of the 1981 European Peace March make their way from Copenhagen to Paris (via Brussels) in their own march towards another festival which will mark Hiroshima Day tomorrow. It was on August 6, 1945, that the five-ton uranium bomb 'Little Boy' was exploded in the sky: entering us into the 'Atomic Age' and leaving 64,000 people dead or dying. The Paris festival will last through August 9 — Nagasaki Day — as well. That's because it was 36 years ago this Sunday that the second A-bomb ('Fat Man') dropped on Nagasaki, killing 74,800 out of the city's 200,000 population, and leaving 75,000 wounded and/or dying.

■ CND has prepared a 'Second Generation Youth Pamphlet' called *No More Hiroshimas* which contains eyewitness accounts and pleas that we learn from this dreadful holocaust and points out that "nuclear weapons can't defend us. They are not for defence, they are for mass murder". Orders 30p plus sae (large) from Youth CND, 11 Goodwin St, Finsbury Park, London N4.

■ In London, Hiroshima Day will be marked tomorrow (Thursday) by a vigil and 'sing-in' outside the US Embassy, with participants asked to don black armbands and bring flowers or wreaths, as well as 'children and musical instruments'. From 12 noon-2 pm: US Embassy, Grosvenor Square, London W1. Camden CND are also orgainising a ceremony (speakers include the Mayor of Camden) at 12.00 noon at Camden's Cherry Tree, Tavistock Square, London WC1.

■ This Sunday also sees a day conference and 'evening entertainment' at London's Institute for Contemporary Arts, called 'Nukespeak'. Its aim is to confront the censorship of all anti-nuclear info and to compare ways artists and communicators of any ilk can press for peace using *their* specific skills.

Speakers include James Cameron (with an eyewitness account of the Bikini Atoll explosion) and BFI TV Research Officer Michael Atoll (on the censorship of Peter Watkins' famous film *The War Game).* Artist Peter Kennard (whose ICA exhibition *Images for Disarmament* closes the same day) will speak on art's scope for intervention — along with critic Guy Brett and the CND Design Group. A Mediawatch workshop will discuss 'invisible' censorship and press bias ('Nukespeak' itself).

The recent controversy over E .P. Thompson's revoked invite to deliver this year's Dimbleby Lecture (Thompson says the invite was verbal and that he was requested to produce a draft of his lecture for approval; the BBC's line is that EP was never invited at all) is sure to figure in the debate. The final 'entertainment' will take place in the ICA bar and will include poets and musical satirists. Tickets are £3 from The ICA, The Mall, London SW1 (01) 930-3647; proceedings run from 10.30 am till 10.30 pm.

■ Ronnie Lane with Big Dipper, Talisman, Robert Hunter, Marianne Faithfull and The Blood Poets, plus The Hank Wangford Band and Bristol's The Builders are among the artists booked to appear at this year's Rough Hill Festival on Saturday, August 15. The festival, which is being held in a field three miles north-east of Cirencester (just off the A429), is in aid of CND, profits to be shared equally between national CND and local organisers. Tickets are priced at £3.50 on the day or £3 in advance from The Close, Barnsley, Cirencester. Cheques should be made out to the Rough Hill Festival and an SAE enclosed.

The last time a festival was held at Rough Hill was in 1978, when a bill topped by Steve Winwood attracted some three to four thousand people.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

NEXT WEEK IN NME

The Bob Dylan interview
by Neil Spencer

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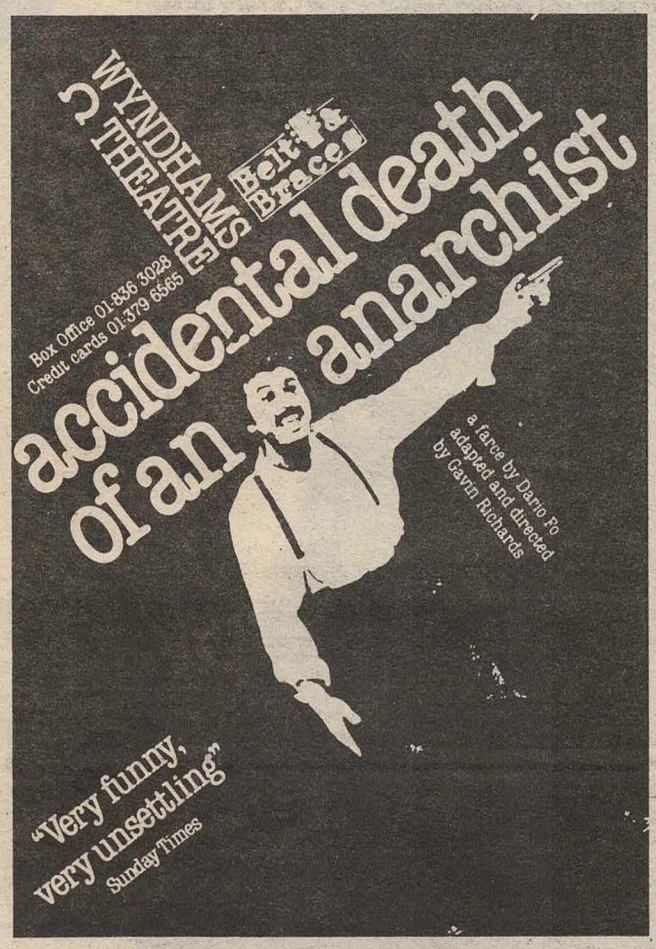

JUST FINISHED YOUR 'A' LEVELS?

If you have just finished your 'A' Levels and are not quite sure what to do next, NME will be carrying a series of features showing the availability of courses at different colleges commencing next week for 5 weeks.

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"Who killed Davey Moore? Why and what's the reason for?" — Bob Dylan

Soon after midnight on the morning of the Royal Wedding, a young invalid named David Moore was run down and killed by a police van in the Toxteth district of Liverpool. The tragedy came on the third night of disturbances in England's worst-hit trouble spot — and so the wave of riots which swept the country a month ago claimed their first victim, an innocent bystander.

A chronically deprived inner city ghetto, Toxteth has been even further devastated by the rioting. The tough response of the Merseyside Police has come in for much criticism as well, and allegations of brutality abound.

Meanwhile, the tension and the violence show no signs of going away.

The local shopping centre — Giblin's carpet store in the foreground

LIFE IN THE WAR ZONE

Report: MICK DUFFY. Pictures: KEVIN CUMMINS

APTLY CHRISTENED the "Bermuda Triangle of British Capitalism" in a recent study, Liverpool has become an economic and social disaster area. All the characteristics of inner-city decay are worst here — bad housing, high crime rates, poor health, low educational achievement and massive unemployment.

For years commentators have warned that an explosive situation was developing on Merseyside. So for them, at least, the serious rioting in Toxteth, Liverpool 8, came as no surprise.

Though these disturbances were only a part of a wave of riots that swept the country in the first half of July, in other regions the troubles seem to have temporarily died down. In Liverpool 8, however, local problems have escalated, tensions have increased and rioting is still prevalent.

When I visited the district last Friday, it was like stepping into a war zone. All along Upper Parliament Street and Lodge Lane are rows of burnt-out or demolished buildings. Almost every derelict corner is patrolled by pairs of uniformed police, whilst scores of others cruise around the area all day in fleets of crew buses, vans and cars.

Nearly all the shops have been looted, some several times. Many will remain permanently boarded up — symbols of Toxteth coming like a ghost town.

As for the unfortunate shopkeepers, most are by now too tired or too upset to recount the stories of their ruined businesses for the dozens of press vultures who hound them. Some refuse to talk — it's an insensitive task to have to ask them to — though others are more forthcoming. Speaking to them face to face, instead of simply reading their quotes from a newspaper, it's difficult not to be moved by their sense of hopelessness, helplessnesses and sheer bewilderment.

Sitting behind a makeshift stall, just beyond the pile of rubble which used to be 'Anna's Fruit Shop', Anna herself, a soft-spoken demure looking lady approaching middle age, tries in vain to make sense of a senseless situation.

"They said the riots were against police harassment and fighting for jobs, but I can't see that was so. They've just created more unemployment by putting shopkeepers and their workers on the dole. They haven't hurt the police — it's just their own community that they've destroyed.

"We don't know what we're going to do or how we can possibly carry on. We don't even know if we'll get any insurance . . ."

Further along Lodge Lane, three old ladies stand gossiping outside the charred remains of 'T. Giblin, Carpet Shop'.

"The woman living here had four babies," one of the women tells me. "And one was only three weeks old. That woman is crippled with arthritis and you should have seen the state of her after the fire, poor girl. She's sent her children off to the Isle of Man now, for safety."

"I'm terrified now living round here," continues another pensioner. "When I go shopping, I have to put my purse in the inside pocket of my coat *and* pin it in. I'm petrified to go out most of the time.

"I'm 74 and I've never seen anything like it — and I'm born and bred Liverpool. In the old days we used to just sit here and watch the illuminated tram cars go by and we thought it was marvellous. But now, we're even to frightened to look through a window in case a petrol bomb comes our way."

IN CONTRAST to the old people's fear and confusion and the shop owners' despair, some of the young rioters I spoke to are revelling in this breakdown of law and order. Theirs is no political motivation; neither have they been fired by social injustice — police harassment, unemployment and the like — so their attitudes seem callously flippant, insensible and dumb.

"We just do it for what we can get out of it — to see what we can nick," one particularly reserved looking teenager tells me. Of course, rioting/looting means instant access to money, goods and *thrills*. Also, because any disturbance is comprehensively covered by the media, certain opportunists seize the chance to win semi-notoriety as local stars of TV and radio.

"Hi listeners!" chirps one bright young boy, thinking my tape recorder means I'm from a radio station. "Did you see the silver Capri on the telly? I was in that, an' I was in the Viva that broke down on Granada the night before."

Given that you want to be a media hero, why else do you riot?

"Just 'cos I enjoy every minute of it. I only do it for kicks an' so I can rob cars . . . I've never done a day's work in me life an' I never intend to. This way I can get all I want free!"

INEVITABLY though, there are some young people who attach a deeper significance to the rioting. On Upper Parliament Street one passing youth called it "a Pavlovian response against aggressive policing", and another — part of the demolition team clearing the remains of the fire-gutted Rialto, an old dance hall — reinforced this idea.

"This trouble's been brewing for 20 years. The people round here have always had a bad deal from the police. Everyone has been under suspicion whether black or white. You couldn't walk round with a bag at night, or anything like that. They'd be checkin' you and maybe they'd get rough. People were bound to fight back one day."

The depth of this long-standing public dissent would certainly surprise the unitiated reader of Merseyside Police's latest annual report, where Chief Constable Kenneth Oxford writes:

"I am confident that relationships, with all sections of the community, are in a very healthy position and I do not foresee any serious difficulties developing in the future."

Little wonder this man has his detractors. Community leaders, at this very moment, are vociferously calling for his resignation and have made it clear — not least to Michael Heseltine, Mrs Thatcher's visiting agent — that police harassment is the sole cause of this continuing unrest in Liverpool 8.

In reply, Mr Oxford claims that there are subversives "hell-bent to cause trouble and we (the police) have got to contain it". So he has felt justified in using CS gas on rioters and, more recently, instructed his officers to drive their police vehicles straight at missile-throwing crowds in order to disperse them — an order which resulted last week in the death of 23-year-old David Moore, an invalid and alleged innocent bystander, mowed down by a police van in pursuit of rioters.

On the Toxteth streets, the tragic story of David's death is being exaggerated more with every recital.

"My mate seen it with his own eyes," a young teenager eagerly tells me. "The van ran over him once and then *reversed* and ran over him again on purpose."

Though this account is incongruous with those of all other eye-witnesses who have claimed that David Moore was hit only once by a police van travelling at a 'terrific speed', it demonstrates how the legend of his death, however distorted, will be forever

Anna (front) with makeshift fruit stall. It used to be a shop

■ *Continues over*

LIFE IN THE WAR ZONE

■ *From previous page*

recorded in the annals of anti-police mythology and used, like the tragedies of Blair Peach and Liddle Towers, to perpetuate police hatred for years to come.

WHEN I VISITED the Merseyside Force's station, from where the policing of Liverpool 8 is being co-ordinated, I was just in time to witness a dozen or so tea-urns being delivered by a catering supplies firm. Beverages for the night shift? A quick calculation told me those liquid containers could hold a grand total of around 60 gallons of tea — probably just enough for the 2000 men currently deployed in maintaining law and order in the approximate square mile of land that is Toxteth.

"The level of policing in Liverpool 8 is commensurate with the crime in the area," one Chief Inspector Hoskinson insisted. He also pointed out that Mr Oxford encouraged "positive policing, not aggressive policing". But how did he account for the scores of young people in the area, blacks especially, who are angrily complaining about continual police harassment and are embittered to an extent that they no longer see any good in the police force whatsoever?

"I'm not sure that the young person of 18, 19, 20, is perhaps the best person to determine what is exactly right or wrong with the world," he patronised. "Of course, they are allowed to have attitudes and be heard . . .

"For people with complaints, there are the proper channels and a thorough investigation will always be made."

Last year 1631 items of complaint were recorded against Merseyside's police. As a result, according to their annual report, "Formal disciplinary action was taken against two police officers in respect of three items of complaint". In other words, 99.8% of last year's recorded grievances ended in no serious action being taken.

Last week, one solicitor told Liverpool City Magistrates Court that he felt Mr Oxford's men no longer believed in a reasonable policing of the area, but rather had "declared war on Toxteth".

As an outsider, this situation has perhaps become too difficult to accurately assess, but it must be said that other local observers insist that the police themselves are often seriously provoked by certain elements in Liverpool 8. As one young housewife told me, "They call the police, but my God, they've persecuted and aggravated the police. I've seen them spitting in their faces and calling them pigs, trying to make them react."

But a young garage attendant put the controversy more clearly into perspective.

"There's good and bad on both sides. I wish people would only realise that."

PERHAPS THE most serious cause for concern at Merseyside Police Headquarters is that they stand accused of being a racist force headed by a racist chief. The Liverpool 8 Defence Committee — a community action group, of mainly blacks, which initially formed to give legal assistance to those arrested during the riots — have issued a statement which alleges:

"He (Oxford) has referred to the black population as 'half-castes' and the 'product of liaisons between black seamen and white prostitutes' and as 'criminal hooligans' . . . If the Chief Constable is a known racist, how can he be capable of stamping out racism in his own police force?"

A less than enthusiastic welcome greeted my arrival at L8DC's Upper Parliament Street base, where I had hoped to find out more about this organisation.

"We trust nobody from now on," snapped the receptionist curtly.

A day earlier, Granada TV had allowed police officers to view transmitted material of the riots in their Liverpool studios, although the company had previosly assured L8DC — in return for their co-operation — that their films would never be used to this end. Understandably then, they felt they had been betrayed by the white media.

So we squabbled more than we communicated, tensions being worsened by my arguing over their insistence that *NME* should pay for all information given. They invited me back later that evening — "with a donation" — but it wasn't an appointment I was destined to keep.

AT THE Caribbean Community Centre too, I was confronted with the kind of racial mistrust that seems so characteristic of the current Toxteth way of life.

"No white press in here!" barked a hefty doorman.

But outside the Centre, the 20 or so black youths who had quickly surrounded photographer Kevin Cummins and myself seemed only too eager to talk — and intimidate.

"I don't believe in the *New Musical Express* comin' round 'ere only when there's crisis 'appen!" complained one. "You only come amongst us when there's bad times."

Here was someone who believed that the emergence from local obscurity of white bands, Echo, Teardrop and Orchestral Manoeuvres, etc, was only another example of widespread discrimination against blacks — in this case, by the predominantly white-controlled music business.

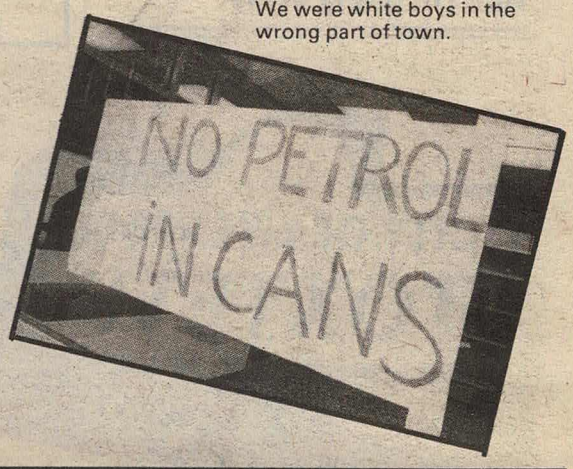
In the circumstances, it was difficult to argue the point forcefully. We'd already been clumsily frisked by the less-than-expert pick-pockets amongst them, whilst four others were now sat bouncing on the bonnet of my poor 10-year-old Escort van, apparently frustrated at finding the doors locked.

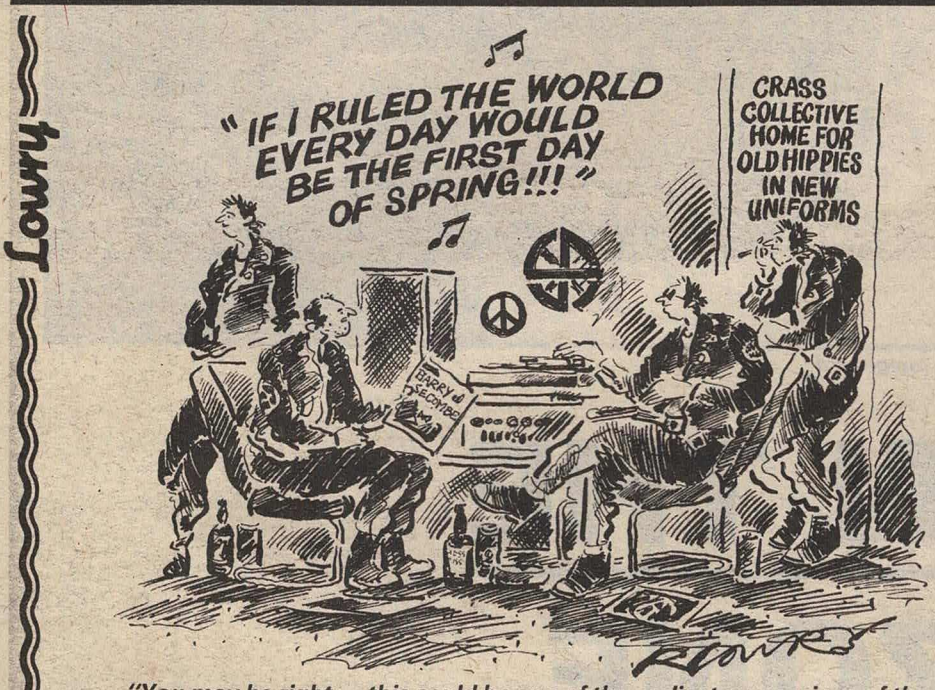
But why the harassment?

"You come into a trouble-torn area with your fancy cameras on your back an' your slick tape recorders an' fire questions at black people under pressure," growled a group leader. "An' then you wonder why they want to hit you over the head an' steal your equipment an' leave you on the ground!"

"MOVE!" yelled a menacing black giant from behind, armed with house-brick. "GET OUT OF 'ERE!"

It was time to leave Toxteth. We were white boys in the wrong part of town.

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DANGEROUS VISIONS

LYNN HANNA unveils *that* column

Pic: Syndication

Reigny Di Women (Channels 1, 2 & 3)

THIS WAS the bridegroom's third wedding. His first wife died after a tragic accident with her hairdryer, and his second fared little better, being found dead in bed beside an empty pill bottle. The bride's former spouse deserted her for an affair with Another Woman, and her only child was once feared dead after a lorry crashed into the local pub.

I am referring, of course, to the Other Wedding of the week, that of Deirdre and Ken from **Coronation Street**, simply solemnised by a bearded vicar, graced with the queenly presence of Annie Walker and celebrated by a slap-up reception at the Rover's Return.

I doubt whether Di requested the photographer to take a special snap of her saucy garter, as did Deirdre. Nevertheless, for 750 million other sentimental wets around the world, the **Royal Wedding** was Perfect Pageantry.

ITV may have made a determined attack on the ratings with the "seasoned" commentator Alastair Burnet and their special trumpcard, the Goodyear airship wobbling precariously above the proceedings, but the BBC seemed unshaken in their belief that They Do These Things Better. Actually as the day wore on Angela Rippon's regal bonhomie became hard to bear and the interminable aging fashion doyennes who were so assiduously courted by both channels grew increasingly irksome. But in the event, Tom Fleming's skill showed.

Fleming's intimate, awed evocation of atmosphere, his eye for detail and his ear for the comforting cliche was matched by his command of a dazzling collection of fascinatingly useless information. Touchingly, when briefly interviewed by the frosty-faced Angela, her expression thawed for the occasion by an unconvincing smile, he even seemed to believe in everything he'd said.

The day's sheer visual splendour — the dizzy shots from the dome of St Paul's dropped onto a scene striped with red carpet and studded with colour like an intricate kaleidoscope — was offset by the uniquely cosy style of British ceremonial; it centres round Elizabeth Windsor, a woman who, if her dresses were made of Crimplene instead of silk, looks not unlike any faintly harassed High Street mum.

The cost was shocking. But was it such a wicked waste?

Certainly Lady Di herself has done much to deflect the criticism: natural beauty, broken home, decent dress sense and with a style that's equal parts grace, glamour and guts, she's the only royal so far to appear remotely modern. Already a national asset, not many would envy a marriage that's made her permanent public property.

What saved *the* wedding, as the commentators would insist on pronouncing it, from the overkill of hysterical media coverage, was that odd mixture of the humdrum and sanctimonious which characterises most marriages.

There were gorgeous fairytale trappings like a glass coach, cherubic bridesmaids, crowned heads from exotic, defunct states and a dress such as Cinderella must have dreamt

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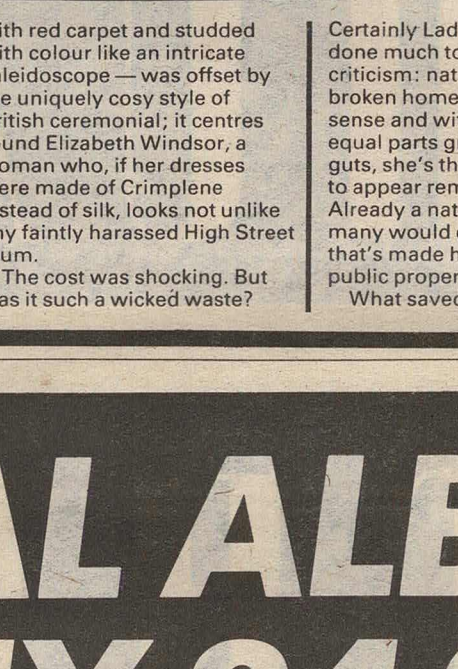

THE EAGLES
DESPERADO/ONE OF THESE NIGHTS K462033

THE DOORS
MORRISON HOTEL/L.A. WOMAN K462034

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of, but it was the soap-opera scenes at the altar which made the biggest ever outside broadcast such compulsive viewing.

Charles muddled his words and manfully wiped his eyes, Di mumbled and nearly married her future father-in-law by mistake, the Duke of Edinburgh held his handkerchief to his nose, the Queen wisely kept her head well down and it was odds on whether Di's dad would get through the ceremony without succumbing to his second brain haemorrhage and crumpling in an unsightly heap on the cathedral carpet.

The day before it happened, ITV's **World In Action** had the bright idea of inviting two judicious American experts back to Toxteth, an area they last visited eight years ago when they correctly predicted violent riots in British cities. These two officers of the Community Relations Service of the US Department of Justice, whose job it is to pinpoint inner city tension and then attempt to defuse it, paced gravely through the scarred streets and inhabitants of Liverpool 8. If their conclusions were predictable, their alien insight was often illuminating.

"You can hardly tell which ones have fallen into disrepair and which ones have been damaged by riots," we overheard them observe as they took their first steps into streets blitzed by neglect or abuse.

They were puzzled too at our elected representatives' apparent impotence in policing the police force.

"On paper, our police are more accountable than anywhere else in the world. It's a facade, there's nothing behind it. I find it extremely alarming," announced a typical, non-alarmist local government committee member.

Reruns of the flickering black and orange film of a community ablaze provided a lurid contrast to shots of the serene and leafy residence of an ex-mayor and her husband who pontificated pompously about unemployment. The two travellers also questioned the slickly wiggling Heseltine, sat through the fluffy rhetoric of the local Defence Committee and jovially interrogated what looked like the last of a dying breed of neighbourhood British bobby.

It was a programme coloured by the subtly altered perceptions and priorities of representatives of a different culture, and their conclusions were based on an objective common sense. The riots were the result of basic economic difficulties which could be partly alleviated by better housing and more realistic education. Unemployment combined with insensitive policing was a serious factor. And the result if no immediate action was taken?

"This time next year there will be riots that are more severe and more deadly with more blood shed on either side."

I wonder what Mrs Thatcher would have replied if questioned about the riots rather than the marriage as she emerged on the steps of St Paul's in best royal blue and fixed gracious grin.

Let them eat wedding cake?

ITV SPEAKS

"There are a few hornets buzzing around tonight — but we hope they don't sting anyone important." — Alastair Burnet.

BBC SPEAKS

It's as if the whole nation was gathering in the Mall, saying 'Yes, we do respect law and order . . . yes, we do like being British'." — Tom Fleming.

New Music . . . Old Values

LAST SUMMER, New York's first New Music Seminar presented itself as an alternative to the run-of-the-mill conventions of the music industry. It attracted a good selection of representatives from all aspects of the independent music business.

Last week the New Music Seminar convened again in a much different atmosphere. The alternative or independent side of the business has started to establish itself as part of the music industry.

Neil Cooper, who heads Reachout International Records put it this way: "It's much more serious this year, and there's more greed in the air. Last year people saw this as a way of building a community. Now it's a peripheral industry.

Organisationally, this year's NMS was a success.

Dave Robinson of Stiff gave the "keynote address", Tony Wilson of Factory was there, and several big-shot types from major American labels were there checking out the competition. It was a good chance for all these people to meet each other, make contacts, exchange records and phone numbers and talk shop, always the main activity of any convention.

But it should have been more. The panel discussions, supposedly the Seminar's reason for being, were rarely more than useless exercises in self-promotion, condescension and insult-trading.

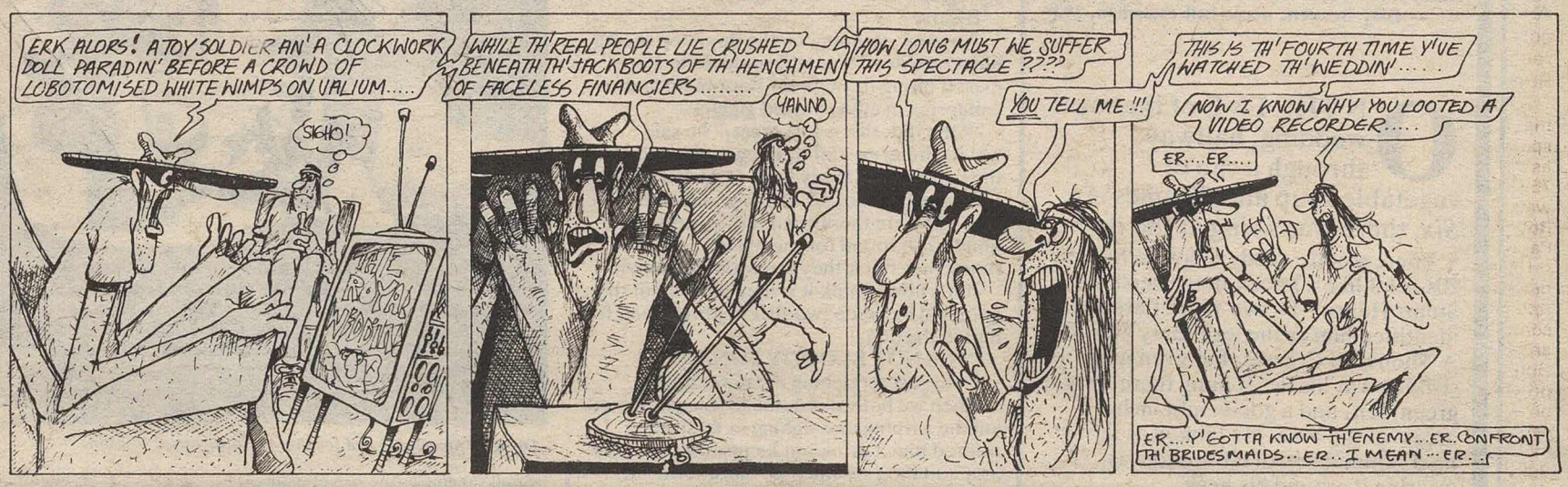
At a panel on Talent and Booking, Rob Hallet of England's Derek Block Agency (handles UB40 and The Polecats) accused New York promoter Jim Fouratt of dishonest dealings, leading to a shouting match.

The final, catch-all panel was called Trends in New Music, and despite a few interesting exchanges it proved virtually directionless. Panellist Steve Strange sat silent under his gaucho hat except for one brief speech along the lines of "I don't know if you are capable of understanding this but our movement is about more than music it's fashion, art" etc, etc. Ze Records' Michael Zilkha brought up the movement towards white funk, and Vin Scelsa, a DJ with New York's "progressive rock" station WNEW avowed that "it wouldn't happen on the radio". Why not? "Because the white suburban kids who are our main audience aren't ready for it."

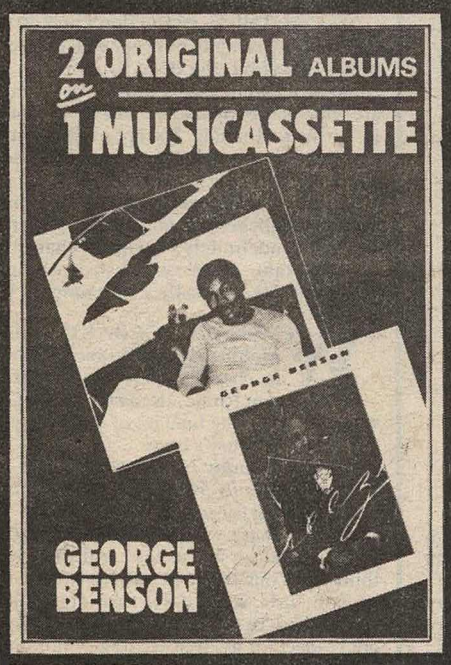
At no time did any of the discussions meet a fundamental issue underlying the idea of a new music convention. That is, do the makers and marketers of new music, whatever that is, want to evolve new forms of doing business, new ways of getting their stuff heard — or will they be content to become an adjunct of the corporate institutions that now control the business?

— RICHARD GRABEL

The Lone Groover — Benyon


ERK ALORS! A TOY SOLDIER AN' A CLOCKWORK DOLL PARADIN' BEFORE A CROWD OF LOBOTOMISED WHITE WIMPS ON VALIUM.....
SIGH!
WHILE TH' REAL PEOPLE LIE CRUSHED BENEATH TH' JACKBOOTS OF TH' HENCHMEN OF FACELESS FINANCIERS.....
YAWN!
HOW LONG MUST WE SUFFER THIS SPECTACLE ???
YOU TELL ME !!!
THIS IS TH' FOURTH TIME Y'VE WATCHED TH' WEDDIN'.....
NOW I KNOW WHY YOU LOOTED A VIDEO RECORDER.....
ER....ER....
ER...Y'GOTTA KNOW TH'ENEMY...ER..CONFRONT TH' BRIDESMAIDS..ER..I MEAN...ER..

ON ONE CASSETTE... W.H.SMITH



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Danny Baker presents

Ian Dury

A TURN FOR THE VERSE

Off with his Blockhead for this act of sartorial treason.

"There's a cock-eyed yellow poodle to the North of Gongapooch
There's a little hot cross bun that's turning green,
There's a double jointed wop-wop doing tricks in who-flung-dung,
And you're a better man than I am Gunga-Din."
— Billy Bennett, music hall comedian, 1929

ON THE EVE of the royal wedding, halfway through a can of vegetable soup and *Thames At Six*, there was a ring at the door.

There stood a reedy fellow in his late 20s, a lot like a knock-down version of Stuart Henry. His two-piece flared suit identified him as the legendary Man Of A Thousand Creases, but even more striking was his tie. It hung there, bright green, felt, and a good eight inches across at the base. He looked as though he'd skinned a pool table and was wearing it around his neck.

"DJ" he said brightly.

DJ? A freelance DJ going door-to-door in search of impromptu parties lacking that vital ingredient? Surely not. Knife grinders, toffee-apple men, religion even, but a strolling DJ? I think there is some mistake, senore.

"No, I'm your DJ. Mr Baker isn't it?"

Well yeah, but. . .

"Yeah, well you rang up. Last week. Royal Wedding Party thing. I'm your DJ."

Help.

"Aw come on mate. You rang up. Don't give me this. What, have ya cancelled it or something?"

The corners of his lips began to twitch like a candle flame as I explained about some of my friends curious ideas about joke structure.

"But. . .but I've come from Wood Green. All the way from Wood Green. I've got me girlfriend downstairs in the van with the lights and everything. Do us a favour. What's happening?"

What did he want? To be invited to play his gig — lights and all — while me and Kelly read the *New Standard*? "Sorry about the noise, dear, but apparently I ordered a DJ round tonight. I think he'll be finished soon I just heard 'Hi Ho Silver Lining'."

Bizarre.

Anyway, standing on the doorstep seeing him crumble, it was all I could do to stop meself biting through my bottom lip and collapsing in embarrassed giggles.

"Oh God, this is just great," he said waving his arms and walking to the end of the balcony. "Bloody busy night like this, all sorts of work around, and I get taken on like this. Who are these friends of yours? I've a mind to go round for them and see how funny they think they are without a phone!"

If it's how I think it is they'd have put the poor sod between two slices of bread and fed him to the dog.

"IT'S NOT BLOODY FUNNY!"

I was just scratching my nose, honest.

Then we both stood, me looking ashamed and he gasping and sighing in frustration. I offered him a drink but he just threw up one arm and then stomped off toward the lift. A rotten trick. Closing the door gently I went over to the window to see if I could see his van parked way down below. DJ vans usually have ludicrous slogans painted on them and I was curious about his.

But I couldn't see anything like it, just groups of people erecting tressle tables and standing on chairs fixing up flags. Tonight and tomorrow was party time. In this sleepy village of a nation — created by tabloid persuasion — the squire's eldest was getting wed. A period of fates, neighbourliness and pots of home-made jam.

And, of course, the hills would be alive with the sound of music. . .

"He thought he saw an elephant that practised on a fife,
He looked again and found it was a letter from his wife,
'At length,' he said, 'I realize the bitterness of life'."

Edward Lear

DJs AT CONCERTS are not particularly noted for their sweeping genius in selection. They all suffer from *charthiti paralysis*, that is, a complete refusal to play anything remotely popular. *Interesting* album tracks, hoary old rockfaves — this embraces anything from Janis Joplin to as recent as the whole of side two of Little Feat's 'Last Record Album' — and, bet your green felt tie, if there's a hot new version of an old tune in the charts, your twixt group host will dig out the original and labour the point that the tinny old bean-can crackle you're hearing is the definitive version.

But like, actually play the popular stuff? Come off it, guys and gals, rock DJs are only there to show you they never sell *any* of their collection. What's more they listen to *every* track on *every* LP! Just in case an *interesting* one crops up.

At Crystal Palace on a hot and happy Royal Wedding afternoon we have as much chance of hearing an uplifting single as Wendy Craig has of winning the Arc de Triumph. There are thousands of people here. It's happy and light, shirt-sleeves and tiny cotton tops, balloons, flasks and dozens of tots with painted faces. On this handsome occasion, the PA is treating us all to Pink Floyd's 'The Wall'. See what I mean? Behind the lake and stage lays the artistes area. Inside a wire-netting fence, but outside a comfort caravan, sits the man in the white hat, Ian Dury.

"The best thing you can do," he says from behind sunglasses the size of balm cakes, "is contradict yourself as many times as possible in any one day."

This would seem logic from a bandleader whose outfit appear to be playing one pro and one anti-Royal show on this festive Wednesday. (This is only true if you underestimate the irony of Palace Bowl/GLC chief Ken Livingstone).

"When I was a teacher kids were forever going, "Ere you just said something else just now, you told us different', and I'd go, 'So? I just changed me mind. Simple as that ennit?'."

Well, I'd certainly go along with that. No I won't. I never heard anything so ludicrous. And, going by the sly smile, neither has Ian Dury. Consequently. . .

Across that, which has become forever termed as "a sea of faces", the public stretch for miles. Nobody was booing because nobody had paid. The Blockheads are due on between The Thompson Twins and Barry Ford with only Spirit to follow that. Most people were here to see Ian Dury for free. (Though Max Bell's noisy "Let's Hirit For Spirit" contingent were embarassing everyone with their camp-fire singing).

The Block's — you do call them. . .ah screw that — were back in the capital for the first time since Christmas. Ian Dury, it seems, is active for the first time since way, way back before the muggy dawn that saw the birth of Madness. What with Madness and Bad Manners and even craggy admen Chas'n'Dave digging large Dury shaped holes all over, The Dury bunch apparently became grandfathers overnight. On top of that, they released 'Laughter'. 'Laughter' did as much for the groups public standing as Captain Ahab has done for Greenpeace. It died.

Nor was it a quiet funeral. The single and opening track, 'Superman's Big Sister' saw the outfit back sweaty and unshaved, grunting dockside pubfunk while the nation's youth were beginning to chase after the shadows of dizzy 2-Tone and curious Blitz. Dury had never sounded so coldly gruff, and with Chaz Jankel gone, the arrangements — on 'SBS's' this involved some bewildering straight strings — were crass and ill-conceived.

Most people I know never got past the 45. Following that. . .who cared?

AT PRECISELY the same time as the Royal Couple dived into their honeymoon train — as distinct from Di's wedding train which is currently being reupholstered for future use as carpeting in the channel tunnel — Ian Dury And The Blockheads wandered onto the Crystal Palace Bowl stage. Scheduled to play 45 minutes they turn in an hour, running through a set that has become grafted onto their physical beings after nigh on three years of playing it. Only one new song, 'Spasticus Artisticus' gets played. Otherwise it's 80 per cent 'New Boots And Panties'.

My view is obscured by a weeping willow and a cloud of black smoke emerging from something the couple standing in front are smoking. This I could see perfectly. My eyes told me it was a drugged cigarette or "a joint". My nose told me it was a blazing collection of tarmac, kitchen lino and kippers. Whatever it was, it blotted out my first views of the drastically stripped stage Dury.

Ian no longer fills in the songs with his parade of novelties. Whereas once he would conjure with an air driven ball in a bubble-pipe or fling a succession of scarves on high, he now hammers at some rude percussion afixed by the mikestand. Shame, one of the great joys about being on a Blockhead date was the panic-run with Kosmo around the local toy and joke shops in search of queer novelties to sprighten up the performance that night.

"Yeah they gone. I dropped the props. . .main reason being that I watched the Alberto's one night when they were supporting us and Jimmy Hibbert came out limping, with the cloth cap, the scarves. He tied one scarf around the mike and went 'Oi Oi' and all that and. . .well, my bum went. I had to follow that with all the shankin' I was doin'. I walked out he following night all in black. Sometimes I still do but I really like the reggae thing of wearing a track-suit thing. . .same on and off stage. . ."

Nothing to do with the rise of the fancy boys.

"No, no. Tell the truth I don't reckon they're all that fancy. Certainly not very well dressed. The flower power bit, the Beau Brummels. . .see, I could never stand flares and, to me, trousers that are wide at the top and narrow at the bottom are just as bad. Horrible. Except on solicitors, I like to see flares and wide lapels on solicitors. Then you know there's a lot of cloth about. . ."

Cough, splutter, with visibility shutting down to a matter of inches and all flights in the area grounded indefinitely I decide to change my vantage point. A fine space by a weeping willow. Across the lake wafts the chant number three.

"WYDONCHAGEBAKINTABED, wydonchagebakintabed — Reasons to be cheerful part one, two, three."

Recorded in Rome, 'Reasons To Be Cheerful' was, for many, the final bit of familiarity that bred contempt for Dury's lyrics.

"Some of Buddy Holly/The Working Folly/Good Golly Miss Molly/And Boats"

A shopping list song.

"Yeah. That's what Julie (Burchill) said. Mm. (sighs). That's a shame cos I really like her stuff, think she's one of the best there is. But, if they're shoppin' lists, well I'd like to go shopping for the items. They're not just convenient or slick. I've got respect for my lyric writing — not for me singing — but certainly the way I can evoke certain things."

But is it forced? I mean, a name like Bona Coleano in 'Reasons', how often do you find him floating around your nut?

"What Bona? Oh Bona's in there a lot. A coupla years back I was in the dressing room at

Delft plates: **Anton Corbijn**

Hammersmith and someone said, 'Guess who's outside'. It was Wee Willie Harris. ('nother Reason). I sat him down and sung him all the words to 'Rockin' At The Two Is'.

"I go everynight and make meself some tea/I go to the bedroom put on me ol' blue jeans/I barge dahn the stairs, say g'bye t'mum/She looks up at me says where y'goin' son?/I'm going rockin at the Two Is!'

"I said I did that to show you I ain't just being flash, Willie. I could do that about everyone in that song."

The oral slapstick in Dury's lyric strings are another tie to the much bandied connection he has with British Music Hall. If anything, songs like 'What A Waste', 'This Is What We Find' and 'Rhythm Stick' are not random enough compared to word throwing giants like Billy Bennett. Rhyming is not enough. There has to be at least one word per sentence that is phenomenal and capable of stopping you dead.

I know, because we're dealing with something that is flippant, that you might conclude that even at its best, this form of lyricism is trivial, worthless even. But it's not. It's sharmp, intriguing and *very* difficult. The real reward is that, when it's indifferent it's surreal, but when it's perfect it's hysterical and magnificent.

Lance Percival doesn't even know he's born. Dury is restricted by rock music. A 100 years ago he would have been murderous. But even aside from slicing up the dictionary — though Ian tends to slice up Who's Who or maps in preference — his other writing sides have solid British foundations too. Even his anthem 'Billericay Dickie' — 'Sex & Drugs' is second now — is a virtual steal from any number of Max Miller interludes. (*"They call me the cheeky chappie / The things I say are snappy / That's why the pretty girls all fall for me."*) Along with Vivian Stanshall, whom we shall be attending the wake of a little later, Dury represents the last hard nosed outpost of raucous eccentric parody. Even so, the rise of this banal rock blanket has forever lost the art of truly classic lyric writing. We shall now all kneel and chant Mr William Bennett's 'A Sailor's Farewell To His Horse' . . .

I was enjoying the show when Jesus came by. No, not the one in whose name this man and this woman were to be forever joined, but the idiot hippie who turns up at every festival and behaves like Betty Boop on acid. Now, who do you reckon he stood smack in front of? Then rather than behave like any normal open-aired concert sufferer he began to jiggle a selection of limbs, most of which were attatched to his spindly body. Good job I've heard these numbers before. Who hasn't?

"I enjoy those songs. That's a good set, really it is. I'll never accept that I don't try. I'll always try, but doing 'Billericay Dickie' can be difficult now. Even if you're goin' great you can still feel dispondent with it."

Do you find you're audiences are wowed even before you've begun?

"You do yeah a bit, but you're not that aware of an audience when you're working — anyway if they are going crackers it spurs ya. But I disdain workin' an audience, like, I never ask 'em do they love me. 'DYALUMEEE?!' Nah, it's not audiences it's down to . . . . just good gigs and bad gigs really."

Do you consider you do this well?

"Ah . . . yeah."

What did you make of the cockneys who followed in your wake.

"I don't think it's very close to what I do. Anyway, I hear very little of it — I take it you mean Chas'n'Dave and that. I've seen Madness a few times but I've never listened to their records . . . . I dunno. I wouldn't claim any more influence over Madness than I would for 'Reasons' to be influential on the rapping records."

Sneaky!

"I only ever listen to records that I aspire to. Jazz, a lot of reggae." While we're there, Ian's been working in Nassau.

"I wish I could claim to have thought of the scheme. It was Adrian Boot who told me and Chas (Jankel, the Blockhead who quit but still collaborates with Ian), that Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare had a fortnight with nothing to do and, well, why didn't we jump at the chance really? It sounded great except we didn't have any songs to work on. But we wrote 'em over there, wrote 'em in the morning and recorded them in the evening. Never worked like that before."

I remember the gloom and pressure when Dury had to find lyrics for 'Do It Yourself', an album so overdue it makes the Thames Barrier at Woolwich look like a blueprint of efficiency.

"Ah, but this wasn't pressure see. Not that (clenches fist) pressure. No telephone, thousands of miles from everybody. I don't really like holidays, but working, then going out in a hotsie-totsie swimming, getting fit, that's, aw, tremendous.

"We worked so hard, but didn't get knackered. It was working with Sly and Robbie, really, See I don't get off on the music we play, I'm too critical but this was like . . . unaffiliated, see? It was like permission to get high on music. They live for their work. They don't drink, they don't smoke drugs . . . the only bit of direction I gave 'em when Sly says to me, 'Ere ya don't want reggae do ya?, and I said 'No, just dance music'. He said OK and off we went. Very natural and very easy."

You love working and fitness, right? Do they always go together?

"The low point was last year being on the road, we did 74 straight on the road till last year. I couldn't do it; I was like a footballer who'd played 74 football matches on the trot with extra time — I couldn't do it. You keep using energy, lots and lots of nervous energy until you're really on your reserves — on magic energy and that's not healthy f'the ol' brain. You've got to pace your life, got to lie fallow for stages. What we should've done was done nothing till now — not done another album at all — rested, then come back now with a blinder. One we've considered from all aspects."

What happened with 'Laughter'?

"Erm . . . I dunno . . . too many words, I dunno. We considered getting a producer for ages but then thought we oughta do it. Maybe we shoulda called that one do it yourself."

You're fit now though?

"Very fit. Fitter than for ages. I swam nearly all last year."

SPLOOOSSHH. Yeuchh. Good God. The faithful, made frenzy like on the heat of the 'New Boots' songs, have decided to ford the lake. Teams of half-stripped youths wade about in the lillies stagefront and dip and duck like bald-headed coots on the scent of a fat one. The water is filthy. I mean real black sewage that leaves trails of sediments on your skin as it runs off. A blonde girl goes brunette in one splash. Above all, it stinks.

About a 100 skylark in this grimey, diseased soup, their toes squelching into the silt, their mouths doing the best to bale out the shipments of cholera en route down their troats. Disgusting. They get warned about submerged power cables but pooh-pooh it. At any time I expect to see one — *ZOOM* — launched into the firmament, trail of sparks plotting the acent of Croydon's first unplanned stellar probe. One in the eye for the Russians through, what?

It never happens. Neither does the much bayed for Blockhead encore. There were the band, all ready to waltz back on to the spiralling cheers when out stepped David Rapperport — our three four MC for the day and always the last person to know its raining — to announce some "Special Messages". The cock-a-hoop atmosphere suddenly nosedives to that approximating the Moscow Conservative Club Old Boys Night. The band opt not to go through the whole set again merely to get encore response level and so their true climax must wait for Hammersmith.

There's a parallel here with the royal couple but protocol forbids its illumination.

Who would you most've liked to have been in history, Ian?

"Definitely not a monarch. Probably Monet the painter. His lifestyle was quiet but very exciting. He created something he could paint in the middle of France — a pond with bridges over it, lillies and that, then just painted it all. Matisse is another. Mostly painters, no musicians; well maybe a minstrel like Blondin. Was Blondin, wannit?"

I show a marked tendancy to be underwhelmed by the magic of art.

"A painting can change your life in a very subtle way, though, not like rock, it can't change your spirit. I've been to art shows where I've come out really excited . . . sometimes; yeah, it can change your life I think.

"I was at a French post-impressionists show and we went up to this painting by Toulouse Lautrec of two girls in a bordello and one was asleep with her arm up like this. Under her arm you could see, when you got really close to it, that he'd stuck a public hair. And when you get that close you go, gaaaah, and I fuckin' . . . something happens to ya. You think woahh, that is fuckin' *real*. That's one of hers. That kind of experience I mean I never saw Otis Redding but I'm sure. . ."

Do you consider rock as an art form?

"I think there's a great deal of good art in rock and a great deal of very serous intent. Probably more than in most painting. A single by Elvis *will* still be played in hundreds of years time — rock's only had 26 to 27 years to be judged, whatever, not enough time to be great — but people will play that Elvis single like others go to see a Rembrandt. An art form, 'cept its more available like some two quid print. It's not like painting through because it doesn't really try to push up its prices all the time — it's a very healthy art form. Really."

Would you like to start a magazine or something?

"Me Nah . . . I like doing odd shots like that one I did for *The Face*'s first issue about Elvis that kind of potshot helps me write lyrics. That mag is good cos it's like *Picture Post*, but then again its a little too much like *Town Magazine* for my taste. And the price!"

What about the popular press?

"*The Daily Mirror*'s the only one worth reading. And Nigel Dempster in the *Mail*."

Ah we arrive. The Hammersmith Odeon, that velveteen slaughterhouse under the flyover.

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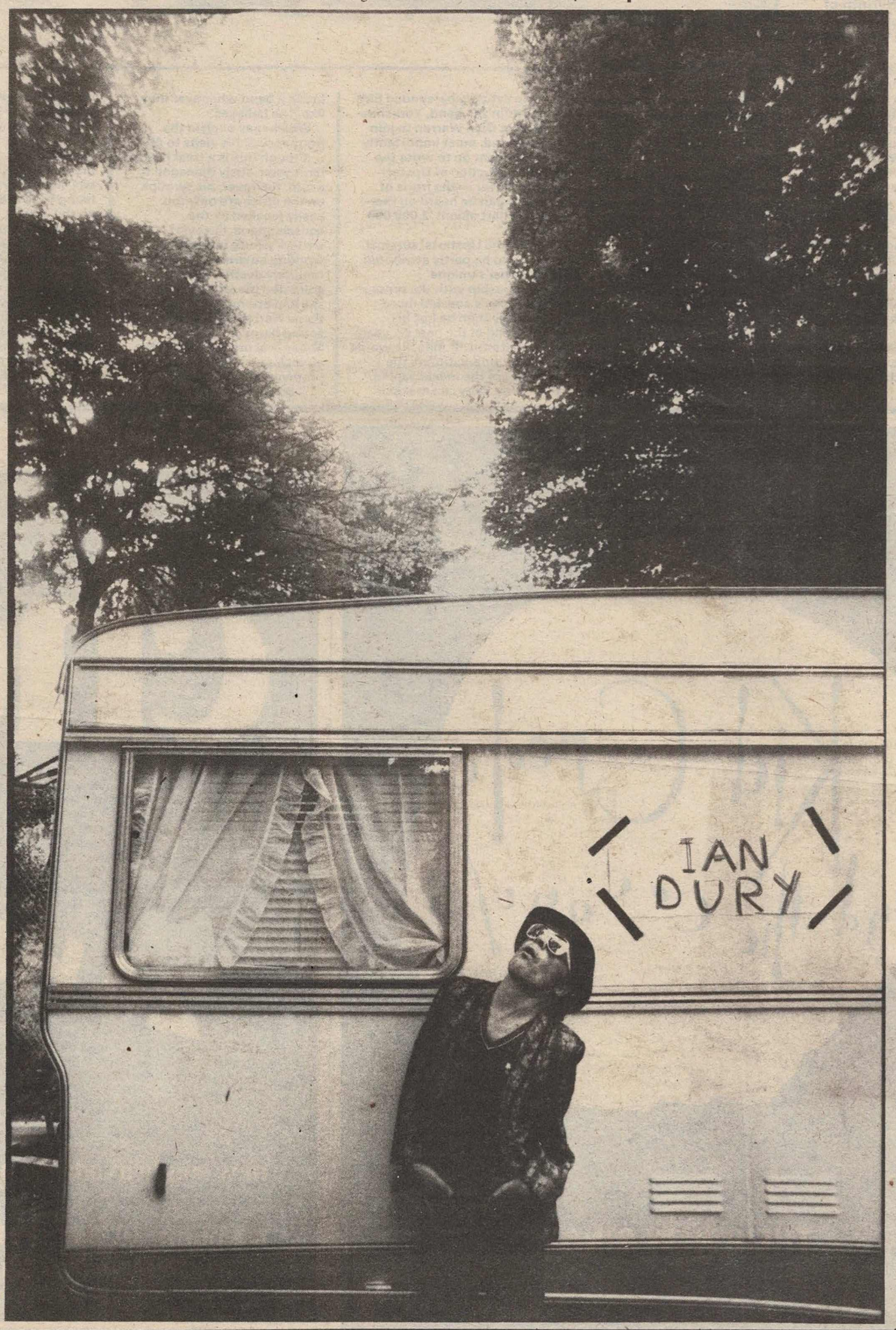
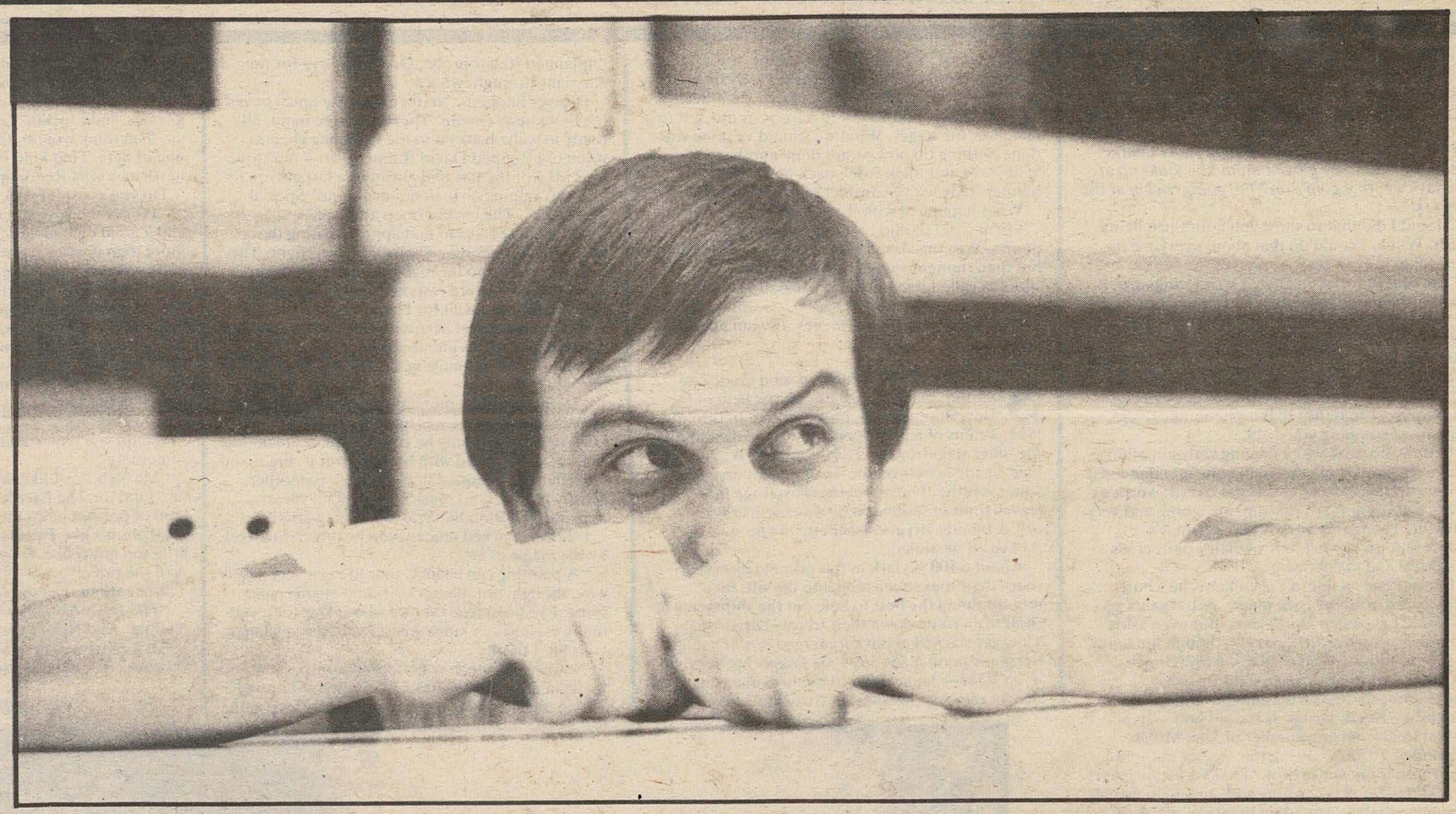




MANCHESTER SQUARE, London, W1. Towering above the symmetrical rows of imperious Georgian and Victorian buildings stands EMI House, a banal modern office block, a fitting colossal shrine to rock music — that most vulgar and bland of all new industries.

Within this decadent young music business, EMI has already become synonymous with the Establishment. And it's here that gentlemen/women of the press are appointed to meet the mega-stars in order to mould the myths and write the legends that turn quite plain people into internationally sacrosanct celebrities.

So which hyped-up notable am I assigned to interview beyond this confusing labyrinth of glass corridors — Sheena Easton, Paul McCartney, Kate Bush?

No, it's better still. King Tut.

King Tut? A *real* king. Wow! — but hold on a minute. King Tut is merely the name one Thomas Mensforth occasionally uses to refer to himself. And Mensi, as you know, is nothing more than the leader of a working class Geordie punk group called The Angelic Upstarts. What a let-down!

Then hold another minute. Four years on from the Upstarts' inception, here we find Mensi smugly sitting on some makeshift EMI throne. He hardly looks the '81 advocate of his early punk values — anti-establishment, anti-capitalist, anti-star. Things have changed, eh Mens?

"Aye, I'm earnin' 25 quid a week now instead o' nowt. But this is still me job, me career, an' I'm not gonna let it die.

"When you met us last year, in Newcastle, we were on the way down. Down! We were sinkin' an' you didn't expect us to recover. But we 'ave. We're on an up an' who's that down to? It's down to me — *King Tut!*"

Mensi should be allowed his moment of self-congratulation, having checked the Upstarts' seemingly irreversible decline of last year when they had no record deal, no bass player and no worthwhile material.

He astutely persuaded EMI to adopt the band, Yorkshire bassist Glyn Warren to join them and, most importantly of all, went on to write the best collection of Upstart songs ever — the fruits of which can be heard on the new chart album '2,000,000 Voices'.

But the Upstarts' survival can also be partly attributed to Mensi's unique relationship with the press — whom he's courted more ardently than he has his girlfriend of the past six years. A masterful PR man, he would never underestimate the power of the music papers.

"Why, they can make or break a band whenever they like," he believes.

Which may explain the frequency of his visits to *NME* — though this is a treat I've so far mysteriously managed to avoid. However, his swoops on the office are only too easily recalled by the conscientious, introvert writers whose industrious working environment is so regularly destroyed by the animated Mensi muppet's spirited attempts to befriend them. And though all this may sound flippant, in reality Mensi is acutely aware of the effectiveness of his propaganda campaign.

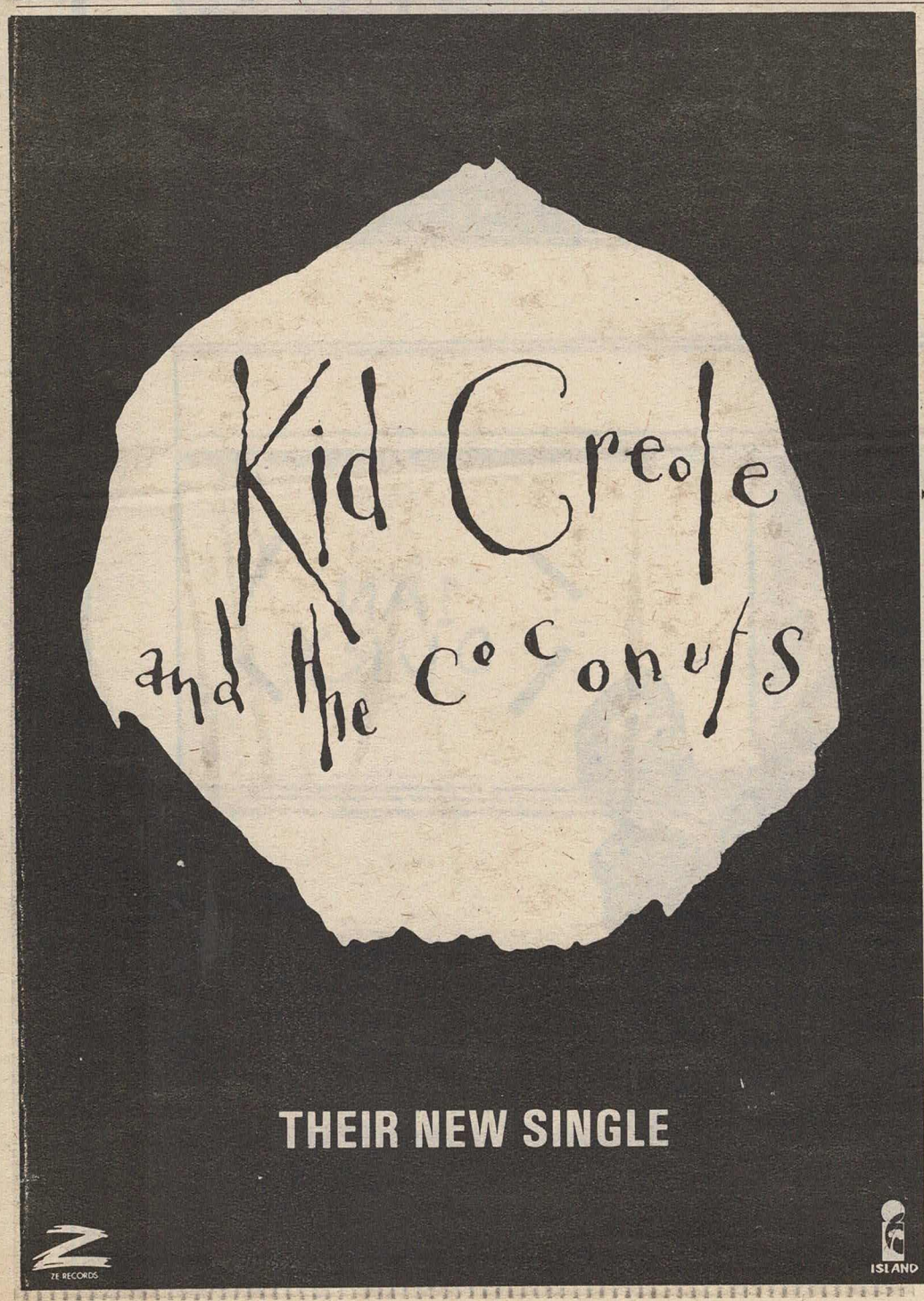
"I do all me own press 'cos I see it as part of me job. But when you say I'm one of the best PR men in the business, you're wrong. I'm *the* best, an' that's why I've got pride in me work, an' that's why I'm still 'ere today instead o' being back in South Shields on the dole."

And that's maybe why an artist who (unwittingly?) incites aggression and police hatred at his gigs has been affectionately christened the 'good injun' by certain folk around this office. To me, they've been duped by what appears suspiciously like a facade of charm and sincerity.

"But I'm still an injun though — not a cowboy," he claims. "An' they should never forget that."

HAVING INCURRED the regal wrath, I'd been called to the Court of King Tut to answer for my crime — which was to write a vitriolic appraisal of a recent Angelic Upstarts gig in Manchester. I arrived determined not to allow my objectivity to be impaired by the artist's normally winning amiability.

But today, for me, there is no political warm welcome, or broad Geordie smile, or even the usual firm but friendly handshake. Mensi has also prepared for a verbal



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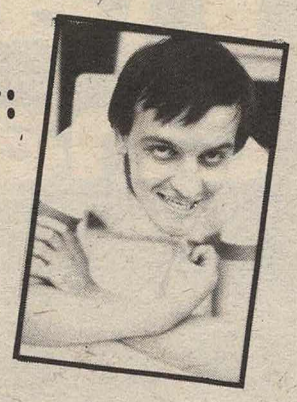
And lo, Thomas Mensforth did hear 2,000,000 voices cry:



HAIL KING TUT!

battle and his first words are blunt and straight to the point:

"A couple of things you said in that review were shit, I tell you! You were talkin' about things you didn' know nothin' about!

"You think that my financial rewards are so great that I'm a sell-out an' I'll end up in a country mansion like Pursey. Well, the LP's sold nearly 20,000 — which is better than the second one. If it sells about 25,000 I'll just about be able to pay the debts I owe the record company. Any more after that will just about keep us on the road for a few months — if we're lucky!"

But is *this* what's upset him most? I'd accused him of inducing a crowd hysteria verging on wholesale violence amongst his audience — luckily only one excited skinhead started trouble at that gig, and he was hastily ejected from the club — and yet Mensi's first concern is to quibble with me over how much money he expects to earn. What sort of priorities are these?

"*Not* my priorities. But nearly everythin' you said in that review was wrong. You go on about violent dancing — you should be a mormon! If you'd seen the kids at Birmingham. . .there the skin'eads kick shit out of each other an' they're still laughin' about it at the end."

And this is a good thing?

"It's just their way of havin' fun — it doesn't 'ave to lead to trouble."

Yet when the hysteria you create eradicates your fans' capacity for rational thought, a volatile crowd is left under your control.

"Aye, an' that's the whole excitement o' rock an' roll. That's what it's all about. Though it's not a dangerous hysteria — they're only jumpin' about.

"After your review, that night I lay awake in bed worryin' about what I say on stage. Violence frightens me. If I thought I was incitin' people to violence, I wouldn't go on with it. I'd pack it in, I tell you.

"But if you listen to the lyrics of me songs, you'll know what I fight with is *words*. Can I not be incitin' the kids to do the same as what I'm doin' — to get bands together themselves to sing about social injustices? I like to feel that all I incite them to do is *think*."

OF COURSE, there can be no conclusions to a conversation such as this. Mensi is as strong in his conviction that there are no sinister elements involved in his act as I am convinced that there are.

"I've always felt a responsibility for my fans. A kid got stabbed at one of our gigs way back in the early days, an' I decided that if anything' 'ad 'appened to 'im I'd 'ave given up — though luckily he was alright in the end.

"But I carry on mainly because I feel responsible to the kids, responsible for speakin' my mind an' speakin' out about what's goin' on."

So Mensi speaks out about police harassment, his pet topic and chief social concern. It's a delicate subject and one that's already caused its fair share of problems for the band. Mensi has always maintained that the Upstarts' long-standing ban from their native North-East has been due to their anti-police stance and, more specifically, the publicity they afforded to the Liddle Towers affair by writing the song 'Who Killed Liddle? (The Police Killed Liddle)', and adopting it as a focal point of their act.

Though when Mensi stands at the front of a stage and passionately yells to his fans, "I NEVER WANT YOU TO FORGET WHO THE ENEMY IS — THE POLICE!" surely this is nothing more than sensationalist propaganda? In the cosy environment of this EMI interview room, worlds away from the hostile atmosphere of the Upstarts' live gig, Mensi's answers seem disconcertingly reasonable:

"There's no one in the world — an' I've said it a hundred times — who's got more respect for an honest copper than I 'ave. But I 'aven't met many, an' I've 'ad a lot of experiences with them.

"And now the riots 'ave started, Thatcher would like to say they're *race* riots, they're this, they're that. But after years of police oppression in the poor areas of Britain, people 'ave snapped. Now it's black an' white who are fightin' the bent police.

"But you will never get an interview where I'll say I'm totally anti police. There must be plenty of honest coppers somewhere, or the bent ones wouldn't keep gettin' caught. I've got faith in the good police to preserve law an' order."

Yet none of this fair-minded discrimination manifests itself during the Upstarts' live show, where a comprehensive hatred of all police seems to be encouraged.

"But it shouldn't come across like that," insists Mensi. "These faults you're pickin' with me — why, I'm not perfect. I do say wrong things an' I do make mistakes like everyone else. *I'm only human!*

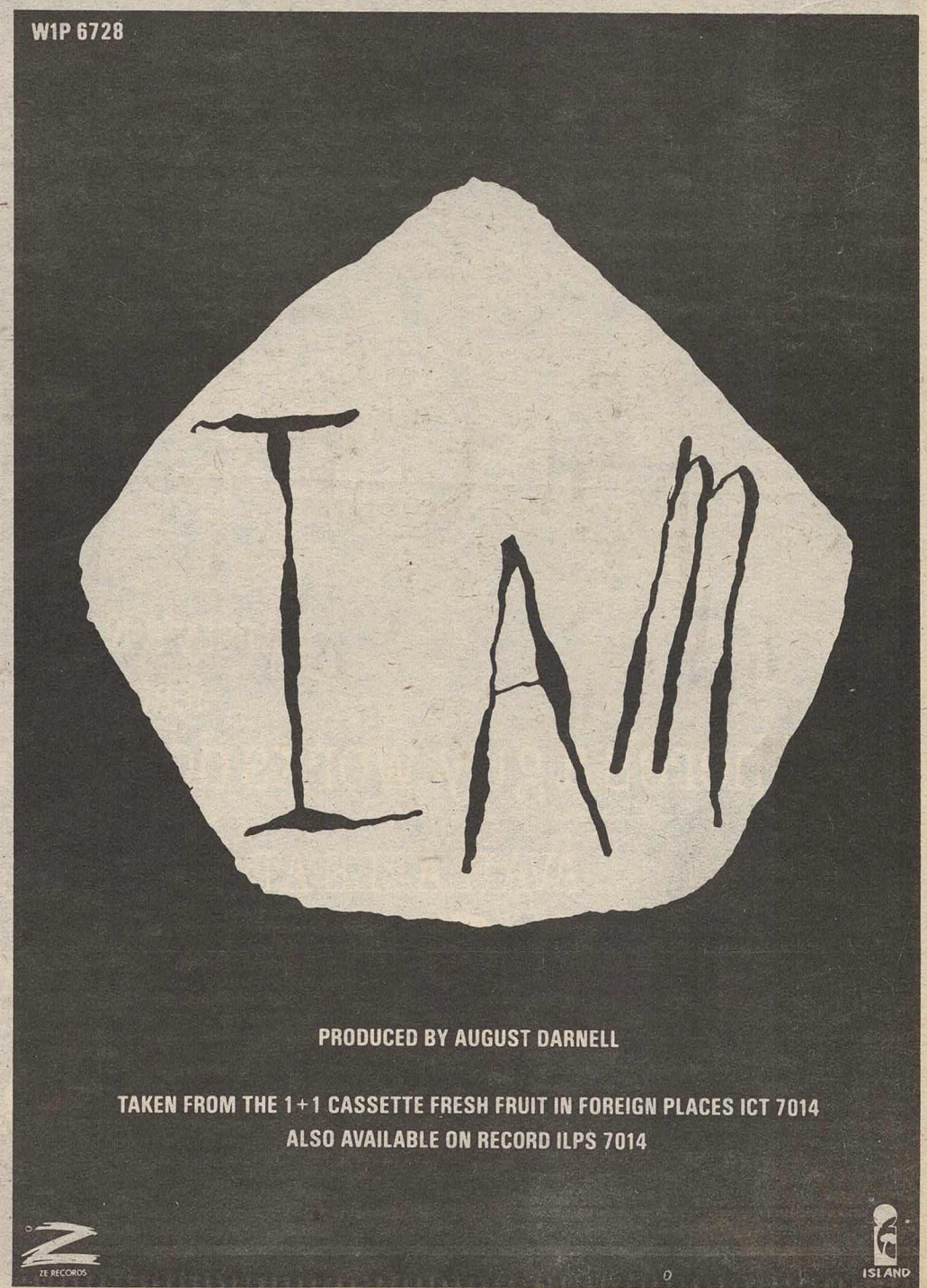
HAVING BEEN influenced by Geordie poet Tom Pickard, whom he's met and read extensively, Mensi now seems set to enter an unlikely new era of his career — as English folk hero.

Like Pickard's contemporary poems, the Upstarts' songs on '2,000,000 Voices' affectionately endorse the band's English cultural and ethnic origins. Without sentimentality, they evoke nostalgia for a time when they feel working class values of comradeship and resolution in adversity were prevalent. But did Mensi realise he was working with traditional elements of folk lore?

"In a way. Obviously in 'ard times workin' people will always pull together, an' our album links up the '30s depression with the situation today.

"On the cover for example, there's a paintin' that's supposed to be set in the '30s, of an unemployed bloke with some kids, an' they're stood outside of a closed down factory, they look like they 'aven't eaten for weeks. It's the same picture that Arthur Scargill bought to hang in the

■ Continues page 43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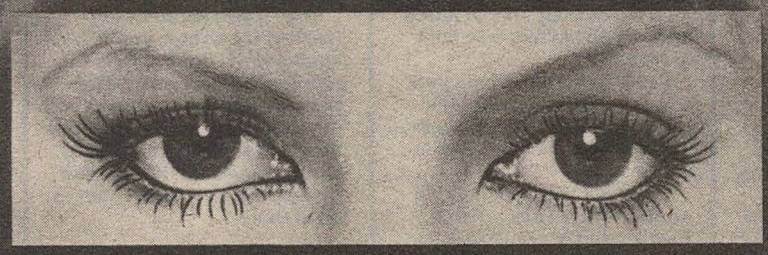
ISLAND

Kirsty MacColl
desperate character



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■ SINGLE OF THE WEEK . . .

AU PAIRS: Inconvenience (Human) . . . by a mile. The best single I've heard all year. I know you know I'm a fan but, hand on heart, 'Inconvenience' is a magnificent record by any standards.

Since the halcyon days of 'Anarchy', 'Shot By Both Sides' and 'Because The Night', there have been few *great* singles from the rock mainstream and — Elvis Costello apart — the art of writing brief, stylish, trenchant songs in the classic mould has been in decline. Now Au Pairs reassert the tradition with a glorious, heady rush of noise that leaps from the speakers like a blast of fresh air.

A stirring trumpet flourish leads the way before the bass and Pete Hammond's brilliant percussive assaults sweep up the beat and carry it triumphantly before them. Lesley Woods' singing is stronger, surer than ever on a lyric that indicts sexual role-playing in suitably oblique manner; while the production (by Martin Culverwell and the band) is their most adventurous to date — clear, sharp and laced with all kinds of resonant spaces and disruptions: the first Au Pair track that sounds better on record than live.

B-side is 'Pretty Boys', all sultry trumpet, tricksy percussion and Lesley arching around the words like a cat stretching in the sun. You can almost hear her purr at times. The Au Pairs at their sexiest. (The 12" also has a remix of the great 'Headache'.) Play loud and let the land's best band brighten up your days.

■ BEST OF THE REST, A B-W GUIDE

B-52's: Give Me Back My Man (Island) From the 'Party Mix' LP comes the remixed version of a track on the 'Wild Planet' LP (talk about getting good mileage!). Strong booming drums and nicely tangled-up vocal intercuts wind through this strange tale of love, loss and seagulls. I'm snared by its blithely inane and catchy chorus line *"I'll give you fish, I'll give you candy"*. Take the fish!

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY: Release The Bats (4AD) Thumping drums, fuzzy power chords and manic shrieks of *"bite, bite"* provide a shocking start to this turbulent turn of mock Gothic funk — like Vincent Price meets The Pop Group. Nick Cave's lugubrious/anguished vocals are the comic relief over the kind of seething soul basis the Bristol boys used to excel at. A great, raucous melodrama and, unlike most of the drily doomy 'Prayers On Fire' LP, also very funny.

THE DANCE: In Lust (Statik) Welcome return for US quintet whose 'Dance For Your Dinner' EP impressed last year. 'Lust' is smoother but bristles with attack — stalking bass and drums counter-pointed by an ethereal organ line and Eugenie Diserio's echoey, mixed-down vocals. I can't understand a word but the basic drive and constantly shifting emphases ensure that interest is maintained through its six minutes' slice of pop-funk.

THE HIGSONS: I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys (Romans In Britain) A current climber in the Indies chart, The Higsons are to white funk what The Mekons were to punk — at least in spirit. The difference is that The Higsons can *play* a bit too, so their energy and humour are less of a *raison d'etre* (and limitation). Starting with a raggedy chant of *"Hoophupbedoobedoobedoobie* and a huge crash of guitars, 'Monkeys' relates in three brief verses the tragic plight of a guy who doesn't want to live anywhere with anyone or anything. Fast, furious fun, a crescendo of horns, the week's prize surprise.

THE PINKIES: Open Commune (021) Most accomplished release yet on Birmingham's born-again 021 label. 'Commune' is carried at first by Jayne Morris' confident vocals and nifty interplay between two backing voices before a gruff horn riff stomps in and opens up a fruitful debate with the lead guitar. A little stiff at times but already like a funkier, more streamlined Essential Logic. And better must come.

SCRITTI POLITTI: The "Sweetest Girl" (Rough Trade — German import) A new version of the 'C81' hit; a sweetly subtle and sticky Scritti pop subversion. To drum machine and unpredictably melodic piano, Green's cool voice leads you serenely into a trap as a pop cliche turns into a discourse on the limitations of language, love and related topics: *"Politics is prior to the vagaries of science/She left because she understood the value of defiance."* Well, it's a better excuse than "Sorry, I'm washing my hair tonight."

Lovely tune, radical purpose — what more could you want? Be seduced and undermined at the same time! See the pop process destructured! Dance, even!

THEATRE OF HATE: Nero (Burning Rome) Weird and wonderful rant from the much underrated TOH. 'Legion' was the best punk debut since 'Anarchy' but their ambition has tended to smudge their focus slightly, so that intensity walks shoulder to shoulder with bombast on the records. On 'Nero', Kirk Brandon abandons his Rotten snarl for a great, gulping wail that rises through a storm of clattering drums and caterwauling sax. This swirling assault of noise stirs and excites (and completely drowns the lyric) but doesn't quite hit home to *clinch* matters: and the strange dub-like coda, while unexpected, is a bit of an anti-climax. Still, one day soon TOH will make a monstrously good record.

BUNNY WAILER: Rise And Shine (Solomonic) Not the Linx song but a plaintive lament that speaks more on past and present troubles than the "rise and shine" exhortation to a bright new tomorrow. Bunny sings it slow and soulful over an upfront bass while other instruments swell and fade in the mix. Moving, dignified, almost a reggae blues. Good heavy dub on the flip.

■ FUNKY DUO . . .

BB&Q BAND: On The Beat (Capitol)
EVELYN KING: I'm In Love (RCA)
Pick of the funk pack. 'On The Beat' by The Brooklyn, Bronx And Queens Band (to give them their full title) is a relaxed disco beat that does everything simply and exactly right, from its unfussy arrangement and pulsing Chica Chica guitar to a general high-stepping *joie de vivre*. A deceptively casual dance attraction.

Evelyn King's 'I'm In Love' is without the bustling vivacity of the great 'Shame'. This is a *heavier* affair, the tempo almost dragging, that rides on remorseless bass and a distracted but gradually insistent chorus. It grows, but never quite enough.

■ . . . AND THE FUNKING RESIDUE

RAFAEL CAMERON: Funtown USA (Salsoul)
FRANKIE SMITH: Double Dutch Bus (WMOT)
CARL CARLTON: She's A Bad Mama Jama (20th Century Fox)
WISH: Nice And Soft (Excaliber)
STONE CITY BAND: Funky Reggae (Motown)

Most of these are high in the funk charts but their rampaging mediocrity suggests a temporary hiatus in the quality flow we've come to expect.

'Funtown USA' is a Rafael Cameron B-side which topped the *NME* funk chart last week. Heaven knows why. It's cleverly put together but is nothing more than the old trick-bag of electronics, whoops and yeahs, stiched together by a deep-fuzz bassline, that goes on far too long. Ditto 'Double Dutch Bus', which hits at first like a Beefheart soundalike rapping over a dinky Der Plan funkette backdrop. There are some neat nonsense interruptions but, like 'Funtown', it's too much *slick*, not enough *inventive* (see 'Wheels Of Steel' for that!).

'Mama Jama' starts out *heavy* — 'Burn Rubber On Me' style — but quickly settles into a jumpy, attractive groove that coils and recoils in archetypal Chic fashion before it's spoilt utterly by the silliest lyrics — archetypal chick fashion — outside a Stranglers song. Words too flaw Wish — here it's their excruciatingly wet chorus of *"your love is nice and soft"* — who otherwise work up quite a steamy head of goods without ever quite cutting it right.

'Funky Reggae' has The Stone City Band following Stevie Wonder's Marley tribute (into the charts, they hope) with an even more blatant Wailers' rip-off disguised as their 'salute' to reggae (and commercial opportunism everywhere).

Lesley Woods pic: Pennie Smith

■ CODA: BRIT-FUNK

LEVEL 42: Turn It On (Polydor)
LEE KOSMIN: I Just Can't Go On (Parlophone)
Such wonderfully authentic soul titles! Level 42 sound like Linx but to no avail. 'Turn It On' is a mundane disappointment after the slinky hypnotic spell of 'Love Games' — already the great neglected masterpiece of Brit-funk! 'Turn It On' is all those things like, uh, nice and, uh, competent which signify a totally innocuous record.

More of the same for London soul stalwart Lee Kosmin, whose 'I Just Can't Go On' is more old-fashioned, less discofied, but still dreadfully, uh, nice.

SIMPLE MINDS: Love Song (Virgin) I've never much liked Simple Minds' pseudo-soulful European modernism but this is an impressive if rather claustrophobic outing. An ominous, driving beat which retains the Minds' stylish power becomes stifled by Steve Hillage's dense, blanket-of-sound production that never leaves the music room to breathe. Hear a grand romantic gesture slowly asphixiate, a good song struggle to get out alive!

RANDY CRAWFORD: Rainy Night In Georgia (Warner Bros) Randy's such a superb singer she even brings life to this Tony Joe White chestnut, and turns each phrase into a beguiling drama. If only she could find songs to *stretch* her talent instead of just exercising it.

■ MICE, BEAVERS, MICROBES AND FROGS

THE OUTSKIRTS: Blue Line (True Religion Records)
PETE FENDER: Four Formulas (XN Trix)
MOIRA AND THE MICE: Sight And Sound (Rodent Records)
SHRINKING MEN/BEEVERS: Hazards In The Home (Pop Records)
IDEAL HUSBANDS: Town Planning (Discovery)
TIRED OF LIVING?: Kiss A Lotta Frogs (Initial)
A quick dip into this week's crop of Indies. The Outskirts do a good line in '60s rock, all crashing guitars and heady choruses; the enjoyable face of revisionism. Pete Fender is an ex-Fatal Microbe, co-writer (with Honey Bane) of 'Violence Grows', but he sounds a lot less lethal on his solo four-track EP. 'Promises', with the rough exuberance of early Buzzcocks, is fine but the rest just flounder.

Moira And The Mice come from Cardiff with a quirky tale of thwarted sexuality and racing backbeat. 'Gimme Pleasure', the flip, reiterates the theme via a spooky ballad that flares up engagingly through a muffled, crackly production.

Shrinking Men and Beevers seem to be the same people, and theirs is the latest release on Pop Records whose main claim to fame is being sued by Rank for 'borrowing' their man-hitting-gong logo and adorning him with Albert Tatlock-style flat cap. The spirit of The Desperate Bicycles flits through these five tracks, which include a deadpan account of a day in the office, a 'reading' of a TSB poster and, more mysteriously, a home-grown reggae love song called 'Zambezi Mission'.

Ideal Husbands use a simple, infuriatingly catchy riff and smug voices to remind us there's no point in planning for the future cos there isn't gonna be one; while Tired Of Living? (I like the question mark) present a pub-rock blues bash with the pithy message that you've gotta kiss a lot of frogs before you find a prince and when you do, they're not much use either. Great pic sleeve too.

TALISMAN: Dole Age (Recreational)
JACKIE MITTO: These Eyes (Black Roots/Rough Trade)
Two facets of reggae. Talisman are young, witty, militant — splicing anti-Thatcher sentiments to a loping reggae pop that turns through some stylish dub and comes out in fine fighting fettle. Jackie Mitto — veteran keyboards-man/writer/producer — leads the way through a lilting organ instrumental that drowses more than rouses.

■ ROCK 'N' ROLL MAY NEVER DIE BUT IT'S LOOKING REET PECULIAR DEPT

THE GORILLAS: Move It (Chiswick)
THE JETS: Sugar Doll (EMI)
THE FLAT-TOPS: The Bop Won't Stop (Mean Records)
THIN LIZZY: Trouble Boys (Vertigo)
Ex-Hammersmith Gorilla Jesse Hector (still sprouting giant sideburns, *haute coiffure* fans kindly note) leads his boys on a well *muscular* rampage of Cliff's ancient hit that doesn't so much move as stagger. Ersatz rockabillies The Jets unearth a mouldering US obscurity that they should have left in the '50s while more silly-billies The Flat-Tops add absolutely nothing to a genre that was pretty clapped out by 1960.

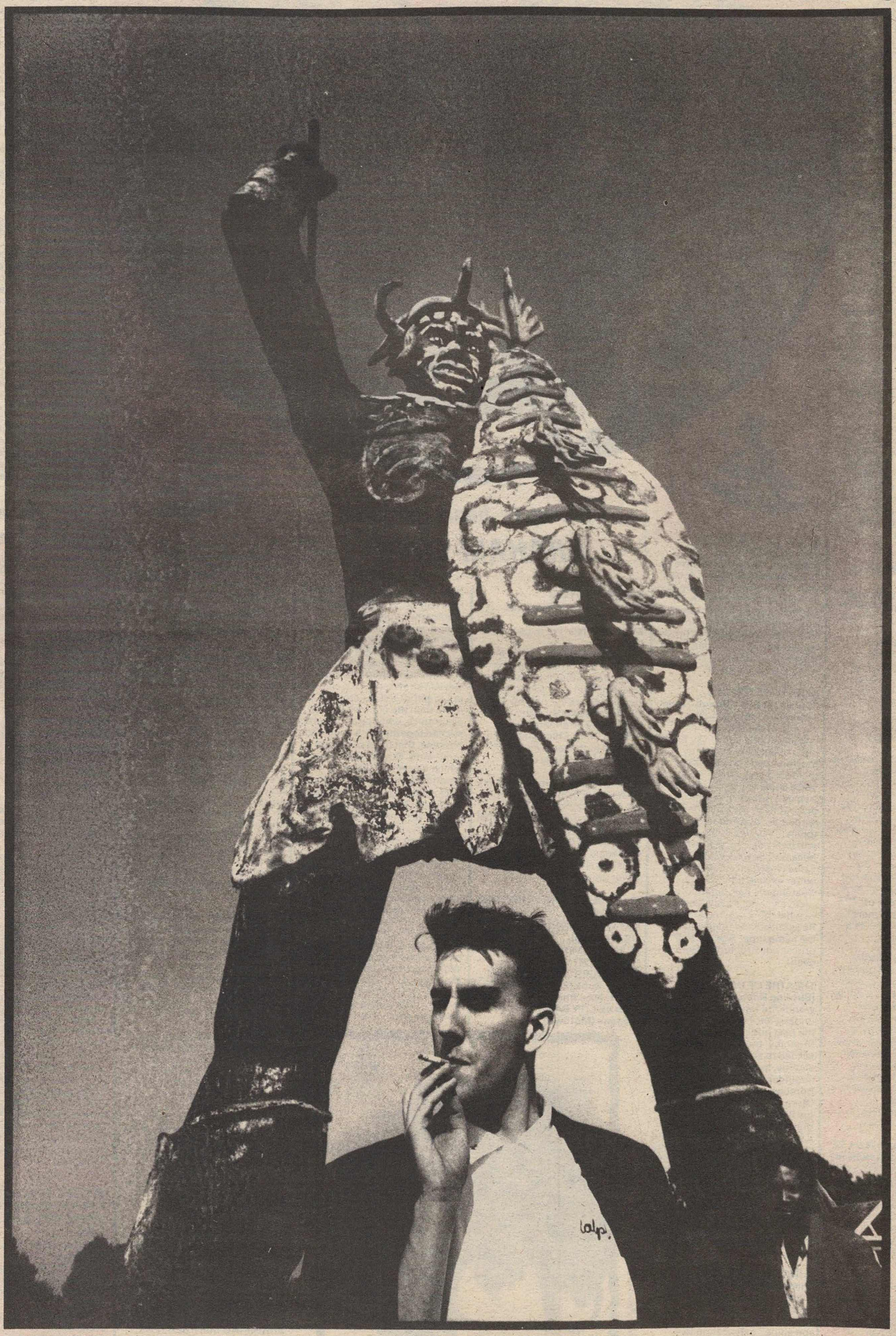
Thin Lizzy remain as representatives of a more modern vein of rock'n'roll but one which also seems on the verge of collapse even as their own decline continues apace. Nothing could be as bad as 'Killer On The Loose' but the measly machismo of 'Trouble Boys' is little better — a Billy Bremner paean that Lizzy thrash through like a second-rate Rockpile.

■ THEY TOLD ME TO KEEP IT SHORT THIS WEEK SO CAN I JUST SAY . . .

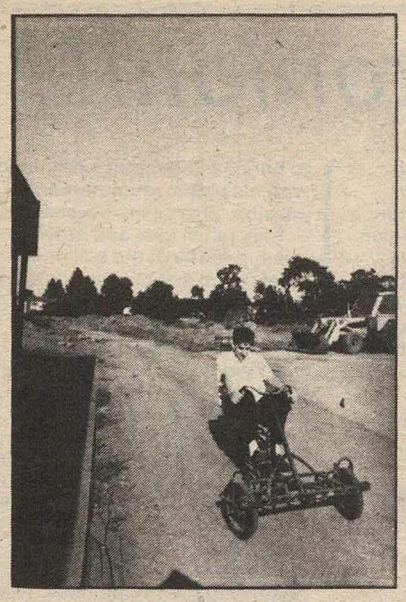
PATTI AUSTIN: Do You Love Me (WEA)
AZTEC CAMERA: Mattress Of Wire (Postcard)
CUBAN HEELS: My Colours Fly (Virgin)
JOHN MILES: Turn Yourself Loose (EMI)
THE RECORDS: Imitation Jewellery (Virgin)
RED CRAYOLA: An Old Man's Dream (Rough Trade)
THE TUBES: Don't Want To Wait Anymore (Capitol)
. . . ah, forget it.

THE SPECIALS

GIVING UP THE GHOST?



Who are the skeletons in the 2-Tone cupboard? And why must they fight amongst themselves? These are two of the questions we're asked not to ask in this Specials special Paul Du Noyer talks to Terry Hall and Lynval Golding. Photography by Anton Corbijn



THIS GROUP . . . is coming like a ghost group.

Well, so the rumours go, anyhow. With every week that passes, it seems new stories are circulating — stories of the Specials-To-Split? variety, detailing disagreements, dissatisfaction, internal feuding or lack of communication.

A lot of it stems from what looks to outsiders like an ominous inactivity — up until, that is, the group's recent string of one-off dates and that magnificent chart comeback, 'Ghost Town' — combined with bursts of solo activity on the part of various individual members.

As I write, The Specials are packing toothbrushes in preparation for what they call their "works outing", a jaunt that will take them to New York where they'll make another festival appearance. But what happens after that?

The answer, right at this moment, seems to be that nobody knows for sure. If reports of The Specials' impending disintegration have been exaggerated, or are just plain mischievous, it's also fair to say that the group's emergence from collective hibernation is not going like clockwork. They've had a meeting — sounds like *this* place — in fact they've had several: but the outcome isn't clear yet.

At the outset of my interview with singer Terry Hall and guitarist Lynval Golding I was specially asked not to press them on "the future". Now, if there's one thing guaranteed to arouse a journalist's curiosity, I suppose it's a request like that. But really, I was honour-bound to comply. In any case, unofficial group supremo Jerry Dammers has indicated his willingness to make matters clearer just as soon as he's able — and I hope to follow this feature up by talking to Jerry in a few weeks' time, on his return from America.

Let's hope that everything does get sorted out, and for the better. The Specials, quite simply, are too good a group for us to lose. Although there's no doubt that the individual talents involved could all find worthy ventures to occupy themselves with, well, it just wouldn't be the same, would it? It's specially ironic that they should be uncertain about their plans just at the time when their reputation has never been higher.

'Ghost Town', by uncommonly common agreement, was a classic number one single. Apart from its musical merits — showing once again how skilfully the band can expand and develop on their early ska-based pop fusion — it was a song of the moment. Like the Pistols' 'God Save The Queen' being top in Jubilee Week, 'Ghost Town' was evidence of pop's sporadic knack of fingering the pulse of reality. *Top Of The Pops* celebrated its 900th anniversary in a gushing mush of nostalgia and trivia, while the streets outside exploded with the pent-up pressures of dead-end adolescence. And there, crowning it all, The Specials matched fun and humour with that hypnotically sombre warning: *"Why must the youth fight against themselves?/Government leaving the youth on the shelf"*

Just over a month ago, The Specials sealed their return to live working by heading a Festival Against Racism at a stadium in their home town of Coventry — the scene, not long before, of a racial murder, plus a continuing catalogue of bigotry and violence. Shortly after, the group re-emphasised their commitment to the original 2-Tone ideal of harmony by playing the Northern Carnival Against Racism at Leeds. Another benefit, at London's Rainbow theatre, lent their support to the Campaign For Jobs. These occasions were peaceful and positive. It's in the nature of things, therefore, that they passed by almost without comment and publicity.

IT'S MORE than idle curiosity, then, that leads us to speculate on the state of The Specials. If ever there was a group you could describe as 'important', then it's this one, particularly in the UK, 1981. As explained, my interviewees Terry and Lynval were, apologetically, unable to throw much light on the topic of Where To Next? — but it's no secret that their stance on crucial issues hasn't faltered one bit.

Lynval Golding — "the envy of the group" just now, by virtue of three splendid suits he's liberated from his father's wardrobe — regrets the period of idleness which followed their last proper tour in late 1980.

"I would have preferred to do a lot more, but unfortunately I haven't done enough. I like working. I'm bored when I'm not doing anything."

Terry Hall, looking relaxed and dapper as ever, adds that the lay-off was a group decision, not imposed on anybody. He's kept a pretty low-profile this year, too, but insists it hasn't been time wasted.

There was, of course, the 2-Tone film *Dance Craze,* which kept the ball rolling in terms of public exposure. That was a slight disappointment, I thought, in that it wasn't much more than straightforward live footage, recording the first phase of the 2-Tone phenomenon — Lynval and Terry can't work up a lot of enthusiasm for it either. Neither will own up to having seen it right through.

But according to Terry, a simple live document "was all it was meant to be. We wouldn't dress up as Arabs or something, to make a story."

He adds that a follow-up film venture is unlikely — "unless it's a comedy," he says, with just a tinge of cryptic irony.

In view of the recent inactivity, and the solo activities (which have largely been outside of the 2-Tone umbrella as well) does 2-Tone still represent anything more than The Specials' label-name?

Terry Hall: "At the start, it was black and white. It was all part of The Specials, because we are black and white, and it was black and white clothes, and it just tied into everything: the 'ska revival' or whatever it was called. As anything *now,* obviously it's not as big now as it was, because there aren't many bands on it anymore. It's just a label. We always preferred it to be on 2-Tone to being on Chrysalis or whatever."

At this point, it's worth re-capping briefly on what the other five *have* been up to: Neville is running his own Shack label, Brad is doing likewise with Race Records. Jerry has just completed a single 'The Boiler' with Rhoda, Specials-friend and ex-Bodysnatcher. Horace has done some recording of his own while Roddy Radiation has his "skabilly" group The Tearjerkers.

HAS THE group, I wonder, been strengthened by this lay-off?

TH: "Individually, yeah. But as a band . . . we'll find out. It's helped us to work on our own ideas. I mean, I haven't been doing nothing for the last six months — I've been working on new songs, new fashions, everything."

LG: "I think what these six months have done for the individuals is help them get out of themselves more. It's given them time to write songs, which is good. It's good to have a break. It's not a 'break' like in just sit down and do nothing. It's a break to think of new directions and work on new ideas, which I think was a good thing."

TH: "A lot of material's come out of it. We've never been able to write as The Specials anyway, never as seven people. Every song that we've done has come from one head, or at most three heads, and then you take it to the rest of the band."

Yes, the 'Ghost Town' EP, for instance; the three songs on that are written by three different people. Would you like to see that trend continue, spread the writing around the group more?

LG (cautiously): "I personally would like to see more, instead of one. Two, three or four people writing together, cos I always think two heads is better than one. I personally like to work that way."

I think it was always a strength of The Specials that, live anyway, too much attention was never focused on one person, it kept switching.

TH: "Yeah, that was the idea of it, not to have a star. And I think it *has* worked. No one's that big-headed."

LG: "If there was a star in the band I don't think it would have worked. It works well when people can contribute to the band, y'know? There's seven in the band, and it works a lot better that way."

There was a story, though, that you were both unhappy with the way your two songs turned out on the EP, that you want to re-record them.

(Dismissive laughter here).

"That was shit-stirring," says Terry Hall of the rumour. "People are just trying to split us up again."

Lynval agrees that he's not happy with 'Why' as it ended up, but rules out a re-recording. Terry, for his part, dryly describes himself as "over the moon" with his contribution 'Friday Night, Saturday Morning', I let the matter drop.

I understand you're still having meetings to decide the group's plans for the future.

LG (sniggering): "We have meetings every four days."

LG: "Never decide on anything!"

TH: "I don't know what we're doing. Either it'll come to us or it won't come to us . . ."

TH: "We'll carry on meeting for another six years, every week, and never agree on anything."

(The resigned, listless tone of their voices doesn't suggest a group that's in a healthy state, internally. So I ask . . .)

Is the group healthy? Or are you thinking of packing it in?

TH: "Not this week, anyway. (Laughs) We're alright up until Sunday night. Every week's completely different."

LG: "You just can't . . . (giggles) You've just gotta wait and see, y'know?"

TH: "If it carries on, it carries on."

Oh well. Time to change the subject, I suppose.

"GHOST TOWN' topped the nation's charts at a very appropriate time, I thought.

LG: "It's strange, y'know? I never expected that song to be number one."

TH: "Somebody asked me if the Socialist Workers Party put us up to it — ha ha! — if they'd planned it, if they wrote it. No, it's just a coincidence, a bad coincidence."

LG: "It's terrible when you have a song like that and you see that, gradually, it's all coming true. Like, that kid got killed the other day up in Liverpool, y'know?" (David Moore, the crippled boy run over by a police van during a riot in Toxteth on the eve of the Royal Wedding.) "It's a bit frightening when you predict something's gonna happen, it's always horrible when you actually see it's coming true."

You two still in live Coventry. What are things like there at the moment?

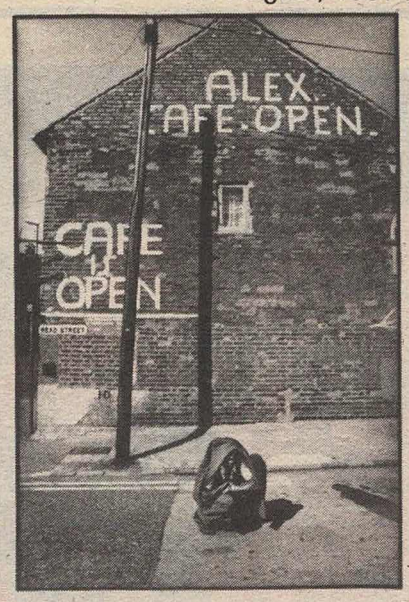
TH: "It's quietened down again."

LG: "I think that since we done that gig in Coventry (the Festival Against Racism), although we lost a lot of money, I think it was well worth losing that money for what it's actually achieved. I mean, like before you used to get the tension in town, it used to be terrible. But now, it's like what we've done has actually got through. The residents round outside expected trouble, the police were out in force, they expected a big fight, a running battle — and it never happened. So it's proved that this concert did something in the end, cos what people was expecting was a fight, and there wasn't any fight.

"Even for me, walking in this town on Saturday afternoon, it was really frightening, and police everywhere. But now it's a lot different, a lot better. So I'm convinced that what we've done has actually helped to calm the whole thing down a lot."

It must be good to feel that you're getting somewhere, then, that you're not banging your head against the wall.

LG: "It's great. I think that's one of the best things that we've actually achieved, to get through to the public in that way. And even if it costs us a lot of money, so what? It would be good if there was more



bands trying to do things like that. Cos let's face it, I know it's like saying to the kids 'OK, we *hope* that things'll get better'. It's hope — I know it's not enough. But at least you're trying to calm things down a bit."

But haven't you had a policy in the past of not playing to NF-type audiences, of stopping the show if they try that on?

TH: "Yeah, that was like preaching to the converted cos we don't want them there, but . . ."

LG: "I think that's stupid, really, because if you're gonna get through to — it's best to get the people who've got different views completely, and talk to them about it. You can't go and talk to people who believe in what you're doing anyway. To me, *that's* like knocking your head on a brick wall. You've got to try and get through to those who've actually been brainwashed to believe it's right to take a life. Those are the people that I think we should try and get to the concerts, so we can talk to them at least.

"Cos if you try and push them to one side they'll only get worse. Because you get those at the top who are just using them for their own little game, and they get a good laugh out of it. It's all right for them, but the kids there — it would be stupid if we say we don't want 'em there. They *should* be there so we can show them what they're doing is wrong.

"Like, I've been attacked by this racist lot already anyway, so you'd probably think I should be all 'I'll kill the bastards'. But I think it's better to — like we did this gig in Plymouth and I was talking to this guy there and he was in the NF. And by the end of the conversation he was completely different. And to me that's what's needed.

"You've got to be able to do that. It's not like you're going out to preach at people, but it's an opinion: I've got my own opinion and I should be able to talk to people. And he's got his own, and we can sit down and come to some sensible agreement. Why the hell should you want to go out and murder somebody, what the hell are you going to achieve?"

So you don't want to draw up battle-lines. But you still run the risk of trouble at gigs, don't you, when all factions are allowed in?

LG: "I know sometimes it can get out of hand. But as you say, why should you draw a line and say, 'You lot stay over there, and you stay there' and have a pitched battle. That's stupid."

TH: "We did a show at Liverpool the other week, and we did 'Why', and as Neville was doing his toasting, *'with a Nazi salute and a steel cap boot'* there were a few people going like that (giving Nazi salutes) to it. So the second time around we said, 'You've got it wrong'. So they went like that (giving peace signs) to it. I mean, that's not converting them, but it shows a healthier sign. You can't not allow people from the NF to get into gigs, because if they want to get in there they will; all they've got to do is take their Union Jacks off. But we'll try and get them out the hall if they sieg heil or shout out abuse because of people's skin colour."

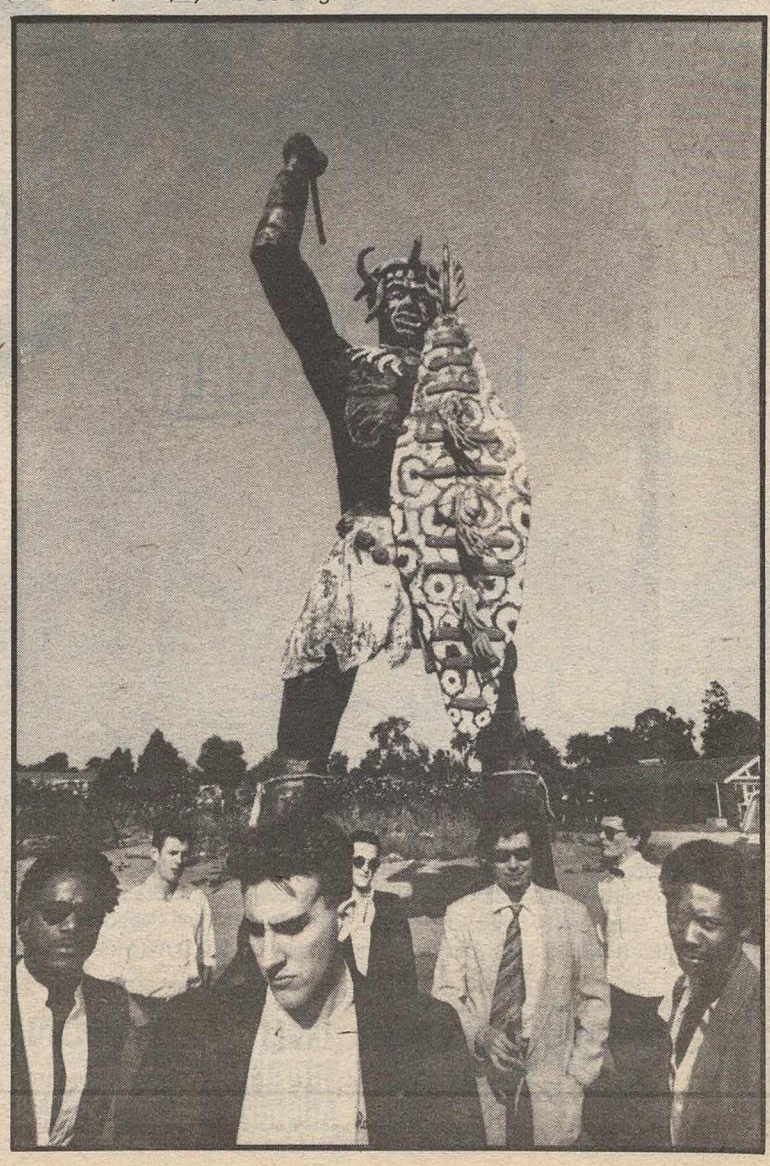
AS THESE comments demonstrate, not to mention The Specials' records and their commitment to playing benefits, this is a group that's never been afraid to address the more serious issues of the day. Escapist they're not. Yet at the same time, they've never conformed to the boring old 'political band' stereotype. I asked Terry how they've managed to keep up that militant approach, but remained above all, supremely entertaining and enjoyable. How come they've avoided the dull-and-worthy trap?

TH: "Cos we're not from Leeds! No. Perhaps because we don't go completely overboard with it. I mean, I don't know about Marxism or Socialism or Communism or whatever, I just don't understand it. I haven't been educated to understand about politics. But all I have is my own beliefs, and when I see people fighting about skin colour, and when I see poverty, it annoys me. It upsets me. And I can only comment on that, on what I believe . . ."

All that remains now is to see if The Specials can hold on to the most important belief of all — belief in themselves as The Specials.

(To be continued . . .)

L-R: Neville Staples, Roddy Radiation, Terry Hall, Horace Panter, Jerry Dammers, Brad, Lynval Golding.



Turn it in, Antonioni!

A fascinating instance of Antonioni's revolutionary new concepts in colour experimentation, as seen on video in the Oberwald Mystery: the Queen (Monica Vitti) takes to her heart the assassin (Peter Lorre) sent to kill her. (Are you sure about this one? — J. Logie Baird)

The Oberwald Mystery

Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni
Starring Monica Vitti, Franco Branciaroli and Paolo Bonacelli (Artificial Eye)

IF CHARLIE and Di experienced any wedding day blues, theirs were nothing compared to those of the queen in *The Oberwald Mystery,* whose king was assassinted before they'd even made it home from the church. Understandably distraught, the queen (Monica Vitti) went into hiding for 10 years, dodging her courtiers and the affairs of the state by holing herself up in any one of the many castles built by her late husband.

These once magnificent buildings have fallen into irredeemable decay and so too has the monarchy. Her neglect has annoyed both her heavily taxed subjects and the court into plotting her overthrow, and only etiquette, one assumes, prevents them working together on it. Etiquette also demands that the queen's barely loyal forces should hunt down her would-be assassin on the run in the castle grounds.

As paradox would have it, the melancholy queen has lost her lust for life anyway and would quite willingly depart it. But as she won't talk to anybody, nobody's to know that. Thus when the assassin comes crashing through the window, he must appear to morbid Monica as fulfilment of her death wish.

However, this being a fairy tale, his uncanny resemblance to her dead husband, combined with his poetic revolutionary passion, proves too irresistible — they fall in love and only the machinations of the evil police chief Count Foehn prevent them living happily ever after.

The Oberwald Mystery is based on the play *The Eagle Has Two Heads* by that supreme French fantasist Jean Cocteau, who drew his inspiration from the daffy Bavarian king and master castle builder Ludwig II. That Cocteau and Ludwig were a match made in heaven is indisputable, and only a miserable stooge like Antonioni would stoop to disturbing their happiness. The Italian architect of cinematic alienation evidently has no interest in fantasy per se, using it instead as an excuse for some dubious experiments in colour (de)composition.

The Oberwald Mystery was filmed on videotape, as the medium gave Antonioni greater opportunity to play around with colours than that offered by conventional film stock. Given this new freedom of expression,

Let's hear it for the bad guys . . .

The Legend Of The Lone Ranger

Directed by William A. Fraker
Starring Klinton Spilsbury, Michael Horse and Christopher Lloyd (ITC)

FROM OUT of the past come the thundering hoofbeats of the great horse Silver — yes, The Lone Ranger rides again, this time courtesy of Lew Grade, not Cheerios breakfast cereal.

Never one to miss a safe bet, Sir Lew these days would much rather back an international production than risk investing in Britain's grounded film industry and, what with the present trend towards reviving the comic strip heroes of yesterday's children, his money should be safe in this one.

For, after three decades of being baffled or horrified by the complexities of the psychological western, there's an alienated audience yearning for the simpler times when the good guys were clean shaven, the villains wore black, and bullets left clean holes. Unfortunately cinemagoers today — kids included — are too sophisticated to swallow their innocence straight, they must be led to rediscover it via a deliberately evoked nostalgia.

Nostalgia might be an excuse for the audience to wallow in sentiment, but for the film maker it's a calculated exercise in dropping the right references and reminders. Though former cinematographer William Fraker has none of the panache or wit of Superbrats Spielberg and Lucas, he's journeyman enough not to waste the opportunities offered by the Lone Ranger legend.

This particular legend might not be grounded in fact, but it has been deeply engrained into our memories by the old radio serial and TV show, and though he never existed we're nevertheless convinced of the lawless West's need for a masked avenger operating outside society for society's benefit.

The Lone Ranger combines the two most essential elements of the western myth: the revenge motif and that of the mysterious stranger arriving out of nowhere to clean up trouble before disappearing into the sunset.

As a youngster the unmasked ranger John Ried witnesses the violent murder of his parents by the Cavendish gang and, later, as a Texas ranger he sees his brother killed during an ambush by that same gang. Himself badly injured, he's nursed back to health by his boyhood Indian buddy Tonto (Michael Horse). And because he's believed to be dead by Cavendish, he's free to assume a new identity. He dons the black mask, sets off in pursuit with Tonto at his side and thus is the legend born.

What previously took less than a half hour radio show to tell takes up to two thirds of Fraker's slow moving, but good looking film. However with these exercises in nostalgia the fun lies less in the story than in spotting the references, cheering the catchphrases and groaning at the cliches. Knowing this, Fraker's method is to nudge our memories with beautiful indian summer-lit scenes that nod in Ford's direction — the stagecoach ride through Monument Valley; that look to Clint Eastwood — the violent opening murder is reminiscent of *Outlaw Josey Wales;* all without losing sight of the Lone Ranger himself.

Unfortunately, *The Lone Ranger* is far better on incidentals than its central

LEW GRADE and JACK WRATHER Present A MARTIN STARGER Production "THE LEGEND OF THE LONE RANGER"
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The Oberwald Mystery: Weighed down by the intricacies of the plot, Monica Vitti and Franco Branciaroli decide to call it a day.

he had linked the film's dynamic to the fluctuating emotions of the characters rather than the plot itself, telegraphing their feelings via the interminable colour switches.

Thus the queen is bathed in various melancholic rustic shades, which turn to a purply blue when the cold Count Foehn enters. Robbed of their traditional task of conveying feelings the actors of this painfully slow tragedy unsurprisingly come across as uncomfortably wooden the tableaux they're dropped in doing all the work for them.

A case of video killing the film star?

Chris Bohn

The Lone Ranger unmasked at last? No it's Taxi's own little cult Christopher Lloyd as the naughty Cavendish.

character, as Klinton Spilsbury is only a stiff inferior version of TV's Clayton Moore. He looks like Rock Hudson and doesn't even act that well, while he is totally lacking the charm that made Christopher Reeve's revival of *Superman* such a success.

He offers no competition for the film's wonderful villain Cavandish, who is hilariously conceived by the freakish Christopher Lloyd as a bulging-eyed megolomaniac closer to a feudal baron than Jesse James.

Realistically, Spilsbury's cardboard hero is no match for Lloyd's fullbloodied villainy, but this theoretically being a kiddie film good must triumph over evil — and then convincingly. The Lone Ranger's Milky Bar Kid purity is the virtue that elevates his motives above a reasonable lust for revenge to a broader fight against crime. He is basically laying the foundations of truth, justice and the American way that Superman will uphold in the next century.

That we're all rooting for the bad guy is a tribute to Lloyd and an indictment of Spilsbury — I mean, who wants to see the milksop win? If this is frontier justice pal, I'll take revenge.

Chris Bohn

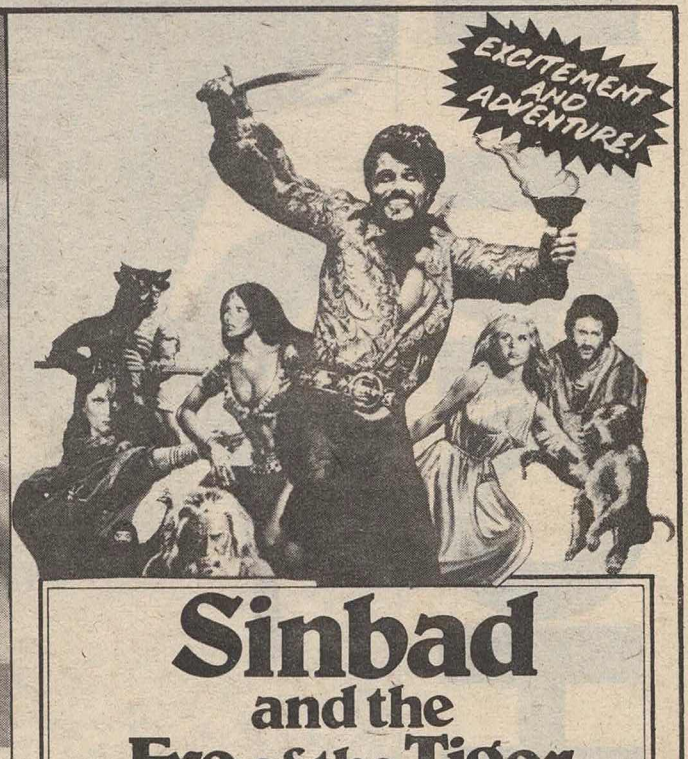
Alfred Hitchcock's 1936 thriller The Secret Agent. Peter Lorre gives a genuinely demented performance as the Mexican assassin, here being watched gravely by John Gielgud (honest, that's Sir John on the steps, and an extremely able hero he makes, too, don't you know).

Picture Parade

A splendid spy thriller, *The Secret Agent* was made by Alfred Hitchcock in 1936 (in between the more famous *Sabotage* and *The 39 Steps*) and is a striking example of Hitch's rich British period; more overtly comic than most of his American work, it boasts a completely over-the-top caricature of an assassin from Peter Lorre, effectively contrasted with the urbane playing of John Gielgud and Madeleine Carroll, reluctant recruits to the British secret service during the First World War.

Another of Hitchcock's rarer films shares the bill at London's Scala cinema from tomorrow (August 7) until August 11: *Lifeboat*, made in 1944, is an unlikely allegory set in World War II, the various survivors of a U-Boat attack having to pool resources to outwit their Nazi tormentors. And if you want to know how Hitch manages his customary appearance in this claustrophobic thriller set entirely on the lifeboat of the title, then you'll have to see the film.

Monty Smith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THE DAILY PLANET REVISITED

ARTHUR LEE, THE PSYCHO OF '60s PSYCHEDELIA AND FORMER LEADER OF LOVE, BREAKS HIS SILENCE TO KEEP A RARE APPOINTMENT ON PLANET EARTH

1-2-3 look at Mr Lee. Arthur Lee comes slouching and sloping the long way round the Tropicana pool, studiously avoiding the nouveau white punks frolicking at the waterside. He drags his feet up the stairs of the motel annexe, makes himself comfortable and offers a gift.

"You smoke, man? I brought you a little something. Grown in Los Angeles. I don't smoke. . . hahahah! Could be time for a little *tea* though."

Arthurly extracts a hip flask bottle of Korbel Californian brandy from his beige jacket.

"Got any milk, my friend? D'ya wantsomeathis?"

A motel is not a house but the cocktail hour isn't choosy.

"What you got here? A tape recorder? Sheeeit! What is this, some kind of set-up? I'm sort of paranoid. Still, anything you want to know my friend, other than how much money I have, or if I'm inta drugs or drinking or staying out late at night. Shit and please for God's sake don't put any four letter words in this thing. . . please, 'cos if my mother reads another one of those, hahaha, she might give me a good spanking.

"My mother raised me up in the church and she thinks I should act accordingly. Of course I don't. But I did one of these things with *Creem* magazine and the *stoopid*. . . well, he was a nice guy, anyway this person puts down word for word what I said. If a person's gonna say (recites) 'Well, I went down to see Miss Brown. . . and she didn't give a shit about me'," Arthur chuckles loudly while restating the old blues phrase, "Why not leave out the last bit? Whatever. If I'd known that all I had to do to gain all this sudden recognition was put an album out, I'd have done it years ago."

Arthur fixes his gaze on Anton Corbijn.

"You know man, you look real familiar to me."

Anton: "Me? I don't think we've ever met."

Lee: "Awful familiar."

Anton: "Someone famous I hope."

Lee: "Why not. Of course, I mean."

Arthur slips over to the open door and surveys the scene.

"I see this old place is still going strong. Mind if I take a look?"

ARTHUR LEE, a mulatto from Memphis, Tennessee, was the vital figurehead in the group Love, a band of helldriven miscreants who have come to symbolise something more than the esoteric or the nostalgic in the '60s West Coast pop horizon. Love's place at the centre of Los Angeles' musical explosion can always be ascertained by the simple, and pleasurable, expedient of listening to (at least) their first three records, a body of work that culminated in 'Forever Changes'.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, as the poet said, and Arthur Lee had a way with words and tunes himself. The vitality of Love's vocal purity, and the bitter, twisted sneer that often set Lee's observations into relief, are fine proof of the positive and negative forces that fire the demon in the popular arts. Maybe because of his own stubborn mind, or his group's corrupt attitude, or the times Love were left to dissipate their leader's genius in a welter of recrimination, self-pity and narcotic debilitation. Unfortunately, legend never quite overtook the reality of the bargain bins.

Which wouldn't matter much now except that *now* is when Love and Lee are starting to get name dropped and imitated again. For all those new groups who admited that yes, they can look back for the occasional inspiration, Arthur Lee has become a perfect input. Lyrically existentialist rather than hippy abstract, often hatefully disposed, yet with a core of sweetness that is irresistible, his unique corps of songs are ripe for (re)discovery.

And that's fine by me, especially if it goes some way to undermining the recent totalitarian appraisal of the era from whence Love sprang, itself going hand in hand with the sort of absurd assumption (noticeable in *NME* this year) that culminated in an article on the Velvet Underground whereby they alone of the '60s groups were placed on some kind of pinnacle of intelligence (New York, literacy, smack, Warhol, art) as opposed to everything West Coast, which in the rewritten histories was categorised as being selfishly obsessed with peace, love and an acid trance of slothful indulgence.

Arthur Lee was never much concerned with any hippy movement. When California was supposed to be getting a little hazy at the edges, Love's leader sang about himself, his girlfriend and the hypocrisy of social injustice. Love got so crazy that they couldn't back up their burgeoning sales with any solid touring. Instead they sat around their houses in Los Felix, and in Bela Lugosi's mansion throwing wild parties and getting dangerously, violently smashed. Love? All the other LA bands hated them.

One night Lee took Elektra's boss Jac Holzman down to the Whiskey to see an unknown band called The Doors play. What followed was a tremendous blow to Love's collective ego and an enormous boost to Elektra's bank balance. Love maintained their recorded integrity but Jim Morrison became the superstar, Arthur Lee remained the underground cult hero. Perversely, as usual, at the moment when Lee had made his greatest statement of style on 'Forever Changes' he broke up his band and set seal to the past.

SO THAT was then, and Arthur Lee is at least as eccentric as ever, in spirit if not appearance. But wait! Arthur does still sport a rather fine and shaggy wig, not the results of baldness but the aftermath of a stoned evening in the bathroom. In the days when everyone was wont to wear their hair a la Brian Jones or Michael Clark, Lee found his own blackman's curls wouldn't give. One night he applied hair straightener and went to sleep. When he woke up he found his hair had gone straight into the sink.

Tonight Arthur is in his everday clothes.

"On the way over here I thought about what to wear but I wear this all the time."

Lee indicates his black pants, manoeuvres-jacket and battered camouflage hat with a Robertson's gollywog pinned to the brim. Lee's appearance, a mixture of dishevelled and don't care is a part of his character and his mentality; similarly, he meanders in conversation but alway returns to his own peculiar logic. After establishing that he believes in God, Arthur talks about his Memphis roots.

"If you categorised it, that would be a bit too personal. My mother looks a lot like you and I ain't never seen no white boy who was poor unless he wanted to be poor. Haw haw! She wasn't poor so how could I have been? I ain't gonna categorise myself and say I was into rhythm and blues and I was born in the church and I lub de ribber. I like the way the world turns.

"You asked about that old song of mine, 'The Daily Planet' — was that on 'Forever Changes'? — well, I like to do what I do all day long. If someone steals from me and I beat that ass, I'm gonna beat it *all* day long. That was about people on their little trips, Hollywood, people running from the cops. On my way here I saw three cars crashed by the roadside. That's what it's about.

"Hey, do you know that cat Neil wassisname? (starts singin in squeaky voice) *'I bin to Hollywood, I bin to Inglewood'*, Neil Young, that's it. He was going to produce 'Forever Changes'. In fact I could go so far as to say he did produce 'The Daily Planet', that's why it sounded so weird. It's kind of outta synch.

"If you ask me about my music, when I do it I play it so much I get sick of it. I don't care whether it sells or not. Bryan Maclean (acoustic guitarist, sometime singer and writer in Love) has got a record coming out. You should mention that I wish him all the luck. . . He wrote some good songs. We're going to play together again, my little band from the '60s. It's in the plan. All the people sitting around broke or hungry or filthy rich and bored. . . Kenny Forssi if he's alive, Johnny Echols. Snoopy was at my house a while back. I haven't even heard that first album since we did it, right now I'm playing my new stuff and writing songs in my head.

"It felt so good to be in a studio again but the trivials were *still* there. The musicians *still* played the same stupid shit; they were late or maybe some of 'em said they *could* have been on time. But none of them on time? And then those people say, 'Am I gonna get anything from this album?' and I say, Yeah you're gonna get something. D'you know what you're gonna get? You are going to get a good old fashioned whupping boy! I told you I'd be here for this talk at 8 and what time did I get here? Right!"

Arthur reached for the Korbel and grabs me by the arm in a vice-like grip.

"*Then* I have to tell 'em what to play! What is *this*, sabotage? And they say, 'Oh, man, I'm an LA musician. I'm not known to be on time brother'. Heh, heh. I'm gonna beat that ass. I'm talking to him (Lee gestures towards Anton, who is in a state of catatonic bemusement) 'cos it looks like he's listening to what I'm saying. Yeah, you man."

Anton: "I just bought 'Forever Changes'."

Lee: You did not man."

Anton: "I did, last week".

Corbijn explains that as a child in Holland his father forebade him to listen to pop music.

Anton: "I missed the '60s. My father was a minister of religion."

Lee: "Oh, I wondered why you kind of backed off when I mentioned God. A good place to find God is in jail. I've been in jail when I was fighting myself but I don't hurt anyone else. I don't have it in my heart to kill all your people (indicating white folks). When you die you die. You know that every dime John Lennon made is still *right* here."

Arthur points down at the couch but the

CONTINUES ▸

WORDS BY MAX BELL

PHOTOS BY ANTON CORBIJN

◗ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

combination of cheap booze and fresh grass has rendered me temporarily blind and speechless. No matter, there's no stopping Art.

"Elektra," he muses, "that to me was not a bunch of people of a company. Elektra was Jac Holzman. He's a pretty good guy. I know one thing, I turned him on to The Doors so I hope he fulfils his life. He started out with 350 dollars and an attorney and sold the company for 40 million. He helped me. I never really thought that much of The Doors, they weren't my cup of tea. They didn't turn *me* on.

"What I remember is a guy and everywhere I looked he was right there behind me.

"I like Mick Jagger, like the way he carried hisself. He was contrary to James Brown and the people I was used to seeing as a young man. . . James Brown, Otis Redding, Mick Jagger was one man expressing freedom; he came along and inspired me. I grew up listening to Jimmy Smith, Ray Charles, whatever it was he did. I liked that kind of organ playing 'cos organ was the first instrument I played. That Jimmy McGriff style knocked me out. But when I formed the Love band I didn't see anyone making a name for themselves playing organ. It was all guitars. I wanted to make it y'know. Be like Little Richard and James Brown, *the* two most dynamic people I ever saw with my natural eye. .

"I don't go to see bands play anyhow. If I was playing with Reagan, or Raygun, I'd hear what I wanted in the dressing room and that's all. I never went to see no one play in the '60s unless it was James Brown or Mick Jagger. I could fake it and say I saw it all but I didn't. Mick Jagger danced funny.

"I first saw him on the *Red Skelton Show* and this guy comes on and never smiled, no cape or any of that shit. I'd never seen that before, the non-smiling thing. The early Love, even up 'til today, I got that non-smiling thing from Mick Jagger. And then it was the hair. . . who saw long hair then? First one I saw was Jimi Hendrix. . . no it was the Valentinos.

"I was at my grandmother's house one day and there'd been an accident so I went outside to have a look. There was a lady pinned in the car upside down with glass in her head. After a while I'm walking away and I saw these blackmen standing around and they had this long hair. In those days I was into the crewcut, I was so dumb, and these cats really surprised me, I knew that something about them attracted the eye. As serious as the accident was those guys made more of an impression on me.

"Those were hula hoop days. What could a person do now to create a real fad? I thought those people know something I don't. If a person walked past me now with two heads I wouldn't even look but I was younger then. The '60s was an interesting era and it lives on. Look at today! Then it was going from beatniks to hippies and now everyone has short hair again. That's if you want to judge a book by its cover.

"Me? I never was into clothes. I didn't have to be. Those pictures on the old albums? I was just wearing those clothes that day. On the other hand hahaha I walked around Hollywood for a year and a half with one moccasin on. I just put one on one day and didn't take it off. Like now I've got two left boots on. Heh heh, just kidding you friend.

"It was over at Vito's house where I found the shoe and where I met Bryan Maclean, that's when he was road manager for The Byrds. There'd be us and James Scott, into a free living thing. I had more fun there. . . I mean we had *fuuuun*."

Doing what?

"Doing *what????* What do you think! A barrel of monkeys. Still, a lot of people I hung round with, Jerry Montgomery, Jimi Hendrix are dead. All day party people and they all got rigor mortis. Say, for example, we decided to throw this tape in the swimming pool and just have f-u-n. Well, that's what we did all night. It hurt me though. I had a tendency not to T.C.B.

"I liked that slim line look too. I didn't like Otis Redding 'til he died. He looked like a football player to me with the shark skin suit. I always thought he was competing with Wilson Pickett; in fact I couldn't distinguish the two. Those were the times when Love had lines of people round the block at the Whiskey, before the craving for music that society has today. I never saw lines for nobody else. I saw James Brown at the 5:4 Ballroom and it was jam packed inside, but there were only a coupla people outside. Last time I went past the Roxy Christopher Cross was on and there were lines of people for that. I liked that 'Ride Like The Wind' he did. Did you like that?"

No.

"I may have liked it 'cos I was in a car at the time, haw haw. There again I saw him on the TV and I liked that even more."

ARTHUR LEE doesn't get to play around Hollywood these days, although Bryan Maclean goes out with a band, visits the dives and plays a few Love songs. Lee's name is still revered amongst certain punk circles but his contemporaries have probably grown out of that savage past. Lee is in a limbo induced by the aftermath of hedonism and his own acute intelligence and pride. He is hung by the compilations that hammer home another time, of celebration and immortality. A time that didn't last.

As the media marketed psychedelia Lee's quizzical soulfulness and vitriolic blackness could have no place in the forefront. He was the first black pop star of the flower power era but his weapon was his voice and his irony. It was easier to get lost in Jimi Hendrix' abstractions.

And Arthur Lee is no great believer in the business that helped him to early teenage stardom. Love were hopelessly fragmented by their own contrary attitude to playing live; Lee himself throwing a fit the minute he crossed the county line. He'd rather blame the white establishment and there's an element of truth in what he says.

It is pretty strange, for example, that on the early Elektra covers Lee looks several shades paler than he really is. I remember the first time I ever met him in London, five years ago, in my own naivete I'd been nonplussed by his excursions into black power. Listening with hindsight I realised that Lee's messages were often racially motivated.

"I been black all the time," he'd said and it was true.

The more besotted he became with joining Hendrix as a powerful black voice in a white rock world the more fans he lost. In 1965 no one was so self-conscious or so angry. The very name *Love* appeared to sum up the mood — but just scratch at the sore surface. .

"When I started I thought the band had to live together. We had a big mansion in Los Felix near Griffith Park Observatory. Golly, we fulfilled a childhood dream — smooth kickin' like young trojans. Everone was crazy but each individual knew why he was there, for fame and fortune. If anything got in the way, robbing and killing, that came after the ideal or the ordeal."

Now Arthur doesn't trust anyone much, not even his old partners like Don Conka. Love's original drummer, the heroin addicted subject of 'Signed D.C.'.

"I lived with Don Conka last year but he didn't pay me rent so I took his TV. If the outfit is 50/50, OK, otherwise I gotta take that TV. I don't need 20 dollars but a gentleman's agreement was what it was. . .

"Don Conka, man, he had Sal Mineo — who played Gene Krupa in the Gene Krupa story? — all these movie stars, coming to see us play, just to see him take an hour long drum solo. Or longer. All the stars would come to our apartment 'til the place was packed stickier than a can of sardines. We'd play all the songs from the first record *much* better than they were ever produced.

"Paul Rothchild (Elektra producer for Love and The Doors) I liked, but Bruce Botnick!!! Did you read what he said about me on the 'Best Of Love' album? That guy's a fool! People think *he* produced 'Forever Changes'. *I* did! But black people didn't have a strong enough foothold to say that. *I* got David Angel and the LA Philharmonic, all these so-called great musicians and Bruce Botnick fought me tooth and nail. The only reason I got it half way right was because I made them go back in the studio.

"Bruce Botnick is embarrassed for his own sake. He never saw me do *anything* with drugs unless I got them from him. He doesn't know *me*. Years after I saw him at an Eric Clapton concert and he practically got down on his knees and copped out, telling me I'm a genius. He was so against free expression, so uptight, he couldn't even loosen his tie. I had to twist his hand just to get the guitar a little louder on the beginning of 'Alone Again Or' and then these idiots. . . UFO came out and did that song, it cracked me up so bad hahaha, they did the introduction just the same. They tried to get it right and it was so fucked up! "God made Bruce Botnick for some reason. If I was God I wouldn't have made him. 'Forever Changes' was tooth *and* nail. I went in with the band and somehow, I'll never know why, they forgot *all* the songs. Jac Holzman hired all these musicians, he had six guitarists to do Johnny Echols' parts (Lee falls off the couch in hysterics) and four bass players, one in the hall, one in the bathroom, three drummers playing the same stoopid beat. He hired Neil Young and Dallas Taylor from Buffalo Springfield to produce. I had faith in the band and Bryan. We were in the control booth watching and I said, Look can't you see they're playing your songs? Finally we had a fight and they understood.

"Jac Holzman was on my side. Bruce Botnick helped me understand an asshole, 'cos next thing I knew my band was teaching these people how to play their own songs. I had to pay for all the sessions, the orchestra, everything and I still had to fight to get it right! Since people think that was the best thing I ever did I wish I could get those tapes back and do it again. I thought it was lousy. The best is yet to come. I want to do music from funk to friction, or non-fiction. I don't want to be underestimated.

"I got the impression that people thought I was going to kick the bucket after that. I had no intention of dying. Die young, and have a good looking corpse? Hey man, that was for fools, not me, and I'm the biggest fool of all. . . As far as seeing Sunset Strip or Hollywood Boulevard, that bullshit, I don't need that anymore."

I tell Lee that Elektra in England are re-releasing Love's first four albums. He doesn't know and doesn't seem to care.

Lee picks up a copy of the LA magazine *BAM* lying on the table. It's a special issue dedicated to Jim Morrison (it being the tenth anniversary of his death that week).

"My girlfriend's daughter likes The Doors, they played the Whiskey with me. Jim Morrison was a very inspirational hero to white people. Why not! Not that I don't like white people but Jim Morrison was the great white hope. No offence. I always thought I was ten times better than Jim Morrison as far as lyrics went. But then it was like football in my mind. I thought I had outplayed Buffalo Springfield, outplayed The Doors, outplayed The Young Rascals, it was all to do with who drew the most, who attracted the most women.

"One thing people don't know (confidentially) Jimi Hendrix introduced me to Dolly Dagger, or Devan Wilson, this so-called black groupie chick, but I respected Jimi so much I pretended I didn't know her already hahaha. Same with Jim Morrison and his girl Pam Courson."

His wife you mean?

"They were never married man, she just changed her name is all. If they'd been married howcum she was turning tricks? Pam Courson told me she found Jim Morrison dead. It wasn't surprising, he'd been lying in that bath for three days."

"To me Jim Morrison was just another guy, I knew him personally. Him, me and Bryan used to hang out a lot. In fact, I was sitting on my balcony right here in the Tropicana one day in 1967 when I looked down and saw Bryan Maclean and Jim Morrison come walking across the courtyard. All of a sudden Jim Morrison just reaches across and slaps Bryan, whap, right in the face. I couldn't believe my eyes, I was laughing so much. Jim Morrison certainly knew who to slap. He was a running buddy."

ROUND ABOUT midnight the Korbel is dry. Lee suggests we go and visit a photographer friend of his named Herbie Worthington who has just finished shooting the cover for Stevie Nicks' solo album. Worthington specialises in those diaphanous, frothy fantasy images of Fleetwood Mac that have adorned their recent records. He also had a good collection of Lee stills from the early '60s days, through to the 'Vindicator' solo Arthur did for A&M in '72 and the current Rhino/Beggars Banquet sleeve.

The journey down Santa Monica Boulevard proved to be fairly eventful with Lee slowing down every now and then to let us observe the motley collection of transvestites and general rough trade that inhabit the area. There are dozens of gays on every street corner fondling each other and waiting to get picked up. Lee is chortling all the way.

"Hey look at that one, heh heh. I'm not into that but I'm not everybody. Now and then the cops'll come by and take a few down to the jail for soliciting. D'you ever hear of a group called Euphoria? They had a singer name of Alan Douglas. Well, I was in a club last year and this, err, chick approaches me with the c'mon over and relax line. I never could resist a chick so I went closer to take a look. After a while we're having a drink and I'm thinking y'know this face looks familiar, I know this face. Then it hit me, turns out this so called chick is none other than Alan Douglas — as was — or Angela Douglas as he, or she, is now. Man that freaked me out for quite a long time.

"Do you know that David Bowie? He sent me an album on Deram in the '60s with a letter saying help me with my songs, I want to make it. Swear to God. I listened to the first song and I didn't listen to anything else. That was 'Uncle Arthur', I though what is this? A kid or something. (sings) *'Uncle Arthur does the dishes, Uncle Arthur watches Batman'*. Oh my God. I wish I still had the letter. But then again he can always write me another one."

THE FOLLOWING morning Lee picks us up at the Tropicana and we drive out to Laurel Canyon and Lookout Mountain to take some snaps. The setting is Bela Lugosi's mansion. Nearby is the actor's broken incinerator — Dracula's Fireplace — where the first Love album and 'Da Capo' cover were shot. It's illegal to run an incinerator in Los Angeles now because of the stringent fire regulations. With temperatures running to the 100s the scrub would go up like a crumpled letter in a furnace. If the cops see you so much as drop a cigarette butt in the hills they'll blow your head off and fine you later.

The night before, Lookout Mountain had played host to a particularly gruesome mass murder when four people involved in a cocaine ring had their throats slit for non-payment. In typically convoluted fashion Lee is privy to some of the facts.

"A guy I was gonna take you to see knew those people, he owed one of the chicks ten grand. Oh boy! He really lucked out didn't he? I mean it was terrible for her but golleee he don't owe nobody ten grand anymore. All about drugs man. You can't keep on beating people out of their money.

"I was telling this guy last night, if I tell someone where to go and the guy beats them for their bread I get the blame! The guy tells me well I'll give 'em 25 dollars. 25 measly dollars!

"D'you remember that tall guy who came over in my black band to England — Robert Rozelle? — he's a fool man. He's got a little girl, he doesn't have any animals in the house, he doesn't have any fish, no goldfish, no birds, no kittens, nuthin' like that. So I was thinkin', Hank wants to get rid of his birds and he wanted to give 'em to me and I don't want 'em, I already got a coupla parakeets, I don't want any more birds man, so I said y'know I can get you some parakeets, you want some parakeets with a cage, but then I remembered he owed this guy some bread so I said Robert you ought to straighten this out and he gets mad at me tells me I should mind my own business. I told him it is my business! He got pissed and hung the phone up like a little bitch. I called him said you know Robert you are a fucksickle (!). Ohmigod, you got that tape on man?"

Cocaine, parakeets, doesn't make no difference to Arthurly. He's more interested in raising his Irish wolfhound Sabrina (the old one Tuna passed away), looking after his pigeons and being a vegetarian than he is in dealing with the world of rock'n'roll. For some reason known only to myself this whimsical interlude reminds me of the opening lines to 'Live And Let Live'. . .

"Oh the snot has caked against my pants,
It has turned into crystal.
There's a bluebird sitting on a branch,
I guess I'll take my pistol. . ."

Or maybe I do remember why. For a long time I was obsessed by Arthur Lee and his approach. Not so much what he said but the way he said it, the way he could give even nonsense some kind of deep meaning and latch it onto the most exquisite musical idea.

When I first 'interviewed' him in 1976 I was scared to death of the man and the black power trip he was surrounded with. I was 18 and he was a hero and I couldn't think of many other heroes I had that I wanted to meet so badly. It seemed absurd to tell Lee what he meant to me so I let events take their course. This time of course I'm more jaded and cynical and not so scared but I still can't explain what an impact his music had on me and I know it'll sound sycophantic if I try.

For all his arrogance and pig-headedness I realised that Lee's effect on me was just as strong, that the spark of life in the man hasn't been extinguished. He needs a catalyst to get the same old response from his music, but Lee's pride is relevant to his talent, which is more than you can say for most of the other conceited idiots who fool around at the fringes of rock'n'roll and think that they are expressing something important.

Arthur Lee was always the smartest member of Love of course but he was also part of a band of lunatic hooligans whose collective exploits make The Sex Pistols' career of evil seem like an Enid Blyton story. Johnny Echols and Kenny Forssi, the guitarist and bass player were committed to San Quentin on a score of charges for armed robbery, their targets being not banks but donut stands! For once, Lee is tight-lipped.

"That's not funny, if it was true."

Not much has been heard of them since. Bryan Maclean became embroiled in organised religion and studied classical composition, joining Lee for a Love reunion three years ago. He is one of the catalysts who could drive Arthur towards something more substantial than his recent come-back album. Snoopy the drummer is probably still drifting on the memory of the vintage Love. He gained his revenge for all the humiliation he suffered in the group when he was interviewed by *Zig Zag* several years ago; that was possibly the most hilarious expose of the reality of a pop group ever committed to paper.

Asked whether certain members of the group used to straighten their hair Snoopy remarked, "Yeah, Arthur, Johnny, they both did. They used to wear wigs before they were in Love, by which time they'd got it together enough to realise where the wig scene was at. But they were too much into the ego scene not to have their hair straightened. Fuck me, man, I had a few curls and they wanted me to straighten them out!"

The rest of Love claim that Lee — who handled the Elektra advances — never paid them adequately for their labours. It seems feasible that Love squandered large sums but Lee, as the driving force and main musical provider insists that many of their efforts were entirely due to him anyway.

" 'Forever Changes' was all solo. . . if those guys ever actually made 50 bucks. . . huh! They thought they'd become millionaires before they ever had a million dollars."

The singer also had some bizarre reasons for writing many of his better known songs.

"The titles are just things that happened to me. Like 'Seven And Seven Is' was about a girl I was in love with. We both had a birthday on the 7th of March. I called it that to impress her and her parents because I was going to marry her."

The last I saw of Arthur Lee he was getting into his girlfriend's Corvair and going to pick her up from work. Two blocks down on La Cienaga and Santa Monica the Elektra offices were preparing for the 4th of July holiday and putting their roster of '80s product to bed. Jac Holzman was in Hawaii, it wasn't the summer of love.

"I made this town," Lee muttered. "Me, Love and The Byrds, until the record companies took over."

Arthur Lee drives off down the boulevard that never fails to bring him down. And then he fades into the crowd.

Me, I just go back across the street.

LPs

Chrissie Hynde. Pic: Pennie Smith

Return of the rentariffers

PRETENDERS
Pretenders II (Real)

I LIKE The Pretenders: Chrissie Hynde has one of *those* voices, writes several of *those* songs, adds an intriguing element to the general received image of the Female Pop Star, has killer cheekbones, plays mean Telecaster etc., etc., etc.

I can't *stand* The Pretenders: the rhythm section plod and bash their way through most of the songs, the lead guitarist plays remorselessly to the gallery. Their music is pompous, bloated and joyless, stuffed to bursting point with the most pedestrian hard rock cliches imaginable, perpetually verging on heavy metal.

'Pretenders II' is an infuriating album: half the songs sound like extracts from Chrissie's lyric book set to tedious rentariffs and the other half are gorgeous songs that just about survive the treatments meted out to them by the band. Obviously, the distinction isn't that clear-cut: Chrissie's function as vocalist and songwriter cannot be that easily separated from her role as rhythm guitarist and one-quarter of that instrumental sound, but the band's unrelenting heavy-handedness gets in the way to a quite ludicrous extent.

Let's select a few of the album's better songs at random: 'Waste Not Want Not' receives a treatment which can only be described as 'reggae for the deaf', 'Birds Of Paradise' — which is sequenced right after Ray Davies' 'I Go To Sleep', a song with a very similar Teen Ballad rhythm and structure, just cries out for a deftness and imagination which it does not receive, 'Jealous Dogs' (in the 'Private Life' vein) is ritually slaughtered by absurdly over-heavy drumming . . . what's going *on* here?

It isn't that the songs require less intensity and power: indeed, they require more. It seems that what passes for intensity and power is the same old clodhopping hard rock that eventually crushed Phil Lynott, whose songwriting language got swamped by the musical language with which he and his band interpreted the material. 'Bad Boys Get Spanked', the album's second number and straight out of the same rhythmic box as 'Tattooed Love Boys' could almost *be* a Thin Lizzy number when one considers the grotesque manner in which Hynde sings the title line.

More *dynamics,* please!

This approach — restrictive and insensitive as it appears to these ageing ears — certainly hasn't done badly for Chrissie, James, Martin and Peter. It's taken them from Monday night residencies at the Marquee to international star status in a comparatively short time, so as far as regiments of consumers check it, The Pretenders are right on the button just as they are. This album — Rolling Stones cover-photo swipe and all — will probably go down as well as the first, and there should be plenty of satisfied customers, but it seems as if this sound is gained at the expense of considering what *other* possibilities there may be.

The aforementioned 'Waste Not Want Not', for example, wouldn't have lost anything that it has now if Martin Chambers and Pete Farndon had gone for a light, springy power instead of the muscle-bound thrashing that they end up providing. To play reggae-ish rock music doesn't mean trying for the musical equivalent of a Jamaican accent, but it should mean checking out why reggae is effective and adding those possibilities, to what's already there. After 'Watching The Detectives' and 'Armagideon Time', there is no excuse for a white rhythm section to play Jah Music this badly.

'Jealous Dogs' almost sounds as if The Pretenders are attempting to grow, but it's all muscle power and no soul again. The song is brilliant — that blur you see out of the corner of your eye is Grace Jones reaching into frame to grab it, and I can't wait to hear Sly and Robbie get their mitts into it — but the music obstructs rather than supports.

It's been the Pretenders' more thoughtful efforts which have hit the mark every time — 'Stop Your Sobbing', 'Kid', 'Brass In Pocket', 'Talk Of The Town' (the latter included here, natcho) — but their tendency to bash everything to death unless specifically induced to do otherwise seems to be in the ascendant on this album. Chris Thomas' production doesn't help a lot — he strikes me as an expert in the fine art of letting groups hang themselves — and the overall impression is of an act determined to make the least of the one thing about it that's totally unique.

Chrissie Hynde has a hell of a lot to say and I could — and do — cheerfully listen to her sing on quite a regular basis, so I suppose I'll be listening to 'Pretenders II' fairly often, at least for a while. Which is a shame, because it really annoys me. Still, that's the breaks.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE GO-GOS:
"Beauty And The Beat"
(IRS/A&M)

"BEAUTY And the Beat" is the album Kim Wilde might have made had she slaved through the clubs and the squalor, instead of springing forth perfectly formed from the forehead of RAK Studios. This is the album that should destroy for once and all time the gossip column, who-she's-sleeping-with patronising that bedevils that unfortunate cliche "the all-girl band". With this record the Go-Gos have struck a great blow for their sex, for their city, but most of all for their music.

The Go-Gos play Sixties pop for the Eighties with a Seventies philosophy. This record is three years of struggling with instruments, of sleeping on floors in strange cities, of flirting too close with an easy terminal escape from reality. It sounds like a joyous, bubbling celebration by five cute girls, with no thought inside their darling little heads save for tonight's beach party.

The Go-Gos haven't had it easy, their founder, bass player and all round wonderful human being Margot Olaverra somehow never made this final hurdle, being replaced by ex-Textone Kathy Valentine, while her band grew far beyond the confines of Los Angeles into the arms of original Blondie producer Richard Goetteherer, to make the year's best pop album.

How something so infectious, almost minimalist in its simplicity can grow from the hard times is probably the major mystery of GoGo music. No one would ever claim great technical proficiency for the band, yet Charlotte Caffey's lead guitar has a phantom presence, always playing what you hope, a fraction after you realise it, runs full of a hypnotic melody. Gina Schock hits a persistent understated snare on ballads, thundering bass drum to herald the dance.

When Belinda Carlisle sings, she conjured up the high school cheerleader seduced by the motorcycle of the Leader of The Pack. She's a new Shangri-La a new Capitol, with perfect bee-strung lips promising an innocence that her words belie. GoGo songs are for today's teenagers in love, not their mothers.

"Skidmarks On My Heart" does not only refer to Michelin, it prefers the Man.

The Go-gos

"How Much More", written by Caffey, rhythm guitarist Jane Wiedlin and the Plimsouls' Peter Case poses the enternal question as Belinda cries, "I want to be a girl tonight." Or "Lust To Love", at four minutes the longest song and a tale of how a one night stand turned bittersweet, Belinda imploring the world, fronting some exquisite high harmonies from Charlotte and Jane.

Even on ballads like Charlotte's "Fading Fast" it is Co-Go harmony, sometimes naive, always sweet that lifts and enhances the catchy melody, turning a gold number into a hit single. Radio played the girls' Stiff single "We Got The Beat". For justice to prevail it should play this album to death. We won't grow sick of it.

Expect no miracles from the Go-Gos, no political philosophies, no virtuosity. Remember how much fun Blondie used to be, or the Ronettes, or the Monkees. for 35 minutes enjoy, forget, to this panacea for ills. Remember they've done it all, too.

These girls have brought beauty back to the beat. Go Go-Go is the only way to cry.

Robin Eggar

RICHIE COLE
Cool "C" (Seven Seas)
PAQUITO D'RIVERA
Blowin' (CBS)

THAT a distinctive line in headwear can be as important to a musician's image as a snappy catch-phrase to a stand-up comedian is prerequisite that alto saxists Richie Cole and Paquito D'Rivera fully appreciate.

New Jersey's 'Alto Madness' juggernaut Richie Cole currently favours the classic combination of matching black beret and shades whilst Cuban defector and former Irakere sideman Paquito D'Rivera's jaunty fedora has the wide-brim pushed up at the front. Choice of horns, chapeaux and the inclusion of 'On Green Dolphin Street' on both players' albums are these post-Parker stylists' only common bond.

In a climate where contrived anger and blissed-out blandness often appear to be the most marketable jazz emotions, both Cole and D'Rivera's commentaries are positively life-affirming in their clear-sighted conviction.

Of the two, Cole is the more mischievous. A young man whose extensive road experience and a lengthy stint partnering singer Eddie Jefferson has added a razor-sharp cutting edge to this self-deprecating homour.

If, at times, Cole's comes on half-crazed, the D'Rivera's assault is even more manic. Such is his irrepressible vitality, that it's obvious that D'Rivera still hasn't come to terms with the knowledge that at a time when CBS is axing established jazzers from the label, the company's headman slipped him a solo deal. As 'Blowin'' depicts, D'Rivera is determined to prove it wasn't misplaced faith.

Cole date — digitally recorded earlier this year in Tokyo — features a competent all-local cast of three piece rhythm team plus an eight man brass choir to supply dynamic punctuation. The ever-wailin' D'Rivera sticks closer to home with his predominantly Latin-American rhythm pals being frantically prodded by fellow Cuban Ignacio Berroa on drums whilst Argentinian Jorge Dalto and Puerto Rican Hilton Ruiz take it in turn to pound out mesmerizing black chord keyboard figures on such exotic tracks as 'Basstronaut' (also a showcase for Eddie Gomez' stunning acoustic bass) whilst 'Chucho' explodes with a breathtaking four bar alto into which reveals the same coherent use of speed and fluidity of ideas to equal Bird's classic 'A Night In Tunisia' sax figure.

D'Rivera is a highly intuitive improvisor, frequently peppering his hot and spicey lines with fiercely energetic flurries of hoarse screams, rouge sounds and dischords, in contrast, Cole — a protege of Phil Woods — prefers to liberally splash his equally fleet-fingered solos with humorous quotes and effects (i.e. the coda to 'Willow Weep For Me'), Cole is a highly-deceptive player: he may give the impression of being at his most comfortable on easy-going gaits like 'Back To Bop' and 'Cool "C" ' but throughout the frenetic 'Blue Bossa' proves that he easily matches D'Rivera for sheer intensity.

Whilst the sphere of *free* music has become quite notorious for exposing the limitations of a great many practitioners, the likes of Cole and D'Rivera put forward sufficient evidence to support the notion that even today formal jazz structures are by no means as restrictive as many would have you believe.

Roy Carr

Paquito D'Rivera

KIRSTY MacCOLL
Desperate Character
(Polydor)

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago Marty Wilde stood for Americanisation, vulgarity, rock 'n' roll brashness: Britain needed it. At the same time Ewan MacColl represented folkie roots purism, integrity, the struggle of labour against capitak the nation needed *some* of that. That was the '50s: now the daughters of both men have come of age and they're as different from each other as their fathers were.

Look at *TOTP*: Kim Wilde is a hot and cold concept in a video about steam and tiles; Kirsty MacColl is surrounded by the Stiff/Rockpile rock fraternity having an old-fashioned goodtime. Their music also tells differing stories, Kim's fragile but hard, Kirsty's fun but — puppy fat or not — thin.

In fact 'Desperate Character' is so thin it has to be built around 'There's A Guy Works Down The Chip Shop Swears He's Elvis', both the single and a more countrified version. Its charm and novelty soon pall, especially as country pastiches are such an easy option. Capturing the '60s, though, isn't so easy and the numbers invoking that era don't wear thin: they start that way.

When Kirsty drops the pastiche and covers a '60s song proper, the results are significantly abysmal.

Against the grain of her pastiches, Kirsty reveals hints of a genuine song-writing ability, but it's not the kind of talent which can be stretched over an eclectic hotchpotch and come out winning. The same can be said about that thin voice, bouncing notes off a tinny roof: neither hot nor cold.

Paul Tickell

Oingo? Boingo? The Elfman??

OINGO BOINGO:
'Only A Lad' (A&M)

WITH any luck this record will make the kind folks up at Virgin Records as sick as parrots. You see Oingo Boingo have made the album they've always wanted XTC to make. Chock full of fractured rhythms, pop hooks, warped humour and commercial appeal.

Oingo Boingo is the vision and vocals of Danny Elfman, supported by a cast of seven, restrained by tight arrangements, yet yearning to fly loose. Elfman is either an adolescent genius in his late twenties, or a pain in the ass, depending on your point of view. He is a Socialist Republican with the malevolent humour of a leprechaun down at the massage parlour. He is vicious and charming in the same breath.

'Do you peek at magazines filled with doggies and leather queens / Nasty habit, nasty habits' croons Elfman while Richard Gibbs' piano flutters furiously and the horn section swing with the verve of a strip club combo. Nothing is ever as it seems in an Oingo Boingo song, the hymn to paedophilia "Little Girls" turns into a pathetic nightmare for its protagonist.

Elfman peoples his world with misfits, role models and teenage hero figures twisted back into a less pleasant reality. On 'Capitalism' he pleads the cause of free enterprise before insulting openly a pet hate. *'You're just a middle class socialist brat / From a suburban family and you never had to really work.'*

In Los Angeles most music critics are found in that very social strata, but Elfman has his own answer ready for them in the shape of 'Imposter' — *'Now you're a critic and you're at the top / You don't believe what you write'* —which is as savage a putdown as I've read.

Perhaps Danny Elfman has too much anger burning his soul at times, the Brechtian wit becomes diffused into polemic or insult. But at its finest Oingo Boingo music can be summed up visually by the cover painting of the all-American boy scout walking the clouds as parts of his uniform disintegrate and his hand metamorphoses into a claw. Musically the band make a habit of subtlely altering preconceptions, even making the 53rd remake of Ray Davies' 'You Really Got Me' sound interesting although I would have preferred their marvellous interpretation of Willie Dixon's 'Violent Love' or even their anarchic "Auld Lang Syne".

The best song on the record is 'Only A Lad' not simply for its catchy, jerky, bouncing tune but also for its lyrical demolition of the Juvenile Delinquent hero who has for so long bedevilled the American media. It deserves to be elevated from the status of band anthem to that of hit record.

The dramatic resurgence of American West Coast music this year has been marked by three superb LPs in, X's 'Wild Gift', the Go-Gos 'Beauty and The Beat', and Romeo Void's 'It's A Condition'. With 'Only A Lad' Oingo Boingo have made it four.

Robin Eggar

Oingo Boingo spokesperson. Pic: Rodney Clyde

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Bowling Balls II (Clone)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
New Wave Hits For The 80's (Max's Kansas City)

TWO YANKEE compilations, both well worth leaving in the racks.

'New Wave Hits' (where, I'd like to know?) is at least a partial repackaging of material from the CBS 'Live At MKC' albums. It sounds terribly dated now, with the exception of Suicide's ten-minute live version of 'Rocket USA', which is so badly recorded it might as well be a piece of lino on your turntable, and Ubu's 'Final Solution', which you can get as a single anyway.

'Bowling Balls II' has none of the cohesion of its predecessor, lacking both the synthesiser pieces of Dennis DeFrange (which held that record together) and the idiosyncratic talents of Ralph Carney (which provided its more interesting moments). The Waitresses, whose 'Wait Here, I'll Be Right Back . . .' from that album resurfaced as 'I Know What Boys Want' on Ze, are still around, but their 'Astronites' is dull fare indeed, the kind of thing one-cult-wonders generally do for their follow up. The rest is a mixed (but always similarly dull) bag of stuff from other Akronites. Oh, and for some reason there's a token Japanese trio. Totsuzen Danball, who do a song called 'Jelly Beans Say'.

That's dull too.

Andy Gill.

HALF JAPANESE
Loud (Armageddon)

I'M NOT sure my record collection can stand another Half Japanese LP, especially since the last one, a triple album going by the name of 'Half Gentlemen/Not Beasts', almost caused a mass roll-out by the entire Al Green section which flanks it. They claimed it had bad breath, in triplicate.

This one, at least, is only a single album, although the group's mysteriously multiplied by three to compensate, founder demi-Japs Jad and David Fair joined by four similarly "talented" "musicians". The music's changed accordingly, in so far as six people making a noise is louder and nastier than just two people making a noise. The lyrics, however, have reached peaks of clarity and brilliance previously thought unattainable, slicing through analytic procrastination and intellectual dithering with the bluntest of blades. Take 'Dumb Animals', for instance: *"This school sucks shit/All you teachers are so ignorant/And I hope you all rot in hell."*

Is this not the authentic voice of youth rebellion, untrammelled by ideological constraints and subtleties? Is this not *truly* REVOLTING?

Half Japanese are the ultimate Amateur's Yelp, their rampant imperfections and inabilities flaunted through a series of songs running the gamut of what are fondly believed to be teen obsessions: youth sex, VD, parents, teachers and the like. No songs about wanking, though. A serious emission, under the circumstances.

Theirs is a modern barnstorming mentality, an '80s rock'n'roll analogue of those films in which some spotty adolescent thespian cries out "Let's do the show *right here*!" and said show, when performed, is a runaway success. Unfortunately, Half Japanese's curtain-calls would suffer somewhat quicker curtailment — though they, at least, are in doubt about their abilities: *"Sometimes thieves try to steal modern art/Sometimes a thief tried to steal Mona Lisa/Or a thief tried to steal some Matisses/Sometimes when thieves try to steal/Some songs that I wrote/I don't care/He can try/He can't play guitar like me/I practise/I don't even have to practise/It's a gift."* ('Gift').

Half Japanese's real *raison d'etre*, of course, is that anyone can do it, regardless of talent. The inescapable conclusion of such reasoning, however, is that there is no reason whatsoever why anyone should buy their records.

Can't argue with that, I guess.

Andy Gill

Last shuffle of fetid Feat

LITTLE FEAT
Hoy-Hoy! (Warner Bros)

THEY'VE BEEN down, but not like this before . . .

'Hoy-Hoy!' represents a swansong of sorts for Little Feat, if not a goodbye then a giving-up of the ghost that's lingered on since Lowell George's death two years ago, a death which marked the real Feat *finito*.

In the early/mid '70s, Little Feat albums were one of the few reliable dividends an interest in modern American music could recoup. The slide'n'swoop, the swerve, shudder and sudden *stop* of their scudding rhythms splashed a tint of blackness on a white boy's soul; like Elvis Presley many years before, they allied darker rhythms to a po' white redneck base and came up with something strange but strangely natural.

They even defined the style, midway through their career, in 'Rock And Roll Doctor': *"If you like country with a funk beat, he's the one to meet"*.

Yeah he's the one to meet . . . Little Feat was a once healthy, lithe and lively limb of American music that began to wither away sometime around 'The Last Record Album' — coincidentally, the first of their records to be bought by a truly *mass* American audience (heretofore, Feat were first and foremost a foreign phenomenon as far as fame was concerned). 'Hoy-Hoy!' is the final splash at the end of the waterfall, a nail or two for another coffin. It'll sell millions.

A dubiously-programmed retrospective supposedly covering the entire Little Feat career, 'Hoy-Hoy!' has more of the air of a memorial to Lowell George than an LP proper. The (admittedly copious) sleeve-notes are a determined attempt at myth-making — all fond reminiscence and sombre 'thank-you's — and the accompanying 12-page booklet of Feat ephemera contains more pix of him than any of the others, as well as a good few bizarre paintings by Neon Park, Anne & Doug Edge, drummer Richie Hayward and George hisself (his *Scotch on the rocks from outer space descending upon ham sandwich with golf ball* is an absurd masterpiece).

Unfortunately, George's predominance is borne out in the music too; without him, El Feat have lost their sinuosity and lapsed into numbingly insipid West Coast jazz-funk workouts, an Adult Orientation largely down to keyboardist Bill Payne. Payne's 'Gringo', one of the two pieces here dated 1981, is so smooth and smugly "Sophisticated" it could have crawled off Steely Dan's 'Gaucho' (*not* a recommendation). The other new song, Paul Barrere's 'Over The Edge', is average sludgy Featfunk, with none of the spark or melodic grace of yore.

The rest of the two records consists of studio out-takes of previously-released material, live versions of ditto, and a few tracks lifted straight off earlier LPs: 'Easy To Slip' from 'Sailin' Shoes, and 'Strawberry Flats' and 'Forty-Four Blues' from the first album. No 'Willin'', 'Dixie Chicken' or 'Spanish Moon', and only a version of 'All That You Dream' which Features Barbie-Doll Ronstadt — the Doyenne of Adult Orientation — on vocals (have these men no self-respect?) As a summing-up, it's a fairly miserable mish-mash which tries desperately to avoid a 'Best Of' tag by offering inferior takes and boogies-down in place of bona fides, a sad apology for current lack of creative spice. What *is* the point? I mean, if you can't go down gracefully, just go in silence.

Andy Gill

LPs Norway! Germany! Yugoslavia! Finland! Belgium!

OTHER VOICES

Across the water with CHRIS BOHN

DE PRESS
Block To Block (Siberia — Norwegian import)
CITY
Dreamland (Pool International — German import)

THE COMMON denominator here is the widely travelled producer/engineer John Leckie, who was presumably employed to polish up these products for international consumption. Soundwise, he has succeeded, but that still leaves the language barrier.

The East German City opt for a straight cop out by singing stilted English texts written by producer Jack Rieley (John Leckie mixed down). The language switch is so obviously the part of an officially approved cultural export drive that the record is not really worth discussing any further — the group's few distinctive traits have also been well disguised so as not to interfere with its hoped for international rock appeal.

The Norwegian De Press sidestep the language problem by transcribing their songs onto the sleeve in a mixture of pidgin tongues which make for intriguing reading if you like puzzles: *"kis me rusia/tomorow its gony be kold"*. Are they taking the mickey or what? In boasting a refugee Polish bassist/singer they obviously feel comfortable ranting about repression — from the H blocks of Belfast to subtler deprivations of the Eastern bloc — and they're not above fashionably exploiting their East European connection either. And why not — Lene Lovich has been getting away with far less for years?

De Press counter kitsch with feeling, pogo pop with gloomy Gregorian moans. In other words East meets West and the result is a satisfying draw.

ELEKTRICNI ORGAZAM
Elektricni Orgazam (Jugoton — Yugoslav import)

IN CASE you haven't already guessed, that reads Electric Orgasm in English. The name's minor shock value survived the censorship of the puritans who control the provincial run record companies, but, questions of taste aside, that's not the great victory it might first appear. Yugoslav communism and new wave have proved to be reconcilable during the past few years, which have seen a flourishing of groups in Ljublijana, Riyeka, Zagreb and now the capital Beograd — where Electric Orgasm come from.

Their songs critically mock certain social ailments — like the reliance on artificial stimulants discussed in the title song — and the translations generally read well. Musically, however, I remained non aligned until midway through side two where the dominant wheeze-vox organ sound grappled gamely with primal rhythms and treated cymbal rushes to come out as excited as The Velvet Underground circa 'What Goes On'. Discover for yourselves by writing to: **Srdjan Gojkovic, Gavrila Principa 9, 11000 Beograd, or by visiting Rough Trade in September.**

OSTRO 430
Through Thick And Thin (Schallmauer — German import)

DOMESTIC BLISS dissected and then damned by a sharp tongued quartet whose mini-LP would be unrelentingly harping if these girls weren't so witty. The simple piano led format means the music is sometimes numbingly plain, but the best songs combine a spunky jaunt with bitterly funny jibes at nosey neighbours ('The Creaking Bed'), parent/punk child intolerance ('S Bahn'), sex roles ('I'll Stay Out') and, best of all, mating games ('Idi Otto' — *"First prize in the lotto!"*). **(Schallmauer, 33 Industriestrasse, 4000 Dusseldorf, West Germany).**

THRESHOLD
Paradise Now (Johanna — Finnish import)

"In brief Threshold's main objective is to explore and comprehend the inner and outer world as a comprehensive entity and as an ever changing challenge to the human mind." Oh dear, the product of too many long winter nights' contemplation, Threshold's muddled metaphysics is a melletronic miasma of jonandersonic depths and occasionally appealing freak jazz. For a better insight go see *Altered States* instead — it's also a lot funnier. **(Johanna Records, Bernhardinkatu 7 A 6, 00130 Helsinki 13).**

VARIOUS
B9 (Sandwich — Belgian import)

NINE BELGIAN groups sharing one sensual electronic obsession make for soporific or seductive listening depending on the mood you're in. Some do it with guitars others with keyboards, but Digital Dance do it best of all — on 'Human Zoo' — with an irresistably swinging motion. (Sandwich, 5 Rue De L'Hopital, 1000 Bruxelles, or Rough Trade).

REIFENSTAHL
Die Wunderwaffe/The Wonder Weapon (Ink — German import)

IF THERE really is a wonder weapon here, it's a well kept secret. Reifenstahl are two batty electronic poppers who sketch cartoons and then leave off the speech bubbles — they seem to be quite satisfied with the results and that's partly the trouble. A few mysterious B movie themes aside, 'Die Wunderwaffe' is a promising joke with its punchline pulled. Frustrating. **(Ink, Stresemanstrasse 33, D-4000 Dusseldorf or Rough Trade).**

BLACK UHURU

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SPONJI REGGAE

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A SPECIAL 12" DISCOMIX
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LIGHTNING STRIKES

JON AND VANGELIS
The Friends Of Mr Cairo (Polydor)

THE ODD COUPLE go to the movies. Jon Anderson achieves Nirvana during a Jimmy Cagney impression and Vangelis wins an Oscar for the soundtrack. Roll credits please.

Chris Bohn

BLACKFOOT
Marauder (Atco)

ON THIS, their 85th album in as many years, good old Blackfoot present more of that inimitable Blackfoot brand of music, done as only Blackfoot know how. Lots and lots of hard rockin', rollin', drinkin', boogiein', drivin', partyin', womanisin', hell-raisin' — in fact, anything without a 'g' on the end (like improving, creating, innovating etc). Titles include: 'Searchin', 'Rattlesnake Rock'n'Roller', 'Payin' For It' *("A little teaser, full time pleaser / Standin' under the light / Lookin' for a buyer that was lookin' to hire")* Music for real men, yessirree.

Paul Du Noyer

PH.D.
PH.D (WEA)

THE over-educated and overpaid Ph.Duo have ready access to poetry and an expensive array of keyboards without any real idea what to do with either. All pomped up and nowhere to go.

Chris Bohn

THE KEYS
Album (A&M)

A FINE example of the kind of thing record companies are "too busy" with when they return your demo tape unplayed.

Andy Gill

THE COMMERCIALS
Compare And Decide (Eat),
A US pop-wave duo, Lloyd and Neal Grossman, form The Commercials' core, assisted by a band including Tenpole drummer Gary Long. Describe themselves as "Anglo-American . . . cheeky but upbeat". Results are quirky, tongue-in-cheek, and boring.

Paul Du Noyer

DAVID HYNES
Connection Today (Posh Boy)
BABY BUDDHA
Music For Teenage Sex (Posh Boy)
TWO LPs, a Nu Romantic singer/songwriter, the other tuneless electronic noises, that further prove if you come from L.A., you ain't got a clue.

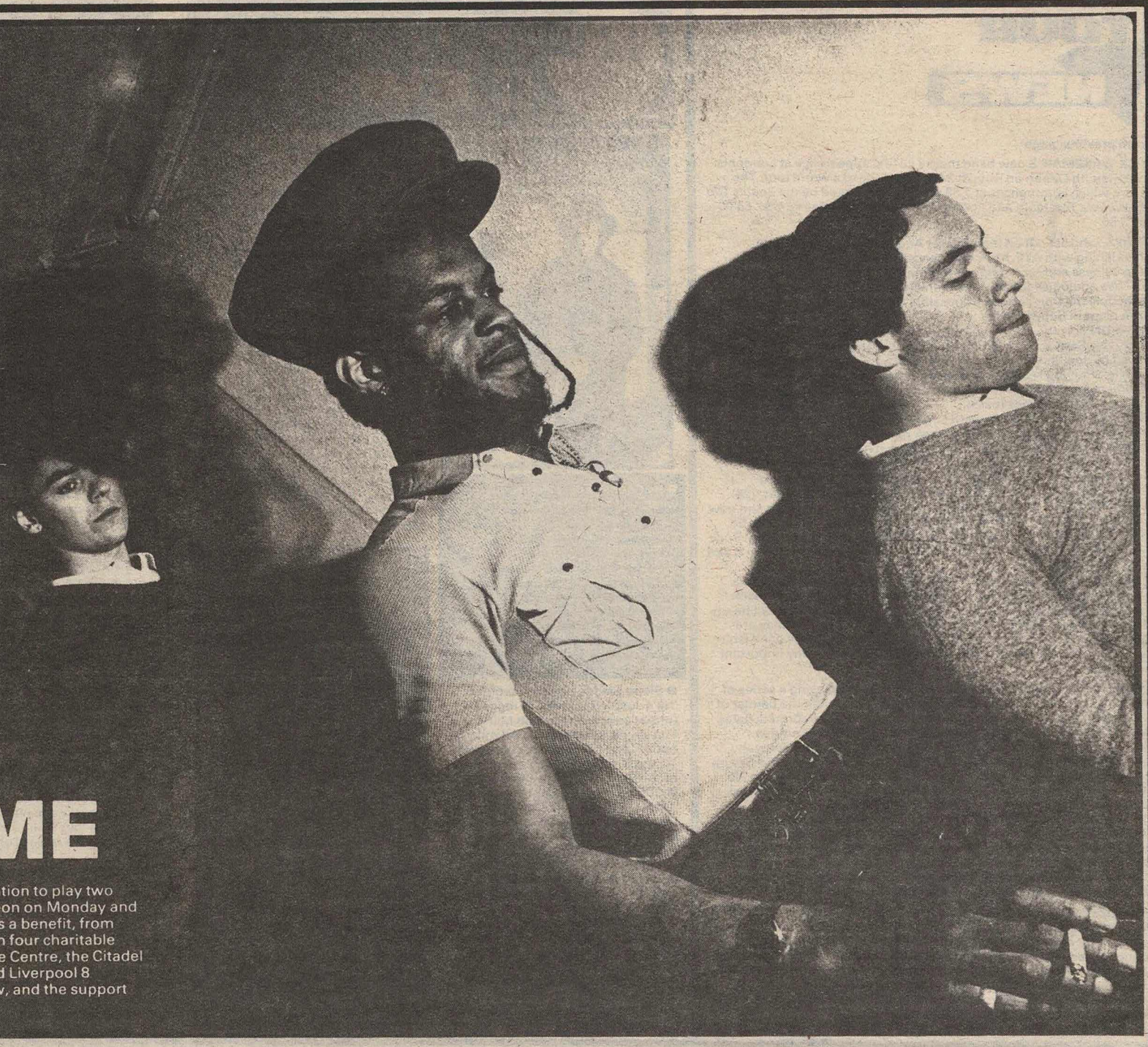
Piers Thompson

THE AK BAND
Manhole Kids (RCA)
A TRULY gruesome looking three-piece whose songs sound more or less like the Police, but punctuated by more, longer guitar breaks. It's the usual bored kids sentiments and the whole is competently executed, well produced but, lacking the hit instinct of their mentors, there's no substance. You missed the Titanic, lads.

Piers Thompson

TOUR NEWS

UB40's AT HOME



Pic: Peter Anderson.

☐ **UB40** emerge from their summer hibernation to play two hometown concerts at the Birmingham Odeon on Monday and Tuesday, August 17 and 18. The first show is a benefit, from which the proceeds will be divided betweem four charitable organisations — the Wolverhampton People Centre, the Citadel Youth Club, Brixton Defence Committee and Liverpool 8 Defence Committee. Tickets are on sale now, and the support bands will be announced next week.

☐ **ANTI-PASTI**, who were last on the road in the 'Apocalypse Now' package with Classix Nouveaux, are now headlining a series of dates in their own right to promote their new album — titled 'The Last Call', it's out this weekend on Rondelet Records. With more gigs being finalised, those confirmed so far are Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (tonight, Friday), Leeds Fan Club (Saturday), Bedford Bunyan Centre (Sunday), York Jaspers (August 10), Newcastle Casablanca (11), Retford Porterhouse (14), Northampton Roadmenders Club (15), Sheffield Marples Club (17), London Oxford St. 100 Club (18), Bristol Granary (19), Manchester Mayflowers (22) and Haverfordwest Market Hall (25).

☐ **MARTIAN DANCE**, whose second single 'Roses To Reno' / 'Biography Of Graham' gets an EMI release on August 24, have lined up a number of dates to promote the single and are set to play: Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium (August 17), London 100 Club (18), London Dingwall's (September 1) and Stafford Bingley Hall (5).

☐ **JOHNNY CASH** has now been confirmed for a short series of provincial dates, in addition to his October 20 concert at London Royal Albert Hall, reported last week. He plays Edinburgh Playhouse (October 17), Manchester Apollo (18), Sheffield City Hall (19), and a four-day season at Caerphilly Double Diamond (21-24).

☐ **GARY U.S. BONDS**, the '60s chart star who recently released a comeback album titled 'Dedication', flies in with his own six-piece band to play two nights at London Victoria The Venue on August 14 and 15. These dates are a prelude to a full UK tour by Bonds in the autumn.

☐ **SPIDER** are back in action again, after injury forced them off the road for a spell. The boogie band visit Hatfield Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Harlow Orange Footman (Saturday), London Southall White Hart (Sunday), London Peckham Newlands Tavern (October 12), Cambridge Raffles (13), Ramsgate Flowing Bowl (14), Gravesend Red Lion (15), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (18), Birkenhead Sir James Club (19), Peterlee Norseman (20), Manchester Ashton Spreadeagle (21), Blackpool J.R.'s (22), Ilkeston White Lion (23), Carlisle Mick's Place (26) and Hailsham Crown Hotel (28).

☐ **SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES** are anxious to make it clear that their show at Newcastle Centre Hotel next Monday (10), reported last week, is for disabled children only. Members of the general public are not admitted.

☐ **THE CHIFFONS**, the New York girlie group who vied with The Shangri-Las, Crystals and Ronettes for chart domination during the mid-'60s, are to play some UK dates in September. Three of the four original members are still with the group — the missing name being that of Judy Craig — and RCA are to celebrate their arrival by releasing an album titled 'Everything You Wanted To Hear . . . But Couldn't Get'. A reissue of The Chiffon's classic 'One Fine Day' single is also scheduled to appear on RCA's Golden Grooves series.

☐ **OK JIVE** have a further string of London gigs at Herne Hill Half Moon (August 9), Victoria The Venue (10), Fulham Golden Lion (17), Islington Hope & Anchor (22), Camden Dingwalls (26), Clapham 101 Club (30) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (September 4). They're also in the 'Futurama 3' event at Stafford Bingley Hall on September 5.

☐ **TV21** have postponed three gigs this week owing to recording commitments — at Leeds Warehouse (yesterday), Liverpool Grafton Rooms (tonight, Thursday) and Manchester Pips (Friday). They'll be re-scheduled as soon as possible, but meanwhile their fans in the areas concerned can obtain a special "surprise" by writing to TV21, c/o Ronnie Gurr, 21 Watson Crescent, Edinburgh.

☐ **THE JETS** are playing a series of summer dates to promote their new EMI single 'Sugar Doll', due out next week. Confirmed so far are Heburn Trades Club (August 11), Sutton-in-Ashfield New Cross Hotel (14), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (15), Dawlish Rockstone Hotel (22), Hull Goodfellowship Inn (28), Bristol Stars & Stripes (29) and London Southgate Royalty (31), with more being set.

☐ **DAME EDNA EVERAGE**, in company with the London Symphony Orchestra, stars in the aptly-titled 'Last Night Of The Proms' at London's Royal Albert Hall on September 14 and 15. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith, and tickets are £12.50, £10.50, £7.50, £5.50 and £3.50 and are available from Keith Prowse.

☐ **DENNIS BROWN, Jimmy Cliff, Third World, Toots And The Maytals, Mighty Diamonds, Culture, Trinity** and **Carlene Davis** are among the 40 artists appearing at this week's Reggae Sunsplash in Jamaica. The festival, which is being celebrated as a tribute to **Bob Marley** is to be filmed as part of a documentary based around Marley, his music and ideals. This will be narrated by **Roberta Flack** and will feature interviews with various Jamaican officials and artists along with musical performances from the four days of the festival.

☐ **ALBANIA**, whose new single 'Go Go Go' has just been issued by Chiswick, are no longer a mystery band — they've revealed that their personnel comprises K.Y. McKay (vocals), Dusty McSheffrey (bass) and Jonnie Kilometer (drums), augmented on stage by Nick Ash (keyboards), Andy Hamilton (sax) and Robert Strain (guitar). They have London gigs at Herne Hill Half Moon (tomorrow, Friday), Lambeth The Angel (Saturday), Stockwell Old Queen's Head (Sunday) and Fulham Greyhound (next Wednesday, 12).

☐ **THE BERLIN BLONDES**, the five-piece Glasgow band, have signed a long-term deal with Scratch Records (through RCA). And with their first single 'Marseille' out this weekend, they promote it at Manchester Pips (tomorrow, Friday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (August 15), Huddersfield Flix (17), Lancaster Styx (19), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (27), Glasgow Maestros (30), Edinburgh Valentino's (31) and Aberdeen Valhall's (September 2), with more dates being added.

☐ **REMIPEDS** have just released their album 'The Tahiti Syndrome' on their own Banana Records label, and they promote it with London-area gigs at Camden Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), Canning Town Bridge House (August 11), Herne Hill Half Moon (15), Hampstead Starlight Room (20) and Harrow Middlesex & Herts Country Club (26). Out of town, they visit Swindon Brunel Rooms (18) and Haywards Heath Taverners (21).

☐ TICKETS for the 'Rock On The Tyne' festival at Gateshead on August 29 and 30 (starring **Ian Dury, Elvis Costello, U2, Doll By Doll, The Polecats, Rory Gallagher, Dr Feelgood** and **Lindisfarne**, among others) have only been available by post. But now they are on sale to personal callers at numerous outlets around the country, where details of camping facilities adjacent to the stadium may also be obtained.

They are: HMV Records (Sunderland, Stockton and Bradford); London Theatre Bookings and Premier Box Office (London); Virgin Records (Bristol and Coventry); The Other Record Shop (Aberdeen and Edinburgh); The Bandwagon and Paperchase Records (Manchester); Way Ahead Records and Selectadisc (Nottingham); Newcastle City Hall Box-Office; Middlesbrough Town Hall Box-Office; Pink Panther Records (Carlisle); Williams Records (Darlington); Earthquake (Barrow); Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham); Ames Records (Blackburn); Music Mania (Blackpool); Holiday Travel (Bridlington) R.E. Records (Derby); Angie's Records (Doncaster); Cathy McCabe's (Dundee); Mike Lloyd Music (Newcastle-under-Lyme); Gough & Davy (Hull); Ear Ere Records (Lancaster); Barkers (Leeds); Revolver Records (Leicester) and Penny Lane Records (Liverpool).

● continues over

NEWS FLASH

JAH WOBBLE's new band, The Human Condition, play what is being billed as their only London date this year when they appear at Islington's Screen On The Green on Thursday, August 13. A three-piece, which finds Wobble in the company of ex-PiL drummer Jim Walker and a friend named Animal, Human Condition will play for an hour as a part of an evening's entertainment that'll also include some other musical entertainment plus a film — "probably a Clint Eastwood movie 'cos Wobble likes him!" Seats for the show, which commences at 11.15pm cost £2.50 and may be booked in advance.

THE SKIDS will be undertaking their first UK tour with their new flexible line-up in October, and dates are expected to be announced next month. As previously reported, the band now consists of a nucleus of Richard Jobson and Russell Webb, who will bring in other musicians as and when they are needed.

Their first single in this format is 'Fields', for release by Virgin on August 14 — and for this track they were accompanied by two members of The Associates, Billy Mackenzie (backing vocals) and Alan Rankine (guitar), as well as Ken Lockie on synthesiser. This line-up has also recorded four tracks towards a new Skids album, titled 'Joy' and planned for autumn release.

It's expected that the LP release will coincide with the British tour, though it's not yet clear if the personnel going on the road will be the same as the album musicians.

THOUGH it had been strongly rumoured that James Brown was to play some British dates following his European tour, everything fell apart when the Italian portion of his itinerary was called off and Brown promptly headed back to the States. Even less amused were his supporting JB's, who were left in Brussels, clutching return tickets dated for the end of August. Nevertheless, it's reported from sources close to Brown that the funk Godfather would still like to fit in some UK dates later this year and at least one promoter has been putting out feelers.

DESPITE the appearance of a notice in another music paper, there will definitely be *no* free festival at Rossendale's Deeply Vale this year. For on reading that such an event was planned for August 10–20, the Rossendale Borough Council immediately obtained an injunction restraining the holding of such an event *anywhere* within the borough boundaries. The Borough Solicitor, John Fielding, explaining the action, said: "There have been a number of festivals held in the Deeply Vale area since around 1976 but we had so many problems in 1979 that, last year, we obtained an injunction against the organisers, who promptly moved into a neighbouring borough only to have a further injunction granted against them in that area. On reading that yet another free festival was being planned for Deeply Vale this year, we took action to stop it once more because, on past experience, the holding of such a festival without proper arrangements being made has given rise to serious health risks to those attending, particularly children. We are not against festivals — only those which are not properly organised."

THE National Association of Youth Clubs in conjunction with K-Tel are to launch 'Opportunity Rocks', a national talent search for new bands. The contest will climax with a showcase appearance at London's Dominion Theatre on Saturday, December 12, where bands will have a chance to win £1,000 worth of Yamaha equipment and have their work considered by a major record company. The contest is open only to musicians aged between 16 and 21 and forms are available from all youth clubs or from the NAYC 'Opportunity Rocks' Office, 70 St Nicholas Circle, Leicester LE1 5NY (Tel: 0533 29514). Closing date for entries is August 31.

TOUR NEWS

● from previous page

☐ **RICK WAKEMAN'S** new band makes its first appearance at London's Hammersmith Odeon on August 24 as a prelude to a world tour. The concert, which commences at 7.30 pm, is being filmed by the Beeb's *Old Grey Whistle Test* team and tickets for the event are priced £4.50, £4.00 and £3.50.

☐ **Q TIPS,** who set out on their Bucket And Spade tour on July 20, co-headlining with ATF, have now cancelled the remainder of the tour due to "illness and recording commitments." A spokesman for the band said: "We apologise for any inconvenience caused and hope to re-schedule the tour as soon as possible." Some London dates are likely to take place in September.

☐ **WEAPON** play their first date with their re-shaped line-up at Bristol Granary this Saturday (8). Drummer Bruce Bisland has now been replaced by Jon Phillips (ex-Lone Star and Lautrec), and guitarist Rob Angelo (ex-Praying Mantis and Iron Maiden) augments the band. The newcomers join original members Danny Haynes (vocals), Jeff Summers (guitar) and Bazz Downes (bass).

☐ **CHEVY** complete their tour with Limelight tonight (Thursday), and next week begin a new series of dates in their own right. They visit Stoke Wagon & Horses (August 10), Swindon Brunel Rooms (11), Hinckley Regent Club (13), Bristol Tiffany's (14), Warrington Lion Hotel (15), Southend Zero Six (17), Matlock Northwood Club (21), Blackburn Bayhorse (25), Wigan Pier Club (26) and Neath Talk Of The Abbey (28).

☐ **STEVE HACKETT** has added several dates to his Autumn tour and now plays Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (August 22), Poole Arts Centre (23), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (24), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Nottingham Rock City (27), Reading Festival (28), Gloucester Leisure Centre (October 1) and Hanley Victoria Halls (2).

☐ **CLIMAX BLUES BAND** and **ROY WOOD'S BAND** are now out of this year's Reading Festival and have been replaced on the bill by **Samson** and the **Alex Harvey Band,** both of whom appear on the Saturday line-up. Said promoter Jack Barrie: "Climax have pulled out because they are extending their American tour, while Roy Wood feels that his band isn't quite ready yet and prefers to wait a while before making any important appearances."

☐ **RAY CAMPI,** the veteran American rock'n'roller, is playing a series of UK dates as part of a wider European outing. It goes under the banner of 'Rollin' Rock 81 Tour' and, with two more venues to be confirmed, dates are set at Carshalton St. Helier Arms (August 26), London Camden Dingwalls (27), Bristol Stars & Stripes (29), London Southgate Royalty (31), Wellingborough British Rail Club (September 3), Chelmsford Odeon (4) and Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (5). To coincide with his visit, he has two albums released at the end of August on the Rollin' Rock label (through Rondelet) — the compilation 'The Ray Campi Rollin' Rock Singles Collection 1971-78' and a new set titled 'Rockabilly Man'.

☐ **RED NORVO,** the legendary jazz vibes-player, and guitarist Tal Farlow are to tour Britain during the Autumn. The twosome, who together with bassist Charlie Mingus formed the Red Norvo Trio, one of the most notable combos in jazz history, commence their UK jaunt with some dates at London's Pizza Express on September 4, 5 and 6.

☐ **THIN LIZZY'S** concert at Milton Keynes Bowl this Saturday (8) has been a victim of a dispute at the Post Office in London's West End, with many advance ticket applications not getting through to the promoters' booking offices. Accordingly, a special 'Goodwill Box Office' is being set up at the main entrance to the Concert Bowl on the day of the show. All applications which came in too late to process will be held, in alphabetical order, at this box-office and processed on the spot — so the many people who have ordered tickets by post, but not yet received them, should pick them up there.

RECORD NEWS

● **Ry Cooder's** new single, out this week, will be available in both 7" and 12" versions. The 7" features 'Crazy 'Bout An Automobile', recorded live at the London Apollo last year, plus 'The Very Thing That Makes You Rich', another live cut taped at the Old Waldorf, San Francisco. The limited edition 12" version also contains two extra tracks 'Look At Granny Run Run' and 'If Walls Could Talk', both from the Old Waldorf sessions.

● **Sister Sledge** have re-recorded 'He's Just A Runaway' in reggae format as a tribute to Bob Marley. The single is released by Atlantic in both 7" and 12" versions on August 14, the B-side being the group's original version of the same song.

● CBS have now gained the foreign distribution rights to Geffen Records, formerly distributed in Britain by WEA. This deal means that CBS will now be handling upcoming UK Geffen releases by **John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Rick Ocasek** (of **The Cars**), **Sammy Hagar** and new supergroup **Asia**.

● **Third World,** who are expected to tour here in September, have a new single out on August 21. Titled 'Standing In The Rain', it is culled from the 'Rock The World' album.

● **Koko Taylor,** leading female singer on the Chicago contemporary blues scene, has her album 'From The Heart Of A Woman' rush released by Sonet — who have picked it up from American label Alligator Records. Other new albums on Sonet are 'It Ain't What You Eat, It's The Way How You Chew It' by **Sleepy LaBeef,** 'Turn On The Night' by **Lonnie Brooks** and 'Cruisin' For A Bruisin' by original Paul Butterfield guitarist **Mike Bloomfield,** who died earlier this year.

● A single with a topical title of 'Lack Of Money' marks the debut of **Carolynne Beale,** a painter and designer who — equally appropriately — lives in Brixton's infamous Railton Road. Produced by Andy McMaster of Motors fame, it's released by Dindisc this week.

● Three more oldies are reissued on the revival label Old Gold, a division of Lightning Records. They are 'Egyptian Reggae' by **Jonathan Richman,** 'The Jarrow Song' by **Alan Price** and 'Jungle Rock' by **Hank Mizell**.

● **Cabaret Voltaire** have just completed their new album 'Red Mecca', which gets a release through Rough Trade on August 17. The album comprises all new material written since their last, recorded concert at the Lyceum in February this year.

● Motown next week release 30 low-priced albums under the title of 'Motown Superstars Series — The Legendary Sound Of Motown'. The albums (cassettes also available) retail at under £3, and feature the label's current and past artists. Included in the batch are eight by **Diana Ross** (one with Marvin Gaye, four with The Supremes and three solo), four by **Stevie Wonder** (among them 'My Cherie Amour' and 'Signed Sealed & Delivered') and two each by **Michael Jackson, Smokey Robinson** and **The Temptations.**

● The former **10cc** duo of **Lol Creme & Kevin Godley** are back on the scene with a new Polydor single titled 'Under Your Thumb', for August 14 release. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Ismism', due out in September.

● Six-piece Irish outfit **The G.B. Band,** so named because they're fronted by girl singer Geraldine Branagan, have their single 'Smasheroo' out on Magnet this week.

● 'The Music Man'/'Colombia' by the **Mainstreet Salsa Orchestra** is a single issued by Mainstreet Records this week — and, we're assured, it's genuine authentic salsa!

● **The Cuban Heels** have their third single 'My Colours Fly' released on the Cuba Libra/Virgin label this weekend. And they're planning a major British tour in the autumn, to coincide with the release of their debut album.

● EMI's first Japanese signing since the Sadistic Mika Band is **Logic System,** the brainchild of Hideki Matsutake, who is basically a one-man outfit employing a collection of computers and synthesisers. His single 'Domino Dance' is out this week.

● The debut single from new London band **Rip Rig & Panic** appears on August 14 on their own Uh-Huh label (through Virgin). Titles are 'Go Go Go', 'This Is It' and 'The Ultimate Fun'.

● **The Rolling Stones'** long awaited single is to be 'Start Me Up'/'No Use In Crying' culled from the band's forthcoming 'Tattoo' album. The single is now set for release on August 17, while the album will be in the shops on August 31.

● A charity album on behalf of The Prince Of Wales Trust is being put together by Charisma, for release as soon as possible. It's a comedy LP featuring **Rowan Atkinson,** the **Monty Python** team, **Eric Morecambe** and **Pamela Stephenson,** among others.

● Dance troupe **Hot Gossip** have signed a recording deal with Dindisc — as singers — and their first single 'Criminal World' is released this weekend.

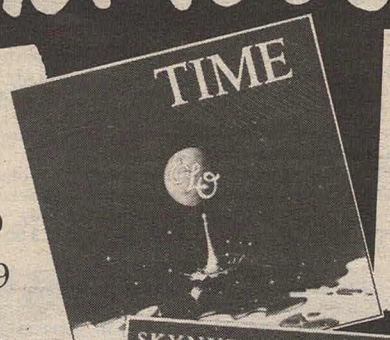
● **G. Lewis** and **B. C. Gilbert,** who comprise Dome, release a new single 'Ends With The Sea' / 'Hung Up To Dry Whilst Building An Arch' on 4 AD this month, while their 'Dome 3' album is to materialise on their own Dome label. Also between August 8–31, the duo present, in conjunction with Russell Mills, 'Mzui', an installation / recording project at the Waterloo Gallery, Grey Street, near London's Waterloo Station.

● continues page 36

Hit albums at not-to-be-missed prices!

		ALBUM	CASSETTE
Adam & The Ants	Kings of the Wild Frontier	£4.29	£4.49
Duran Duran	Duran Duran	£4.49	£4.49
Star Sound	Stars on 45	£4.29	£4.49
Kim Wilde	Kim Wilde	£4.49	£4.49
Randy Crawford	Secret Combination	£4.29	£4.49
Toyah	Anthem	£4.29	£4.49
Stevie Wonder	Hotter than July	£4.79	£4.99
Joe Jackson	Jumpin' Jive	£4.29	£4.49
Jim Steinman	Bad for Good	£4.29	£4.49
Motorhead	No sleep 'til Hammersmith	£4.29	£4.49
REO Speedwagon	High Infidelity	£4.29	£4.49

Top 30 Albums and cassettes all at special offer prices!



NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW!

		ALBUM	CASSETTE
Debbie Harry	Koo Koo	£4.29	£4.49
Bucks Fizz	Bucks Fizz	£4.79	£4.99
ELO	Time	£3.99	£4.49
Pretenders	Pretenders II	£3.99	£4.49

Thousands of Albums at only £2.99 each

Diana Ross & Marvin Gaye	Diana & Marvin
Lynyrd Skynyrd	First & Last
James Taylor	Mud Slide Slim
Bob Dylan	The Times, they are a changin'
Smokey Robinson	Tears of a Clown
Wishbone Ash	Classic Ash
Little Feat	Time loves a hero
Boz Skaggs	Silk Degrees

Plus Many Others at just £2.99!

Subject to availability where you see this sign

Prices correct at time of going to press.

THE CENTRE OF SOUNDS

WHSMITH

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 6th August — Adm £2.50
WILD HORSES
Plus Blinders & Jerry Floyd

Friday 7th August — Adm £2.50
DAVID BYRON BAND
Plus White Car & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 8th August — Adm £2.50
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
Mystery Plane & Martin Ball

Sunday 9th August — (Adm £2.00)
AMAZON
Heartbeat & Jerry Floyd

Monday 10th Agusut — Adm £2.50
Last Night Of Residency
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Plus The Hawks & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 11th August — (adm £2.00)
T.V. 21
Plus International Rescue & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 12th & Thursday 13th August — Adm £2.50
For Two Nights Only!
THE MEMBERS
Plus Wed — Lucky Saddles, Thurs Outpatients & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers and Other Hot & Cold Snacks Available

THIN LIZZY Milton Keynes SAT. 8 AUGUST
READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

The EXPLOITED
ANTI—PASTI
VICE SQUAD
ZOUNDS

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 23rd AUGUST at 6·30

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

Wednesday 5th August — £1.75
KABALLA + Boys Will Be Boys
Thursday 6th August — £1.50
BUMBLE & THE BEEZ + Furniture
Friday 7th August — £1.75
BIRTHDAY PARTY + Emotion Pictures
Saturday 8th August — £1.75
THE DANCING DID + Equivalent VIII + Spurmatic Chords
Sunday 9th August — £1.50
JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES + Mad Shadows
Monday 10th August — £1.50
KIDZ NEXT DOOR + Urban Blight
Tuesday 11th August — £1.50
THE DIVERS + BATTZ
Wednesday 12th August — £1.50
ART OBJECTS + Obsession
CLUB D.J.'s JOE LUNG & MIKE HOPE

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 6th August — £1
Rockabilly Night
Rockin' Disco Live Sounds From
THE RIMSHOTS
Friday 7th August — £1.25
Mod Night
007 + Distant Echo
Saturday 8th August — £1.50
THE GATECRASHERS
+ Permissive Strangers + The Introze
Sunday 9th August — £1
DARRYL HAYDENS MOD CLUB
Monday 10th August — £1
GRIMTONE AUDITION NIGHT
KILLER WALES + THE GIANTS
Tuesday 11th August — £1.5
DOLLY MIXTURE + Blow Up
Wednesday 12th August
Closed For Private Party
Thursday 13th August — £1.50
Psychadelic Night with
THE BARRACUDAS + The Time

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:—

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

BLUE ORCHIDS
THU. Pop music with cool intrigue!!

FLYING PADOVANIS
FRI. 7th.
An oddly likeable mix of Shadows/Ventures Acid punk and vivid improvisation.

NICKY MOORE BAND
SAT 8. Beefy R&B 5-piece. Put together by Moore & featuring the bruisin' guitar of Leigh Highwood. Recently managed the not inconsiderable feat of winning over a Hammersmith Odeon audience come to see Wishbone Ash

SUN. STRICT BAPTISTS + REFLECTORS
MON. Rock Night MO: LANG
TUE. NAKED LUNCH + CALLING HEARTS

T.V. PERSONALITIES
WED 12. 3-piece, who gleefully massacre their own classic 45, 'PART TIME PUNK' and go on to cut a fine set of spiky new wave songs & give indifference the boot.

A.B.C
THU. 13 AUG.

IMBIBERS NOTE! Sedation happy hour- 7.30 pm to 9.30 pm every night. Drinks are half price

THE DOORS OPEN 7·30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO:- 240 3961

THE Venue
160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station
Main Band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 6th August — £2.50
ORANGE JUICE
Friday 7th August — £3.50
SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS
Saturday 8th August — £3.00
LEGS & CO
Monday 10th August — £2.00
LEE KOSMIN
+ O.K. JIVE
+ THE UPRIGHTS

Tuesday 12th August — £3.50
JAMES CHANCE AND THE CONTORTIONS
+ The Higsons
Wednesday 12th August — £200
HUANG CHUNG
+ EVEREST THE HARD WAY
+ AFRAID OF MICE
Thursday 13th August — £2.00
THE SCARS
+ CUBAN HEELS
+THE HIGSONS

COMING SOON
Friday & Saturday 14th & 15th August — £4.00
GARY U.S. BONDS
Tuesday 18th August — £4.00
STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL
+ Special Guest JANE KENNAWAY
Wednesday 19th August — £4.50
SOFT WHITE UNDERBELLY
Thursday 20th August — £2.00
GIRLS AT OUR BEST + Margo Random
Friday 21st August — £3.00
LEVEL 42
Tuesday 25th August — £3.00
CLINT EASTWOOD + GENERAL SAINT
Thursday 27th August — £2.00
THE MO-DETTES

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 6th August — £1.50
THE BLUE CATS + The Deltas
Friday 7th August — £2.00
THE RUTS DC + Red Beat
Saturday 8th August — £2.00
THE RUTS DC + Red Beat
Sunday 9th August — £1.00
GUY JACKSON + The Vetoes
Monday 10th August — £1.50
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE + Human Beans
Tuesday 11th August — £1.00
TOUR DE FORCE + Refreshers
Wednesday 12th August — £1.00
ALBANIA + Close Ups

DINGWALLS
LIVE MUSIC. BAR. DISCO. RESTAURANT. VIDEO
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THURSDAY 6
WRECKLESS ERIC
FRIDAY 7
The REMIPEDS
WILL MAKE YOU DANCE! SUPPORTED BY THE MOOD ELEVATORS
SATURDAY 8
A BIGGER SPLASH
SUPPORTED BY FROM AMSTERDAM THE RUBBERS

MONDAY 10
THUNDERBOYS, THE RAMS, CUSTOM ROCK
TUESDAY 11
MICKY JUPP BAND
WEDNESDAY 12
REGGAE NIGHT FROM BRISTOL
TALISMAN
SUPPORTED BY SPANGS
THURSDAY 13
THE SNAX
WITH BARRY MASTERS

THE PITS
GREENMAN, EUSTON ROAD, NW1
Licensed 8.30 till 1am — Opp Gt. Portland St. Tube

Thursday 6th August — £1.50
ROY SUNDHOLM BAND
+ The Telegents
Friday 7th August — £1.50
JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES
+ Rick Smith's Essential Villans
Saturday 8th August — £1.50
THE FAMOUS BLUEBLASTERS
Featuring Dick Heckstall Smith & Victor Brox
+ The Uprights

Monday 10th August — £1.50
THE BARRACUDAS
+ Cheap & Nasty
Tuesday 11th August — £1.50
ALTERNATIVE TV
+ The Aces
Wednesday 12th August — £1.50
CROWN OF THORNS
+ The News

DJ — SLY FOX

GRIMTONE *PRESENTS*
6th August
Rock Garden
SOULS VALIANT
101 Club Clapham
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
+ The Lucky Saddles + The Mint
Clarendon, Hammersmith
THE RIMSHOTS
10th August
Moonlight West Hampstead
KIDZ NEXT DOOR
Clarendon, Hammersmith
KILLER WALES/THE GIANTS
11th August
Rock Garden
NAKED LUNCH
Clarendon, Hammersmith
DOLLY MIXTURE & BLOW UP
Hope & Anchor
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
13th August
Moonlight West Hampstead
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Rock Garden
AUNTIE & THE MEN FROM UNCLE
402 0355 :: 806 4737

TO ADVERTISE RING 01 261 6153

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)

Thursday 6th August
DEPECHE MODE
Monday 10th August
NAKED LUNCH
Thursday 13th August
DELTA 5
Thursday 20th August
ORANGE JUICE
Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

Tickets available for all of the following

LONDON CONCERTS
AUGUST
10 Hazel O'Connor
11 Q-Tips — After The Fire
15 Oscar Petersen
18 Barbara Dickson
18 Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel
24 & 25 Siouxsie & The Banshees
26 Foreigner
SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees
6 Joe Jackson
9, 13 Crusaders/B.B. King
13,14 Michael Schenker
17 Desperadoes
28 Janis Ian
29 Hazel O'Connor
OCTOBER
5-10 Andy Williams
6, 7 David Essex
10 Sad Cafe
11,12 Steve Hackett
15, 16, 17 Ultravox
17,18 Sheena Easton
20 Johnny Cash
20 Joan Armatrading
21, 22 Hawkwind
24,25 Saxon
30,31 The Shadows
NOVEMBER
7 Styx
12, 13 The Nolans
21,22 Judas Priest
30 Shakin' Stevens
DECEMBER
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

FESTIVALS
AUGUST
8 Thin Lizzy/Ian Hunter
15,16 Roots Rockers with Sugar Minott & Errol Dunkley
22 AC/DC, Whitesnake, BOC
29, 30 Ian Dury, Elvis Costello, U2, Rory Gallagher, Doctor Feelgood
28-30 Reading Rock with Gillan, Kinks, Wishbone Ash.

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS WITH ACCESS, VISA & AM, EX
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544 — Open 8 pm — 2 am

Saturday 3rd October — £3.50 Adv
SAD CAFE
Thursday 22nd October — £2.50 Adv
JUNIOR WALKER AND THE ALLSTARS
Saturday 24th October — £3.00 Adv
THE BLUES BAND

Saturday 8th August — £1.50 on door or £2 after 10 pm
FUTURIST DISCO
in The Lounge Club
Thursday 27th August — £3.00 Adv
STEVE HACKETT
Thursday 17th September — £3.00 Adv
SIMPLE MINDS
Friday 25th September — £3.00 Adv
NAZARETH

Tickets from: Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock City. Enclose SAE.

Derek Block in association with Dave Woods presents
Siouxsie And The Banshees
plus SPECIAL GUEST
JOHN COOPER CLARKE

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Monday
24th August 7·30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS (01·748·2812) & ALL USUAL AGENTS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tuesday 25th August
Thursday 3rd September
7.30pm
TICKETS £3·50 £3·00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01·748·4081/2) & ALL USUAL AGENTS

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS
Tel: 0777 704981 Open 8pm–2am

Friday 7th August Adm £2.00
Futurist Night
ARTNOUVEAU
+ The Detours

Saturday 8th August Adm £2.00
A Modern Dance Night
NAKED LUNCH
+ Bikini Atoll

Friday 14th August Adm £2.00
New Wave Rock
ANTI-PASTI
+ Support

Saturday 15th August Adm £2.00
UPSTAIRS : FUTURIST DISCO
With
D J ROB GREEN and STEVO
DOWNSTAIRS : TOP 20 DISCO

Friday 21st August
T.B.A.

Saturday 22nd August Adm £2.00
THE LOVED ONE
+ THE SHY TOTS

Friday 28th August Adm £2.00
Futurist Night
ALTERED IMAGES

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD. CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 6th August 50p
THE AVENGERS
+ The Rubbers

Friday 7th August £1
JACKIE LYNTON BAND
+ The Pope

Saturday 8th August £1.50
CHICKEN SHACK
+ The Kicks

Sunday 9th August £1
PARK AVENUE

Monday 10th August £1
Psychedelic Night
THE BUMPERS
+ Flying Kites

Tuesday 11th August £1
REMIPEDS
+ AEIOU

Wednesday 12th August £1
SUNFIGHTER

Paul Loasby for Kiltorch in assoc. with IMCP Ltd. presents

HAZEL O'CONNOR'S Megahype plus
HAVANAH LETS GO
WOOLWICH ODEON
MON. 10th AUGUST 7.30
tickets £4/3.50/3 from Odeon box office, John Wilson Street, Woolwich, SE18, tel. 01854 2255 and usual agents

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, NW6
Sunday 7.30pm-10.30pm

Thursday 6th August £1.50
LAVERNE BROWN
+ Italian Parcels

Friday 7th August £1.50
THE THUNDER BOYS FROM MANCHESTER
+ Support
+ Singapore

Saturday 8th August £1.75
DUMB BLONDES
+ Secular Parade

Sunday 9th August £1.50
THE 45's
+ Rick Smith & The Essential Villians

Monday 10th August £1.50
THE UNCOOL DANCE BAND
+ The Britz

Tuesday 11th August £1.50
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
+ Mental Notes

Wednesday 12th August £1.50
BRUNEL + Dead Roses

Thursday 13th August £1.50
AFRAID OF MICE
+ Mouse and the Underdog

Friday 14th August £1.50
LEE FARDON
+ Walter Mitty's Little White Lies

THE GREYHOUND
900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath N98 night bus to Central London
Admission £1.00 (£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm - 12pm
10.30 pm Sunday
01-599-1533

Thursday 6th August
TOUR DE FORCE
+ The Mug Shots

Friday 7th August
Mod Night
SMALL WORLD
+ Le Mat

Saturday 8th August
SIAM + Snax
(ex Eddie & The Hot Rods)

Sunday 9th August
CHEMICAL ALICE

Monday 10th August
Country Rock
RICK CRISTIAN BAND
+ The Crack

Tuesday 11th August
Local Festival
HUANG CHUNG
+ Hack Villius & The Blue Jets

Wednesday 12th August
NEIL KAYS HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE

Thursday 13th August
BRIAN KNIGHT BLUES BAND
featuring Art Thenan & Dick Heckstall Smith + Mike Karn Band

NORTHERN CARNIVAL AGAINST MISSLES
HAWKWIND
THE DAMNED
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
THOMPSON TWINS: FRESHIES: HARLEM SPIRIT
Saturday August 8th, Music Starts 1.00 pm.
ALEXANDRA PARK, MANCHESTER

THE MOOCH CLUB
WHISKY A GO-GO 35 WARDOUR ST W1
WEDNESDAY AUGUST 12TH '81
ADVANCE TICKETS - ROUGH TRADE £2

TO ELLINGTON SINATRA ZE

BLACK MARKET
FOR THE BEST IN REGGAE
THIS WEEK
Thursday 6th August — WELLINGTON
102 Uxbridge Rd,
Shepherds Bush Green
Sunday 9th August —
RAILWAY HOTEL
Tottenham Lane, Hornsey N8
Monday 10th — PEGASUS
109 Green Lanes N16
Tuesday 11th — TWO BREWERS
114 Clapham High St, SW14
Wednesday 12th August —
GREEN MAN
196 Stratford High St, E15
Friday 13th — WELLINGTON
102 Uxbridge Rd,
Shepherds Bush Green
B M MUSIC 446 3098

TBA Int. proudly present the
BRING YOUR PARENTS TOUR featuring
JOE JACKSON'S JUMPIN' JIVE
+ Support

MANCHESTER RITZ
Tuesday 18th August 7.30pm £3
BIRMINGHAM LOCARNO
Wednesday 19th August 7.30pm £3
CHESTER NORTHGATE ARENA
Thursday 20th August 7.30pm £3
GLASGOW TIFFANYS
Sunday 23rd August 7.30pm £2.50
EDINBURGH COASTERS
Monday 24th August 11pm £3
SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
Wednesday 26th August 7.30pm £3
NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR SUITE
Thursday 27th August 7.30pm £3
DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
Friday 28th August 7.30pm £3
ST. AUSTELL CORNWALL COLISEUM
Monday 31st August 7.30pm £3
PORTSMOUTH LOCARNO
Tuesday 1st September 7.30pm £3
BRIGHTON TOP RANK
Wednesday 2nd September 7.30pm £3
AYLESBURY FRIARS
Saturday 5th September 7.30pm £3
LONDON HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Sunday 6th September 8pm £3

See local press for Box Office details

IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE
THIN LIZZY
Monday 10th August
KIRKCALDY ICE RINK
Tuesday 11th August
FUSION, ABERDEEN
Wednesday 12th August
INVERNESS ICE RINK
Thursday 13th August
MAGNUM CENTRE, IRVINE
All Tickets £5.00

Appearing live at an open air concert at
THE MILTON KEYNES BOWL
(alongside A5, 2 miles north of Bletchley)
THIS SATURDAY AUGUST 8th

TICKETS: £7 in advance £8 at ground (incl. VAT & Parking) from Marquee, 90 Wardour St., London W.1. (437 6603) and all usual agencies. Gates open 2p.m. Show 4p.m.-10.30p.m.

TRAVEL: Less than 50 miles North of London (M1 Junction 14) by train to Bletchley (Shuttle bus to site). Late trains. Ask for special Milton Keynes visitor ticket.

The Fantastic Favourites of the Festival Fraternity
The Fantastic Trimmer & Jenkins
LIVE!
AUG. 8th
MILTON KEYNES BOWL
with THIN LIZZY
AUG. 30th
ROCK ON THE TYNE - GATESHEAD

OTHER BUSKING SESSIONS

AUG. 1 PLYMOUTH/ Elephant Fayre
3 BATH/ Moles
9 LONDON/ ICA
13 LEYTONSTONE/ Olivers Disco
15 PUTNEY/ Star and Garter
16 STRATFORD/ Green Man
21 FULHAM/ Kings Head
22 PUTNEY/ Star and Garter

New Album
Very Cheap
BUT FANTASTIC!

Nationwide Gig Guide

Damned Dave Vanian

Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

THIN LIZZY top the bill in the second of this month's big open-air rock events. It's on Saturday at the Milton Keynes Concert Bowl, where the corresponding show last year attracted over 25,000 mud-splattered fans to a squelchy concert by The Police. Supporting Lynott & Co are the Ian Hunter Band (minus Mick Ronson), Judie Tzuke, Q-Tips and Trimmer & Jenkins. Gates open at 2pm, and the music starts two hours later.

THE DAMNED play their last UK date, before a major autumn tour, when they co-headline (with Hawkwind) at a CND rally in Manchester on Saturday afternoon. It's being held at Alexandra Park in Moss Side, and the organisers claim it to be the largest event of its kind ever staged here. Among other acts appearing are the Ronnie Lane Band, John Cooper Clarke (inevitably), The Thompson Twins and The Freshies.

Thursday 6th

Depeche Mode: Leeds

Barnham Jurrel Arms: **Dave Paskett**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Solicitors/Savvy**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bishops Stortford Railway Hotel: **The Mathews Brothers**
Bodmin Jail Club: **The Metro's**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Shader**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Watt 4**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **The Undercurrents**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Sussex College: **Back Door Man**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Tranzista/The Agents**
Canvey Island Shades: **Naked Lunch**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Tour De Force/The Mugshots**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Act/The Editors**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Alternative TV/Red Light Turns Blue**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **The Fascinators**
Leeds Brannigan's: **Bert's Blues Band**
Leeds Warehouse: **Depeche Mode**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wreckless Eric Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Rubbers/Afraid Of Mice**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **SJ & Her Gem**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Spitzbrook**
London Clapham 101 Club: **A Flock Of Seagulls/The Lucky Saddles/The Mist**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Blue Orchids**
London Euston The Pits: **Roy Sundholm Band/The Telegents**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sunfighter**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Blue Cats/The Deltas**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Laverne Brown/Italian Parcels**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lonesome No More**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Chuck Farley**
London Marquee Club: **Wild Horses**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Zeus**
London Piccadilly Hotel: **Wa Pa Cha!**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **The Cut-Outs**
London Putney White Lion: **Parallel Bars**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Black Market**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pepper Adams**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Blackcat**
London Victoria The Venue: **Orange Juice**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bumble & The Beez/Furniture**
London Westminster Pier m.v. *Royal Princess:* **Mood Six**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Calling Hearts/The Big Combo/Angles One-Five**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Original Bucks Fizz**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
Manchester Henry VIII: **Dead Giveaway**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **Twilight Zone**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester (Wythenshawe) Benchill Hotel: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **The Vampires/Jah Lizard's Brother Ted**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **After The Fire/Q-Tips**
Norwich Pennies: **Mud**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Peacehaven Coppersongs: **Chris Smither**
Poole Brewers Arms: **This Instance**
Portsmouth Rock Garden: **Chevy/Limelight**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Roxx**
Southampton Club Manhattan: **The Mets**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Games To Avoid/Rockin' Byrne Jones & The Pre-Raphalites**
Swansea Adam & Eve: **Deep Sea Divers/Trembling Trev**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Time**

Friday 7th

The People: London Islington

Aberdeen Bobbin Mill: **The R.B.'s**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Alien**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Anti-Pasti**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hote: **Teuser**
Bridlington Royal Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Birmingham Star Club: **Lowdown International**
Bournemouth Skyliners: **Back Door Man**
Bridport Greyhound: **Squashed Piranha**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **La-Rox**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Small World/Le Mat**
Chester Albion Hotel: **The Precautions**
Chigwell White Hart: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Jameson Raid**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes**
Farnborough Recreation Centre: **Chinatown/Static**
Farningham Pied Bull: **Chris Smither**
Feltham Rock Club: **The Cruisers**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Gosport John Peel: **High Risk**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Spider**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Whipps**
High Wycombe 101 Club: **The Mathews Brothers**
Jersey Fort Regent: **Elkie Brooks**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **John James**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Greased Lightning**
Leeds Brannigan's: **The Volunteers**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Subliminal Cuts**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Chevy/Limelight**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Remipeds/The Mood Elevators**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers/Treatment**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Sounds of Soweto**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flying Padovanis**
London Euston The Pits: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes/Rick Smith's Essential Villains**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Saints**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ruts D.C./Red Beat**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Rubbers**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Directions/Singapore**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **A Bigger Splash**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Albania/Boys Will Be Boys**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The People**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **David Byron Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **West End Stompers**
London Piccadilly Hotel: **Develish Tin Trumpet**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Another Episode**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnight Men**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Kelvin Henderson Country Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Helix**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sniff 'n' The Tears**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Birthday Party/Emotion Pictures**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Torso**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Performing Ferret Band**
Manchester (Wythenshawe) Pear Tree: **Motive Emotive**
Matlock Northwood Club: **Shader**
Norwich Labour Club: **Red Star Belgrade/Carl Gustav & The 84's/Whammy**
Nottingham (West Bridgford) Dancing Slipper: **The Connexion**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
Ramsgate The Flowing Bowl: **Ghost**
Reading Target Club: **Die Laughing**
Retford Porterhouse: **Art Nouveau**
Sheffield Tiffany's: **After The Fire/Q-Tips**
Shipley Civic Service Club: **The Elements**
Stoke (Burslem) Mayfair: **Grace**
Thirsk Diaston Farm: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Truro City Hall: **Shades**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Stun The Guards**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Wentworth Rockingham Arms: **Johnny Coppin**
Whitefield Masons Arms: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Wigan Trucks: **Mass Murder**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Lines**

Saturday 8th

Q-Tips: Milton Keynes

Balloch Roundabout Inn: **Matrix**
Bath Moles: **Slow Twitch Fibres**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Belton Sports Centre: **Mass Murder**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Mets**
Burnley Lower House Canteen: **The Chevrons**
Carlisle Big Top at Bitts Park: **Gary Glitter**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Siam/The Snax**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Corby Nags Head: **Shader**
Cosford Cavalier Club: **The Polecats**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Eyeless In Gaza/Bron Area/Kevin Harrison**
Coverack Drawbar Club: **Shades**
Glasgow The Waterfront: **Frenchways**
Goole Working Men's Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Harlow Orange Footman: **Spider**
Harrogate Old Swan Hotel: **Vex/Bone Idle/Seething Wells/Gaius**
Heanor Town Hall: **Jaguar/Race Against Time/Alien**
Hull Oriental Club: **Generator**
Jersey Fort Regent: **Elkie Brooks**
Kettering Rising Sun: **Nation 3**
Knighton Norton Arms: **Whipps**
Lancaster University: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Leeds Fan Club: **Anti-Pasti**
Leicester Kegworth Hall: **The Cruisers**
Liverpool Lark Lane: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
London Camden Dingwalls: **A Bigger Splash/The Rubbers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chicken Shack**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joy Spring**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Wreckless Eric/Top Secret**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Nicky Moore Band**
London Deptford Margaret Macmillan Park: **Electric Bluebirds/Dagarti/The Deceptions/Icarus/The Suspects/Rubber Johnny**
London Euston The Pits: **The Bluesblasters/The Uprights**
London Farringdon The Met: **Talisman**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ruts D.C./Red Beat**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ruts D.C.**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Gatecrashers**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **The Ballantine-Shaw Band**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Dumb Blondes/Secular Parade**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM/Jax**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bumble & The Béez**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Albama**
London Marquee Club: **Everest The Hard Way**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **New Era Band**
London Piccadilly Hotel: **Junkyard Angels**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Italian Parcels**
London Putney White Lion: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Richmond Bull & Bush: **Chris Smither**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pepper Adams/John Horler Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **True Life Confessions**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Legs & Co.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dancing Did/Equivalent VII/The Spurmatic Chords**
Manchester (Moss Side) Alexandra Park: **The Damned/Hawkwind/Ronnie Lane Band/John Cooper Clarke/The Thompson Twins/The Freshies**
Manchester Rafters: **Blue Orchids/The Occasional Combo**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **TV21**
Milton Keynes Concert Bowl: **Thin Lizzy/Ian Hunter Band/Judie Tzuke/Q-Tips/Trimmer & Jenkins**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Self-Inflicted**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **La-Rox**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Metros**
Raleigh (Notts) Asra Centre: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Redditch Windsor Club: **The Mood Elevators**
Retford Porterhouse: **Naked Lunch**
Sheppey Leysdown Island Nightclub: **Performing Ferret Band**
St. Albans City Hall: **Diamond Head**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Telham Black Horse: **Bill Zorn**
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: **Dead Giveaway**
Windsor Jethro's Wine Bar: **Arris**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking The Cricketers: **Umpty's Patio**

Sunday 9th

Aberdeen Copper Beach: **Pallas**
Altrincham The Unicorn: **Que Bono**
Amersham Crown Hotel: **The Mathews Brothers**
Bathgate Meadows Park: **Thirty Bob Suits/Lipstick/Theme/Irrelevant/Twisted Nerve/The Insects/H20**
Bedford Bunyan Centre: **Anti-Pasti**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Judie Tzuke: Nottingham

Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bredbury Country Club: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice**
Colchester Guisnes Court: **Figures Of Fun**
Coventry Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Crewe Grand Junction Hotel: **Hollywood**
Doncaster Rotters: **After The Fire/Q-Tips**
Dunfermline Carnegie Hall: **The Alternatives/No Class/Monolug/Ten Massive Explosions/Mr. Ten Per-Cent**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Fire Engines**
Falmouth Laughing Prince: **The Metro's**
Glasgow Rock Garden: **Frenchways**
Hampton Court Thames Hotel: **Ronnie Hunt's Crack Troops**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Subliminal Cuts**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Park Avenue**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Random Hold/The Strings**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Strict Baptists/The Reflectors**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Finchley Torrington: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mud**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Guy Jackson/The Vetoes**
London Hackney Chat's Palace (lunchtime): **Graham Read's Futuristic Rhythm**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The 45's**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **OK Jive/The Imports**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gas**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bac Band**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **John Etheridge & Chris Goldsmith**
London Southall White Hart: **Spider**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Albania**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime)/Wide Open (evening)**
London Trafalgar Sq. St. Martin's Crypt: **Chris Smither**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes/Mad Shadows**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Johnny M & The Midnite Express**
Maidstone Ship Wine Bar: **Italian Parcels**
Manchester Mason Arms: **Shader**
Milton Keynes Newport Carnival: **Fictitious**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Self-Imposed**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Mike Oldfield/Judie Tzuke**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Dave Totterdell/Graham & Sheila Nelmesz**
Poole Arts Centre: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Slough (Chippenham) Alexandra's: **Travelling Shoes**
Southend Queen's Hotel: **The Cruisers**
Southend Railway Hotel: **Bill Zorn**
Stoke Star Inn: **Whipps**
Weymouth Ossmington College: **Back Door Man**

Monday 10th

Blurt: London Charing Cross

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Blue Strawberry Club: **Weapon Of Peace**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Miocene Epoch**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Eddie Quinn**
Brighton Dome: **Elkie Brooks**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Rick Cristian Band/The Crack**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Frenchways**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Lancaster Big Top at Rylands Park: **Gary Glitter**
Leeds Warehouse: **Naked Lunch**
London Battersea The Cricketers: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Thunderboys/Custom/The Rams**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Blurt/Ludus**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Emotional Spies/Strict Baptists**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Molang/The Bumpers**
London Euston The Pits: **Animal Magnet/Cheap & Nasty**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Nightwork**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance/Human Beans**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Uncool Danceband/The Blitz**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **Suttel Approach**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Johnny Parker & Stan Grieg (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Steve Gibbons Band/The Hawks**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Alan Stivell's Backing Group**
London Piccadilly Hotel: **Last Touch**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Stratford Green Man: **Telemacque**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Kidz Next Door/The Boolie**
London Woolwich Odeon: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Dumb Blondes**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.14 Sunsett Jazz: **The Unloaders**
Newcastle Centre Hotel: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Staines The Phoenix: **Chris Smither**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Woburn Sands Holt Hotel: **The Mathews Brothers**
York Jaspers: **Anti-Pasti**

Tuesday 11th

James Chance: London Victoria

Abergavenny Gibbs Club: **Chris Smither**
Bath Stars & Stripes: **Back Door Moon**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Brecon Nythfa House: **Bill Zorn**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Idle Fret**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Hack Villius & The Blue Jets / Vocada**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Barbara Dickson**
Guildford The Star: **The Sleep / Basic Essentials**
Heburn Trades Club: **The Jets**
Huntingdon Skyways Club: **The Cruisers**
Jesmond The Lonsdale: **Prefab Sprout**
Leeds Parkets Wine Bar: **Xero**
London Bayswater The Shakespeare: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remipeds / Bumble & The Beez**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Suzi Ritz & Steamheat**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Kid Freedom / Freehand**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Naked Lunch / Calling Hearts**
London Euston The Pits: **Alternative TV / The Aces**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Ak Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tour De Force / The Refreshers**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Everest The Hard Way — Mental Notes**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Dominic Miller & Dylan Fowler**
London Piccadilly Hotel: **Johnnie Rondo Duo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Rainbow Theatre: **After The Fire / Q-Tips**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Atlernative Cabaret**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **James Chance & The Contortions**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Divers / The Battz**
Nether Heyford The Old Swan: **Downes & Beer**
Newcastle Casablanca Club: **Anti-Pasti**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Elkie Brooks**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **Self-Inflicted**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **C-Saim**
Portland The Playhouse: **Talisman**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Mortuary In Wax**
Sittingbourne Marteen's: **Ghost**

Wednesday 12th

Aberdeen Valhalla's: **The Berlin Blondes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**

Fairport Convention: London Putney

Bournemouth Maison Royale: **Ronnie Mayor Band**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Ilford Oscar's: **Flying Saucers**
Kettering Rising Sun: **The Cassettes**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leek Southbank Hotel: **Grace**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Talisman**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Simon Purcell Trio**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Spitzbrook**
London Clapham 101 Club: **A Bigger Splash/Crosswords**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **TV Personalities/Suttel Approach**
London Euston The Pits: **Crown Of Thorns/The News**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pencils**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Albania/The Close-Ups**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Brunel/Dead Roses**
London Islingthon Hope & Anchor: **Lucky Saddles**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Macondo**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Spider**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Piccadilly Hotel: **Pete Nu Trio**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Evil Minds**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Martin Simpson/Duck Baker**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ian Henry Trio**
London Stratford Green Man: **Black Market**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes**
London Victoria The Venue: **Huang Chung/Everest The Hard Way/Afraid Of Mice**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Art Objects/The Emotional Spies**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Treatment**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Margate Ship Inn: **Ghost**
New Romney Seahorse: **City Blues Band**
Nottingham Admiral Duncan: **Self-Inflicted**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Elkie Brooks**
Southampton (Woolston) New Bridge Inn: **Out To Lunch/The New Brendas**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**

IN THE CAN

ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell). More pomp and circumstance than a hundred royal weddings as William Hurt's loopy young scientist experiments with sensory deprivation and — yipe! — turns into some kind of primal Mr Hyde with the help of brilliantly realised, mind-battering special effects; reviewed in *Silver Screen* 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

CALIGULA (Tinto Brass). Mal 'Come' McDowell, John 'Hebrew National' Gielgud and Peter 'Oh' Toole let it all hang out in soft-cor! *Carry On* style Roman romp, savegely cut by the keeper of our nation's morals. High grade filth without the paydirt; reviewed 15.11.80. **(GTO)**

THE CANNONBALL RUN (Hal Needham). Moronic car chase capers, about as much fun as being knocked down by a drunk driver. Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise (who should know better) laugh at Farrah Fawcett's tits but when it comes to crude comedy, Needham's no Russ Meyer; reviewed 25.7.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

CAVEMAN (Carl Gottlieb). Hollywood regresses beyond even infantilism as Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach crack up at the very idea of poo-poo and wee-wee. Two gags in 97 minutes; reviewed 25.7.81. **(United Artists)**

CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Hugh Hudson). Survives a dodgy double flashback to be a genuinely exciting and involving story of two athletes' singleminded pursuit of ultimate glory — an Olympic gold in 1924. Telling appearances from Lindsay Anderson, Ian Holm and Nigel Davenport; reviewed 18.4.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

CLASH OF THE TITANS (Desmond Davis). The actors, Olivier included, don't stand a chance as Ray Harryhausen's bizarre animated creations dominate this agreeable, schoolboy version of ancient Greece; reviewed 11.7.81. **(CIC)**

CONDORMAN (Charles Jarrott). Cumbersome comedy thriller, some way after James Bond, that pits Michael Crawford's unlikely American cartoonist against Oliver Reed's overplayed KGB chief. **(Disney)**

THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER (Jim Henson). Far too much winking at the grown ups as Kermit & Co make a knowingly camp transition to the big screen. The genuinely Great Gonzo makes it worthwhile, though, and there are funny bits from John Cleese and Peter Ustinov, unfunny bits from Peter Falk and Robert Morley; reviewed 1.8.81 **(ITC)**

HERBIE GOES BANANAS (Lon Nibperson). Eccentric overplaying from Harvey Korman and Cloris Leachman brightens up an otherwise stale addition to the driverless Volkswagen series, set in South America (hence the punny title); not one of Nibperson's major works. **(Disney)**

THE LEGEND OF THE LONE RANGER (William Fraker). More camp comic-book stuff, tarted up a treat and ready to receive the sniggers of today's young sophisticate; reviewed this week. **(ITC)**

THE OBERWALD MYSTERY (Michelangelo Antonioni). The man who blew *Blow Up*, the man who made *Zabriskie Point* pointless, turns video bore; reviewed this week. **(Artificial Eye)**

QUARTET (James Ivory). Own up — you'd rather be reading a good book, wouldn't you? If so, this 'film' is for you; reviewed 1.8.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (Steven Spielberg). Harrison Ford's a colourless hero in the Hollywood Brats' superbly crafted Valentine to the old Republic serials, but halfway through it runs out of steam and you run out of patience. And, for 'A' certificate comic-strip nonsense, the violence is extraordinarily graphic; reviewed 1.8.81. **(CIC)**

S.O.B. (Blake Edwards). Relentless attack on Hollywood's ludicrous (non)sense of values which is too farcical to be genuinely biting. Terrific mugging from Richard Mulligan and Robert Webber, and Julie Andrews' gazonkas would, by general consent, look even better under a wet blouse; reviewed 11.7.81. **(ITC)**

THE SECRET AGENT (Alfred Hitchcock). Rare opportunity to see a 1936 gem from this country's greatest film-maker, at London's Scala from August 7 through August 11; see this week's *Picture Parade*, page 21. **(Scala)**

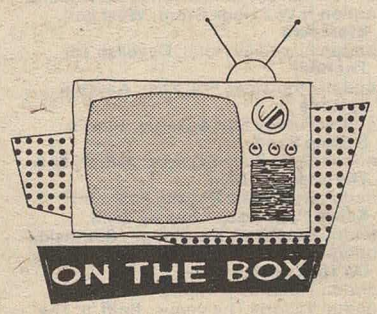
SUPER SNOOPER (Sergio Corbucci). The Italian superstar with the funny name (Terence Hill) let loose once again in New York City, Ernest Borgnine standing in for Bud Spencer; to be reviewed. **(Columbia)**

TESS (Roman Polanski). Dreary adaptation of Thomas Hardy's potboiler, Nastassia Kinski a pretty, and pretty unconvincing, Wessex girl fighting off the anaemic advances of Leigh Lawson and Peter Firth; reviewed 11.4.81. **(Columbia)**

THIS IS ELVIS (Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt). Innocuous collection of film clips, newsreels and home movies, jumbled together to do the requisite whitewash job. Sad really; reviewed 11.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

TIME BANDITS (Terry Gilliam). Public notice (for the benefit of all those publications which persist in referring to this film as being the work of *Monty Python): Time Bandits* is a scarifying fantasy, resourcefully directed by Terry Gilliam, with a funny-in-places script by Gilliam and Michael Palin, starring Sean Connery, David Warner, Ian Holm and Ralph Richardson (and a tart cameo from John Cleese). It has about as much to do with *Python* as did Gilliam's underrated *Jabberwocky*. Some people have no imagination; reviewed 18.7.81. **(HandMade)**

Monty Smith



Thursday August 6
THREE HATS FOR LISA (Sidney Hayers 1965). Cor! Strike a light, guv, it's that tasty geezer Danny Baker — er, sorry 'bout that, squire, I mean, of corst, me old mucker Joe Brown, singing and dancing dahn the Old Kent Road with Sid James on his arm and Sophie Hardy under his titfer. Luvly U sustificate stuff. **(ITV Midlands)**

WINDOM'S WAY (Ronald Neame 1957). Overworked doc Peter Finch resists dirty commie takeover of Malaysian village in turgid little soap opera. **(ITV London)**

NOWHERE TO HIDE (Jack Starrett 1977). TV flick from journeyman Starrett that attempts to evoke tough B-film thrillers as Lee Van Cleef's stolid lawman protects Tony Musante's hitman from the syndicate. **(ITV Midlands)**

BRINGING UP BABY (Howard Hawks 1938). Best film of the week, a classic screwball comedy with the matchless teaming of stuffy anthropologist Cary Grant, dizzy socialite Katharine Hepburn, and a brace of leopards, one tame, the other not. Peter Bogdanovich based his mechanical *What's Up Doc* on Hawks' film (Streisand and Ryan O'Neal a disastrous Grant and Hepburn), so now's your chance to see how it should be done. **(BBC2)**

Friday August 7
A DOLL'S HOUSE (Joseph Losey 1973). A bit of subversive scheduling by ITV as Losey's dreary version of Ibsen's 'feminist' play is given the afternoon slot, thus preventing the capital's housewives from getting on with important things like washing up, hoovering the baby's nappies etc. Only joking, girls, you're welcome to it. And Jane Fonda makes a mighty peculiar 19th century bra-burner. **(ITV London)**

ON THE BEACH (Stanley Kramer 1959). No jokes in this one, either, as a bunch of well-known Australians (Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire and Anthony Perkins) await the nuclear fallout drifting their way from the devastated northern hemisphere. Not mushroom for gags, I guess. **(BBC 1)**

MACHO CALLAHAN (Bernard Kowalski 1970). Not a profile of Sunny Jim, but a sub-standard revenge western starring David Janssen. Interesting actor, Janssen — he appeared in more rotten films than any man since Gracie Fields. **(ITV Midlands)**

Saturday August 8
LAUGHTER IN PARADISE (Mario Zampi 1951). Cast iron plot premise: eccentric practical joker leaves bizarre conditions in his will, forcing greedy beneficiaries to jump through ludicrous hoops. Great cast: Alastair Sim, George Cole, Joyce Grenfell, Fay Compton (and Audrey Hepburn in a walk-on). Very funny. **(BBC 2)**

GAMBIT (Ronald Neame 1966). The 'perfect' crime goes awry yet again and the double twist isn't up to much either. Slackly handled but well acted by Michael Caine and Shirley MacLaine. **(BBC 1)**

THE LEOPARD MAN (Jacques Tourneur 1943). Not so much a horror film, more a murder thriller as a runaway leopard stalks a New Mexican town; the title's a cheat but it's still a neat little programmer from Val Lewton, starring Dennis O'Keefe and Jean Brooks (the girl with the magical eyes in *The Seventh Victim*). **(BBC 2)**

THE SHUTTERED ROOM (David Greene 1966). From New Mexico to New England, as Carol Lynley and Gig Young loudly suffer fearful family curses and, worse, Oliver Reed. Flora Robson lends a creepy dignity to the short, sharp, vicious proceedings. **(BBC 2)**

CRY OF THE INNOCENT (Russ Conway 1979). Rod Taylor, the Bruce Forsyth of action flicks, tracks down the industrial saboteurs he believes to be responsible for the death of his wife and kids; more prime time pap from American TV, based on a story by Frederick Forsyth, the Freddy Forsyth of action books. **(ITV all regions)**

Sunday August 9
WHERE THE SPIES ARE (Val Guest 1965). Agreeably dry comedy is spoilt by thickear violence as David Niven's reluctant secret agent is upstaged by Cyril Cusack and Nigel Davenport. **(ITV London)**

REAP THE WILD WIND (Cecil B. DeMille 1942). Ah, they don't make 'em like this any more — and no one's complaining. Ray Milland and John Wayne wrestle each other and a giant squid as Paulette Goddard puts them off their job (salvagers down south in the 19th century); spectacular hokum. **(BBC 1)**

55 DAYS AT PEKING (Nicholas Ray 1962). Ramshackle recreation of the Boxer Rebellion, tedious in the extreme. Let's get back to *Reap The Wild Wind* for a minute; wouldn't you say it's the most engagingly meaningless title outside of *Blazing Saddles?* Think I'll watch it after all. **(BBC 1)**

JAMES DEAN (Robert Butler 1976). Based on the diaries of Dean's 'roommate' William Bast, scripted by Bast, starring good-looking Michael Brandon as Bast; what a snow job. The wimp himself is played by Stephen McHattie. That's settled then; I'm definitely giving *Reap The Wild Wind* a go. **(BBC 2)**

Monday August 10
THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER (Robert Ellis Miller 1968). Despite Miller's pedestrian direction, an affecting fable beautifully performed by Alan Arkin as Carson McCullers' deaf mute in a small southern town; fine support, too, from Chuck McCann, Stacy Keach and a young Sondra Locke. **(BBC 1)**

Wednesday August 12
INNOCENT BYSTANDERS (Peter Collinson 1973). Standard secret agent twaddle, Stanley Baker chasing Ruskie scientists halfway across Siberia. Humourless, violent and pointless. **(ITV London)**

Monty Smith

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70mm Dolby stereo
Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.15, 8.15 Late show Sat. 11.15
2: EXCALIBUR (AA)
Wk & Sun: 1.30, 4.45, 8.0 Late show Sat 11.10

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 Edgware Road 723 5901
1: Stephen Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
3.0, 5.50, 8.45. Sun: 5.50, 8.45
Progs 2.20, 5.05, 7.55 Sun: 5.05, 7.55
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
2: CLASH OF THE TITANS (A)
3.15, 5.50, 8.30. Sun: 5.50, 8.30
Progs 2.50, 5.25, 8.0. Sun: 5.25, 8.0
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
3: TIME BANDITS (A)
3.0, 5.45, 8.35. Sun: 5.45, 8.35
Progs 2.15, 5.0, 7.50. Sun: 5.0, 7.50
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
4: John Boorman's **EXCALIBUR (AA)**
1.45, 5.0, 8.15. Sun: 5.0, 8.15
Progs 4.15, 7.30. Sun: 7.30.
Late show Sat 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3 Bayswater (Queensway) 229 4149
1: Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Progs 2.0, 4.50, 7.45. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
2: CLASH OF THE TITANS (A)
Progs 2.30, 5.10, 7.50. Sun: 5.15, 7.55
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
3: TIME BANDITS (A)
Progs 1.45, 4.40, 7.35. Sun: 4.45, 7.40
Late show Sat 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 Fulham Road
Seats bookable Last Sep Prog. Licensed bar.
Doors open 15 mins prior
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Wk & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: CLASH OF THE TITANS (A)
Wk & Sun: 2.20, 5.20, 8.55
Sep Progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
3: John Boorman's **EXCALIBUR (AA)**
Wk & Sun: 2.20, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs Wk & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.30
4: TIME BANDITS (A)
Wk & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.15
Sep Progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
5: ALTERED STATES (X)
Wk & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
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Sunday
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Monday
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LIFEBOAT 5.50, 9.15, +
Peter Lorre in **SECRET AGENT** 7.35.
Tuesday
LIFEBOAT 5.50, 9.15
+ **SECRET AGENT** 7.35
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ASSAULT ON PRECINT 13 (X)
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Sunday 9th August
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A TOUCH OF ZEN (AA)
Thursday 13th August
Herzog's
NOSFERATU (AA)
& **AGUIRRE, WRATH OF GOD** (A)

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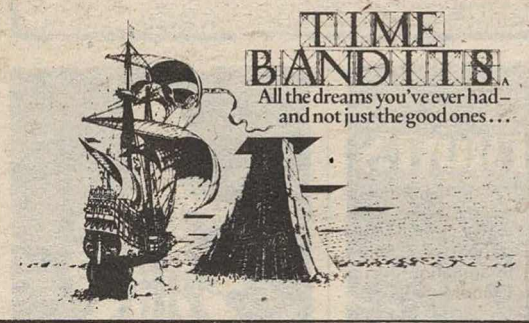

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MUSIC NEWS A SIDEWAYS WORLD

RECORD NEWS EXTRA

● **The Police's** next album, as yet untitled, is scheduled for release on September 20. Sting and Co., who recently played a gig in Caracas, Venezuela and who are lined up for a concert in Venice on August 28, recently completed recording chores with co-producer Hugh Padgham in Monserrat and now move to Montreal for remix sessions. The band are said to have recorded some 15 tracks including a number which features Sting on sax. A single is expected to materialise in early September.

● **Sean Tyla** (ex-Tyla Gang) and Deke Leonard (ex-Man) have got together with Mickey Groome (bass) and Paul Simmons (drums) to form **The Force.** The band's first single 'Trick Of The Light' is scheduled for RCA release in two or three weeks, and they'll be gigging to coincide.

● **Genesis** have their first single for a year issued by Charisma on August 14. It couples 'Abacab' and 'Another Record', and both tracks are penned by Mike Rutherford, Tony Banks and Phil Collins. There are plans for the band to undertake a series of UK dates later in the year, and details are expected to be announced shortly.

● **Any Trouble** have a new album released by Stiff this Friday. Titled 'Wheels In Motion', it's their first record since drummer Martin Hughes joined the band. The first 10,000 copies retail at the special price of £3.99, after which it'll cost £4.99.

● **RUTS D.C.** have now officially parted company with Virgin, and they've launched their own independent Bohemian Records label — though their first release is a single by another group, a revival of 'Telstar' by The Typhoons. The band themselves are now busy writing new material, following the amicable departure of saxist Gary Barnacle, though they interrupt this backroom activity to play a couple of gigs this weekend at London Fulham Greyhound (Friday and Saturday).

● **The Misunderstood,** the near-legendary '60s psychedelic band who split up 14 years ago, have re-formed with a nucleus of three original members — Glen 'Fernando' Campbell, Rick Brown (who's been in India for 12 years) and Steve Whiting. The comeback was prompted by the favourable response to their recently reissued EP 'Children Of The Sun', and they now intend to "pick up where they left off". A new album is due out on Cherry Red Records during the autumn, and they're planning British and European dates to coincide with its release.

● **The GoGos,** the all-girl group from LA, are planning a UK tour for October. Their current single 'Our Lips Are Sealed', released by A&M in the UK this week, has already charted in the States, and this is to be followed by an album titled 'Beauty And The Beat'.

● **Jo Callis,** formerly of The Rezillos, Shake and Boots For Dancing, releases 'Woah Yeah', his first solo single, this week, on Bob Last's Pop Aural label. Callis is currently recording and writing with Human League and is featured on their current single and imminent album.

'NORTHERN LIGHTS No.2.' a cassette-zine distributed through New Hormones, will be available in a limited edition and retailing for around £1.50. The tape includes an interview with Dick Witts of The Passage and extracts from the score to the Yorkshire Actors' Company's production of 'Dr Caligari's Cabinet', composed by Bill Nelson.

LIVE!

"135,000 DECIBELS AND YOU WANT ME TO TURN IT UP? ... ALRIGHT THEN!"

Lemmy pic: Richard Saunders

Heavy Metal Holocaust

Port Vale FC

SOCIETY IS to blame, of course, but it takes less than an hour at a dead-end convention like this to turn that sickly platitude into the wallpaper liberal tape-loop to beat them all. By the end of this fat chance 'holocaust', nice ideas about respecting other people's leisure hours have long since drowned in a black and blue sea with badges on. A nightmare of self-flagellation dressed up as fun. Wake me up and carry me home.

Lemmy's Lemming Infantry is roughly composed of three different units. The smallest comprises apolitically educated electricity freaks, wowed and fluttered to mental frenzy at the thought of all those speaker cabs. The most leeringly unpleasant are the foul and flabby greabo survivors, ten year martyrs to the glory of gore, joyous in methane armpits and belching forth the grate smell of brute. The saddest, and now the largest, are the latter's younger brothers and their friends. Fourteen and unfortunate, they follow a desperate tradition into a no-woman's land of fake magnificence, where real life falls short. Every cheek an acned mess, every lip a bum-fluffed pelmet. It's all too tragic.

This press-pass softy wisely went in disguise. Two pairs of grotty cords and a dirty afghan were today's only non-conforming garments. Keep your head down. This is Uglysod's Revenge.

Making steady progress up the Allied Metal League are Vardis, and clearly they have class in nouveau-metallic terms; basic, earthy and rude. Steve Zodiac is the required Mr Personality. "This is dedicated," he smirks, "to all the mods here today. You look like scooter boys to me!" Vardis set the scene.

Riot (my foot) are the smoothed-out American hard rock archetype. A tame approximation of Zeppelinesque mystic muscle, they hurl gratuitous greetings to a desert of unraised eyebrows. Blunt and anonymous in noisy T-shirts, Riot went down not so much a storm as a squally shower, and prompted this secret dissenter to take the early stroll.

The battle ground is filling. One in fifty is female. Long, polite queues creep up the terraces in search of booty from a farcical day of ritual pillage; posters, records, patches, programmes . . .

I eat chips in the haven of a local bowling green, and return to witness Mahogany Rush, the day's first clear success but still a poor recommendation for the mind-enlarging qualities of the magic paisley pill. Frank Marino adores himself with a fat self-confidence that is the envy of the metal masses. His lumpy porridge of phallic feedback was the ultimate pseudo-cosmic orgasm; a dumb, Gothic audio-visual mock-up of a vile idea of ideal sex.

Me and my wonderful weapon! Someone should tell him that guitars are overrated, but the roars of raw support suggest I should have been impressed. Others say 'PRETEND' but Marino says 'ACCLAIM!' 'ACCLAIM ME!!' Ridiculous.

Canadian contenders Triumph, in short, did not. They lack the much sought GB grind. Triumph's drummer/singer would have us believe that a Transatlantic flight counts as some kind of conquest. He even embarrassed the gawping hordes. Triumph possess the wit of an under-achieving slug. Mocked by a crackling PA, they went disastrously wrong. Relegation beckons.

The Holocaust is rocking. In acts of blatant outrage, people stone each other with empty plastic pop bottles. Comperes beg for decorum in reasonable voices, and everyone carries on.

But Ozzy wants a nice clean stage. And Ozzy is a hero. In an atmosphere fit for returning Romans, the sniff of Ozzy's appearance causes the slouches at the away-goal end to tear upfield in a graceless, Pub League charge.

Ozzy lies at the Empire's foundation. He emerges in slick white slacks, and a purple, tasselled blouse. "I love all you people," he bawls, butch and benign. Ozzy Osbourne's band are the old-time plod-rockers of high and heavy tradition. Everyone claps and pokes pathetic peace signs. Ozzy takes his shirt off. Great dough-cakes of soggy flab explode from his trousers. Keen to snuggle with the boys, Ozzy is a time-honoured comfort. Ozzy's band play 'Paranoid'. 'Paranoid' speaks a terrible truth, but even this can't hurt in Ozzy's loving arms. Ozzy loves us all.

There's no question of redemption. But if a grain of it existed at this misogynist's tea-party, it might be found in Motorhead. Where others grunt and grind in sick celebrations of power, Lemmy jumps, jerks and jives. Motorhead, especially Lemmy, are the madmen-in-control that their young supporters would oh so gladly be. Arriving to incredibly obvious stage incendiaries, Motorhead, shell-shocked desperados, are very nearly likeable. Lemmy is the only one to make fun: "Is it loud enough?. . . . 135,000 decibels and you want me to turn it up! . . . Alright then." And he does, too.

A warehouse of 'Overkill' souvenirs stretch to contain the bliss of bursting chests. A thousand battered brains ricochet in harmonised escape. The Emperor's new axe thrusts from a thousand delirious hips. I'm much too numb to take it in. Motorhead are a screaming series of demonic rants with jokes in between.

Given the stifling constraints of Heavy Metal tastes, Motorhead are adventurous. Where the competition is an oppressive recruitment drive for a wretched world of massed, all-male menace, Motorhead at least make the notion epitomise something more deranged and less heroic. Rather, they suggest a life of high-speed degradation.

But I've spent a lifetime avoiding all that junk, and it's a sad, sad day when salvation is a cheap day return. I'm aching for the pale pink walls of home.

So the amused gentle-folk of Burslem, Stoke-On-Trent look forward to a different endless season, where studs screw into football boots instead of leather wrist-bands, and a figure over 4,000 spells success. The team bus leaves a littered Port Vale to the distant northern dusk, and giant, fall-out mushrooms are absent from the sky.

Dave Hill

Delta 5

Venue

DELTA FIVE are in the 3rd division to the Gang of ¾'s and the Au Pairs' 2nd . . . and this is the album promotion tour. Like Lego without the wheels they stand static in a vacuum of interpretation and relevance. Two years ago there was hope and interested parties but now the climate has melted leaving the band floundering, treading water and marking time.

On disc we have seen disappointingly linear progressions along the themes originally set up when they first began, and the quick injection of 'contemporary' brass does nothing to add spice to a flagging formula. The talent, skill and insight has been three years in the making and now it hardly seems worth the effort.

The live transposition is as undemanding, easy and tame as the vinyl. The HOUR OF MUZAK passes without disaster, threat, challenge or anything of impressing import headwise, nor any bounce, joy, fun/k or sex to motivate the muscular corpuscles. Just another ship in the night. Singles retained until the end, as special sweets to be gleefully tossed out as a last resort — know your profit. Julz is still as token a totem as ever, Bethan and Roz still the Von Trapp sisters, and the boys trying hard to assert their budding presence on the affair — dour flowers. So sad to see it slip from your fingers.

The whole impact is totally mild, even though in 1981 pop terms the seemingly acceptable components should result in a desirable equation. However, in reality the predictability, the safeness and ultimately the shallowness of the work itself (never mind the embellishments) leaves you, as the man said, with a taste in your mouth that don't taste at all.

Safe as houses, time for a refit. Delta 5 have outgrown their use. Snooze.

Simon Fellowes

BLAND JIVE

OK Jive
21 Guns

Rock Garden

FORMALLY INCONGRUOUS beneath Covent Garden's ritzy precincts, 21 Guns take their cue from the 'White Man' of The Clash, and leave it pretty much at that. Their *Boys Own* rubbish concoctions are often effective, and oscillate from gut-clenching tension, through to exaggerated paranoia, and a clumsy attempt at 'Ambush In The Night'.

Egged on by their friends, they lay it on the line about enemies at the door, and what a drag the women are. Leftish inclinations and Old Spice A Go-Go. A number of people get down and groove. Likeable 21 Guns paddle bashfully in desperado, Pressure Drop chic, and the ones that are white maybe wish they weren't. But this is unfair; their cheaper intentions just look silly, and their finer ones sometimes work.

Whatever 21 Guns may be, they make OK Jive look like a forced hike up Flatulence Footpath, but mind you . . .

Where on Earth do OK Jive come from? The damp, novelty end of pub-rock? The grass roots of Eurovision land? Some Slush-Puppy daydream of their own creation? Their songs are irksome gushes of insipid whimsy, delivered by music of a similar currency, and make Hughie Green look redundant. A twee atrocity about Freddie Laker, couched in a cuddly, kaleidoscope-of-life worldview, is wrenched to epic length. They delight in a fiddly instrumental from (gosh) 1953, and luxuriate in a grovelling, self-advertising finale. Such fun. Their sound is a watery conglomeration of Peter, Paul And Mary and bullshit holiday commercials. All their singer, Ruby, wants is *"a dishwasher and a twin-tub washing machine."* So, I wouldn't mind them myself; but write a *song* about it . . . ?

OK Jive sound harmless, but they're really much too crafty. Ruby Jive herself, her voice a Ronstadt winge, emits that wholesome, bouncy sexuality that prompts the loud-mouthed (and single-handed) indulgence of leering slobs in sweatshirts. Ruby's reputation has been fully over-inflated by slimy, press-office minds, and a gossiping Evening Standard: she makes all those clothes herself, you know! The occasion begs for Peter West.

Still, I guess jiving Ruby's OK. The boys, though, are all fake sincerity, so don't be taken in.

Many people will act stupid over OK Jive and their glitzy, tanned pretence. But me: I shuffled from foot to foot, squinted at people's watches, and felt like going home. People will tell you that they're sweet, supple and sexy, but they're as stiff as a piss in the Arctic. The image is willing, but the handshake is limp.

Dave Hill

Ruby Jive *Pic: David Corio*

Randy Crawford

Dominion Theatre

THERE IS a tradition that solo singers who reach middle age with their voice reasonably intact slip quietly into cabaret, lie back on their laurels, and earn a living churning out old standards to their devoted, ageing fans. Which is fine, except that in the case of Ms. Crawford, all this seems a little premature. She has so much more to offer, yet here she is turning from soul to schmaltz with a formularised show packaged for a safe, embarrassingly uncritical audience.

From the beginning, the intention was clear. She is presented as "Warner Brothers' recording artist", company property, a commodity: a point that is stressed by her introducing each song with details that only just stop short of handing out the price and catalogue number. This is a promotional tour, there's a new album in the shops, and don't you forget it. Just as an added reminder, the single both opens and closes the set.

In between, we get a series of numbers delivered as if the singer had never read the lyrics. Heartache or happiness, both are treated with the same plastic smile, the frozen pose at the end as the hysterical applause dies down, then the obligatory, breathless, "Thank you. Thank you very much."

There were exceptions: songs like 'Rainy Night In Georgia', 'Someday I'll Fly Away' and the second rendering of 'You Might Need Somebody' showed the spell her voice is still capable of casting, but most had all the emotion of a TV announcer reading from cue cards. 'Streetlife', of course, was as stunning as on vinyl with the Crusaders, but the backing band were no match for them.

The encore was the final insult. The lady pulls a hankie from the box that just happens to be lying around on the stage, dabs her eyes, then resumes the ear to ear grin for a version of Lennon's 'Imagine'.

The tragedy is that such crass showbiz routines are so unnecessary. At its best, her voice conveys a power and emotion that would make her a worthy successor in the line of women singers such as Aretha Franklin. All she needs to do, in fact, is to sing from the heart rather than from the company cash till. Naturally.

Sheryl Garratt

BLYTHE:

Arthur Blythe

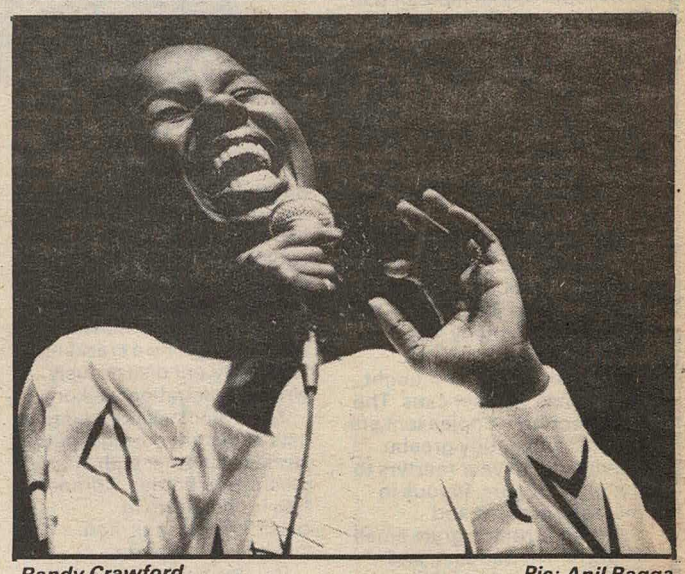
100 Club

A STEAMING, safaritown night at the 100: a fit setting for Arthur Blythe's quartet, a showcase at last for the alto sax player who more than anyone else has threatened to burst the dizzy thrill of the new jazz into large-scale acceptance.

They opened with 'Miss Nancy' off the sorely neglected 'Illusions'. Blythe leaned hard into the hoppity theme, Bob Stewart settled for a blurred rumble on tuba and cool cat Calvin Bell set his jaw and fixed his eyes on the Gibson frets from under his rasta locks. He's worked out a clean, unfuzzy attack on guitar that sometimes scrambles into delirium in the middle of a solo but mostly walks a knife edge between precision and slip-fingered braggadocio.

'Odessa' grew out of the muscled roots drama of Bobby Battle's drum solo — nobody sleeps in this outfit — like shouts in a cathedral. Blythe's personal slant on blues intoxication grafted a slamming series of highs in a gathering storm of bluenote drama.

Battle was excellent again in



Randy Crawford *Pic: Anil Bagga*

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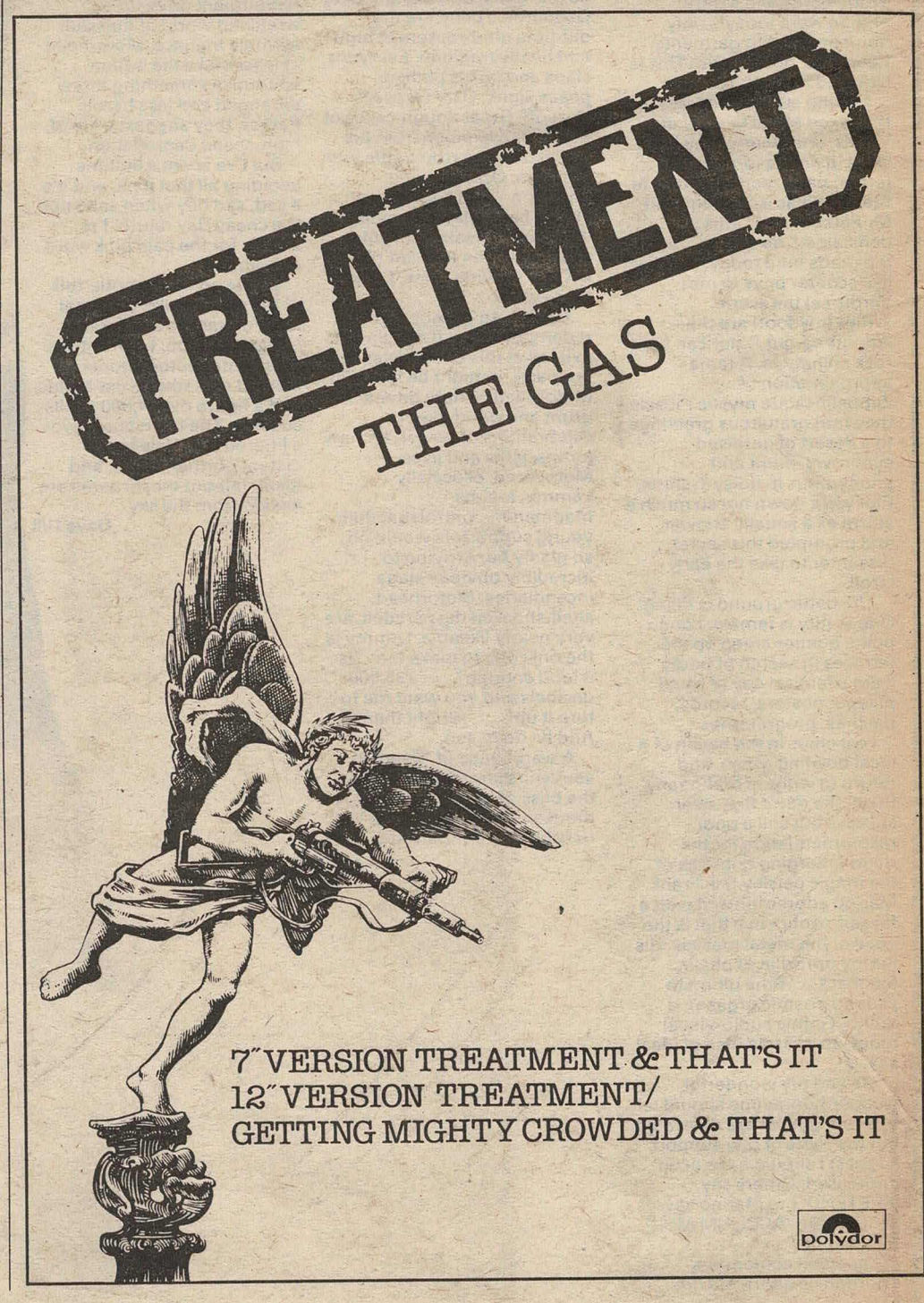

SPIRITED

'Contemplation'. Just when he seemed about to put in too many beats he'd quieten down for an investigation of the cymbals. An alto/guitar duet on 'Misty' lent a verdant newness to that sallow, careworn tune. The sax's blistering high notes dismissed scented prettiness while Bell thoughtfully chorded the foundations.

The first shutdown saw Harlem swing revisited and refashioned, with Blythe scorching into overdrive on a solo that Eric Dolphy would've grinned at. They might have been forgiven for coasting in the second set, but 'Reverence' was anything but. A sultry honey of a melody led to the altoman scouring his deepest tonal resources to locate a wailing congregation of voicings.

The favourite 'Bush Baby' swung out of Stewart's twitchily poised intro into a hip dripper's swagger. Then 'Lenox Avenue Breakdown', shorn of the record's teeming atmospherics but spaced to allow alto and cakewalkin' tuba to find new routes to the Delta. Just for fun they tore through a slice of bop fancy as a crazed finale. I was sent, man. Just solid GONE.

Richard Cook

The Colours Out Of Time

Manchester

THE COLOURS Out Of Time slip neatly into Manchester's spanking new Gallery venue — both are ritzy, chic and refined, both proudly purvey this season's brightest style (and grace).

Though The Colours are not so Spandau-pretty or Creole-cute to count as this year's potential models, they still possess a killing pop punch. They're like a wild beauty to Joy Division's majestic beast; they may lack nobility but they still have their lethal bite.

The songs from this, Crewe's first *ever* cult band, are meticulously layered rock ballads (rock as an exciting, inspirational thing, y'know). It's music to *feel*, but you have to listen hard. They can't conjure up the catchy hooks of a Cope or match the breath-taking dynamics of Wah!, though they do have soul — of a distinctively English variety — and their sound is unique.

The Colours employ acoustic guitars and mellow *Magic Roundabout* organ to produce a fragile pastoral aura which is then brutally tempered by raucous electric guitars and garage and guttural drums. It's a theoretically incongruous blend of aural effects, but The Colours thrive on this friction, the marriage of mayhem and the sublime.

Visually, they're neat enough, though more interesting as movers than for their threads. And as vocalist Rene Reynolds' hilarious preoccupation with exaggerated Jaggeresque mannerisms is fully realised, he becomes the dominant, if unfortunate, focal point of the show — but that's entertainment.

The Colours Out Of Time should succeed because they have the commercial edge over most hard young northern contenders. They're clear and accessible where others are obscure and uncompromising. Even the most incompetent marketing man wouldn't find it too hard to sell them to Britain's more discerning consumers.

Mick Duffy

The Belle Stars

The Venue

THE THEME for the night: ribbons, fruit, flowers and fun. Well . . . I had fun.

Seven girls playing artful tunes has to be a marketing man's dream come true: there's someone for everyone. More vital than this, there's something for everyone . . . The Belle Stars have got dance, stance, star quality and staying power. I hope they go far, but not too far.

Jennie, the irrepressible mouthy lout with a heart of gold, bounds around. She keeps the audience on their marks and demands attention. Lesley, calm and watchful, builds a solid bassline, Sara-Jane and Stella laugh and dance with their guitars. Miranda moves her hips and lips . . . on that sax. Penny playes keyboards, and Judy, the drums. Somewhere behind her kit, that looked like a sacrificial altar, hung with fruit. The Belle Stars, are they our offering to the gods? Mankind stands a chance after all.

Technically, they're mostly tight, and when they're not, it's just right. The sound was perfect . . . I could hear everything, ins and outs, sax moans and guitar groans. Jennie's every word . . . her dub, rap and rhetoric. A chunky compelling reggae number caught my ear . *"This girl needs roses every day."* Jennie being courted???

'Private Eye' has Sarah-Jane showcasing a spine-tingling guitar intro that won my heart. 'Hiawatha', their first single, didn't sound half as interesting as 'The Loner', a song I may have misheard. Was it about inept men and masturbation? I can't be sure, but whatever, I want to hear it again.

They all danced, their skirts swayed, once Jennie stuck her tongue out and the room lit up . . . Miranda was joined by Davey of The Lemons for a sax duet . . . just havin' a good time . . thankyou and goodnight. They bounced off and right back again, with a calypso encore and the 'Funky Chicken'. They even had a second encore . . . but its a blur to me.

Someone somewhere once said to me that concerts should sell records. Yes, yes, yes! I want The Belle Stars on vinyl, in my frontroom. I won't say no to another chance to catch them live, either.

Laura Hu

Jennie Belle Star

Pic: David Corio

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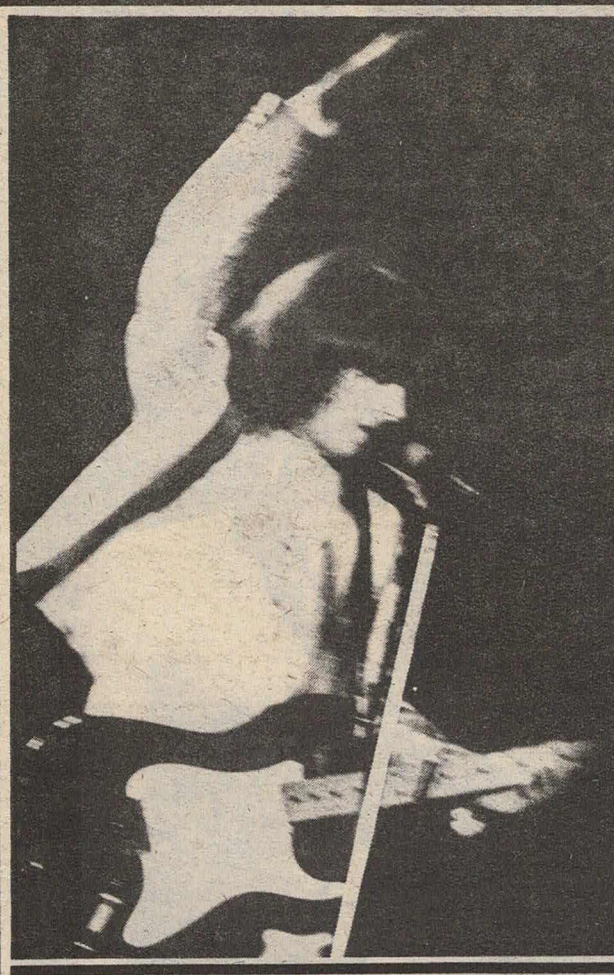

ONLY MAKE-BELIEVE

The Pretenders
The Bureau

Hammersmith Palais

I DOUBT if The Pretenders will ever become one of the classic live attractions. Agreed, they can fill out a major hall like this one, and send the fee-paying customers home again happy and contented. But unless they go through a complete overhaul of the stage-act, and start improving in a way they've shown no sign of doing these past two years . . . then there'll always be snivelling little cynics such as your humble correspondent, skulking round the edge of the crowd and pronouncing 'This just isn't good enough'.

First, though, The Bureau. Stance: aggressive. Image: masculine, sweaty. Sound: driving, robust, solid. They're energetically fronted by singer Archie Brown, whose dour, uncompromising line in stage patter fits the whole show to perfection. It's swaggering, brassy dance music of a grimly determined kind. Archie's fellow Bureaux (mostly ex-Dexy men, as you know) pump out and blast away with fierce dedication, but little gaiety.

Individual members, notably saxist Jeff Blythe, step forward now and again with impressive displays of instrumental prowess — but the enduring memory is of a tightly-drilled squad, of power rather than partying.

And so to The Pretenders (slight return). Their set was, well, workpersonlike. It's only their (occasionally) high-class material — those superior singles and 'Private Life' — plus Chrissie Hynde's imperious charisma which rescue the band from complete hard-rock anonymity. At rock bottom, they can be crushingly mundane, slightly stodgy and even sloppy. More than any other group I can think of, The Pretenders are only as good as their songs.

True, those songs are sometimes very good indeed. Of the newer stuff unveiled tonight, 'The English Rose' sounded promising, while 'Bad Boys Get Spanked' relied a little on its title (and some silly swingeing sound effects) for any sort of impact. Unfortunately, even some of the accredited classics weren't presented to their best effect: 'Kid' was clumsy, 'Stop Your Sobbing' was re-arranged for no obvious reason, and the Hynde-despised 'Brass In Pocket' was sneeringly introduced as "originally done by Led Zeppelin". 'Private Life', however, did live up to its now-considerable reputation — as well as pointing to the potentially better side of The Pretenders' sound: light of touch, uncluttered and clear.

We went through the old 'hey, this group should have an *encore!*' ritual a few times, by which means we were finally favoured with 'Brass In Pocket' and 'Mystery Achievement' and — forces joined with the Bureau boys — a happy shambles based around Jackie Wilson's 'Higher And Higher'. And then we went home.

Paul Du Noyer

Fire Engines

Heaven

HEAVEN HAS all the potential of a great event venue, but the cream curdles somewhere.

On the one hand, it's a relief in its removal from the sordidity of some of the dank grot spots in London, but on the other, some unknown element in the air turns the cool sophistication to cold snobbery . . . there's nowhere to look but down your nose. This characterless synchronisation would be ideal for the shallow surface requirements of 'bands' like Visage . . . a gleaming palace from which to project the sham glam and hollow hoax of their meretricious existence — but for bands of life it serves as a stifling burden.

One gets the impression that any expression of released energy in the form of physical movement will be received with faint critical amusement, superior detachment, or the callous worlds-away surprise reserved for screaming maniacs and epileptics. Nevertheless, the Fire Engines do their best to upset the superficial calm. They are a jerky perk, a mad rush, a burst of searing energy.

Their discordancy stimulates, irritates, exhilarates, but never sedates. Henderson's raw roar may jar but won't bore. Their mutilation of acceptable melody provokes and frustrates, they call on adrenalin stores you never knew existed. Fiery and genuine, they don't try to appeal . . . it's up to you to love or hate them. They aren't sycophants pandering to accessible consumer needs — rather an unfinished product, a rough-cut diamond, their harsh razor-sharp edges a welcome relief from the surrounding polished gloss.

Go and see the Fire Engines. You'll be entangled, swept up, kept hovering, twitching, and agitating for less than twenty minutes, you'll be burnt up inside (Internal Combustion Engines?) then let down with a jolt. There's still room for more of their static vile din but they're very near (im)perfection. There's no conventional Pop Aura about them. Don't expect a smooth foreplanned presentation . . . no plastic gifts here. . .

But then the Fire Engines are the least plastic group I know.

Leyla Sanai

CREATIVE HEDONISM?

Havana Let's Go!

Screen On The Hill

THIS IS no straightforward gig. It's a near-private party for those poor, bored fops, desperate for first ride on the Latin wave. You can smell 'in crowd' a mile off. A suitably obscure disco blends Kid Creole with a range of dreadful novelty numbers. Behind the rear stalls, attention-seeking smoothies make isolated bids for dance-floor notoriety, then sit and gurgle at clips of Hollywood trash parodies. An astonishing, synchronised girlie routine, featuring Carmen Miranda and several giant bananas, is received with ecstatic squeals. Creative hedonism? STYLE? Suppressed hysteria, more like.

Havana Let's Go! are the best thing currently going to fill this lot's need for live music and a name to drop, but they don't quite fit the bill.

The problem is that they aren't so much the promised package holiday as a grossly misleading brochure. They have no succulent, steamy rhythms, and lack the exotic ethnicity which makes Creole so cool. Havana Let's Go! are really an accelerated Asbury Jukes with fake Hispanic knobs on. They're not fooling anyone. Despite a hint of rhumba in the drums, and a touch of tequila in the trio of horns, our effete gathering saw a lively R&B outfit, fronted by a female extrovert specialising in mock Spanish banter.

It was Ms Joanna Havana's undaunted bullying which finally saved the show. She adopts a crass, sensual-senorita persona, and keeps it up all night. She sings the part with some verve, ruins people's dignity by dragging them off their seats, and dances in the aisles. Her whole act is based on pure pantomime vulgarity, and exudes a fine disregard for things like subtlety and taste.

Havana Let's Go! are, in fact, totally coarse, and out for a laugh. Much of their style is rooted in cabaret kitsch of the rowdiest type. Their songs are fast and jumpy, with daft words about wild romance in the salsa and siesta zone. Sheer silliness, in truth. As the show approached its close, this planned celebration of equatorial hip had sunk into an orgy of fruit-flinging and gorilla suits, leaving no sheen of sophistication intact. Marvellous to behold. With a little more variety, Havana Let's Go! could be a quid's worth of soiled fun for anyone. Anyone, that is, but the voracious socialites at this cost convention, who will soon crave a more flattering fad to fawn on.

Scott Fitzgerald made a good point about the cool and comfortable: a crumbling economy doesn't lose them their lifestyle, but redoubles the frantic frenzy in which they pursue it. The threshold of boredom sinks a few notches lower.

Dave Hill

"And ah say to you mah leather-clad brethren — that includes you, Youth — whoever stole mah black candles and shrunken skulls from mah mantlepiece here, may they repent their sins and return them, along with mah mother's forty-piece bone-china tea set, mah eighteen Tonka toys and mah older brother's train set, for it is a deadly prank — nay, 'tis a Killing Joke."
Joker Jaz at the Lyceum: a snippet and a snap by David Corio.

MASS

Labour of Love

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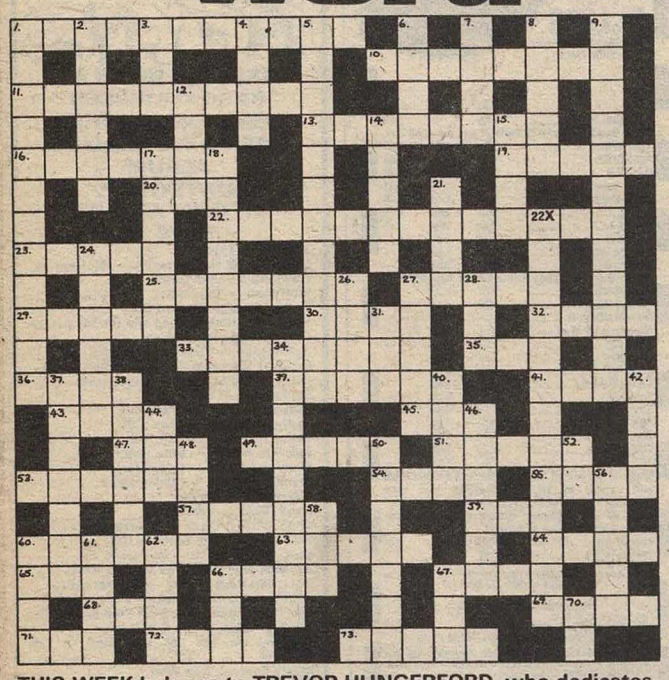

THIS WEEK belongs to TREVOR HUNGERFORD, who dedicates his huge and monumentally difficult crossword to all Scott Walker fans, his mum and — snigger — Chelsea F.C. Trevor, who squats somewhere in Balham, hopes to spend his 50p gift voucher on a new set of strikers for the Blues.

ACROSS

1 Their single is presumably about reincarnation (6-4)
10 Crass' nightmare (8)
11 A certain kind of feeling from Joy Division (10)
13 A-dam dance sound! (3-5)
16 Joke about what the girdle's doing (7)
19 The label which housed a Cat who loved his dog (5)
20 Music in a brisk air (3)
22 Remix an upset ballad (13)
23 Reg sang his goodbyes to her . . . as did we all (5)
25 Singer-songwriter Harry . . . or perhaps Lofgren's littl'un (7)
27 Dream Lover Bobby (5)
29 Fear of the Judge? (5)
30 Bowie tune about singer Georgie? (4)
32 Kraut-rockers, Amon . . . . (4)
33 Billy Fury's time of year (2-6)
35 Label got turned round (3)
36 One of those that can take you beyond madness (4)
39 A member of a mid-sixties group — or a later Who number (6)
41 Graham the slash? (4)
43 Get back in it, with the Beatles (1,1,1,1)
45 The name's the same for two beauties recently in the charts (3)
47 Yin and . . . (3)
49 He cuts records — one of which was 9 o'clock (5)
51 Late sixties song sung very sweetly — at the double (5)
53 The kind of fingers that prevented Fred Gee from getting his pub — as foretold by the Stones (6)
54 All I really want to do, bang bang, dark lady (4)
55 I'm gonna run away from you sang Tammy, but not good old Vera
57 A space Odyssey — Going Back To Our . . . . . (5)
59 A rotten and bitter one to swallow — but with one 'L' of a difference (3)
60 Do vote strangely for Howard (6)
63 The only league they talk about in Sheffield at present (5)
64 See 71
65 A Label from jars of jam (3)
66 Originally by the Kalin Twins — revamped by Showaddywaddy (4)
67 Paul and Barry and mummy Marion (4)
68 Alvin and Brenda and Byron and Curtis and Jackie and Leapy and Peggy (3)
69 A maddening kind of day (4)
71 & 64 T Rex oldie (3-2-2)
72 Dark side of a bare bum? (4)
73 Type of farming in Barnet (5)

DOWN

1 The group with the brewers droop (4-8)
2 Wayne Fontana sang about her twice (6)
3 They went walkin' and turning on taps in '71 (1,1,1)
4 In the early sixties Joe was renowned for his Tornado bedroom production (4)
5 The album from 1 across (8,2,2)
6 Where Dylan finds Maggie (4)
7 Big Mama (4)
8 Daddy-cool drummer from Purple (extra cryptic!) (5)
9 The far away beat of Jim Reeves (7-5)
12 The Fairies that used two drummers (4)
14 She 'Danced' for an early single (5)
15 Front-man Billy, or Creedence single in reverse (4)
17 The Cat from 19 across later moved to this lable (6)
18 '-------- Alley Bred' by the Hollies (8)
21 A group in drab baggies (4)
22(x) The Clash's answer to Lord Haw-Haw at the top at the top of the dial (13)
24 Jim and Martha (6)
26 Faceless and numberless, Traffic were also minus this (4)
27 His game was dominoes (5)
29 Valli of the dolls, materially speaking on record (3)
31 This followed It for Desmond Dekker (3)
34 Two sides of the Floyd from the dark side (2-3-4)
37 They're happy together, although she'd rather be with me (7)
38 A killer from Talking Heads (6)
40 Pay increase for Herb Alpert (4)
42 BJH single more suitable for the church? (4)
44 This label came out of the ark (3)
46 Bauhaus vocalist (6)
48 Laura, who performed at Monterey (4)
50 Surface noise? (7)
52 Mr. Cooder? (2)
56 Peter's only solo hit was a cover of Bowie's 'Oh You Pretty Thing' (5)
58 The fore-runner of all independent labels? (3)
60 Love is, according to Roxy Music, the ---- (4)
61 Just one of the 5000 for Dr. Kiss Kiss (4)
62 Gloria, baby, please don't go, here comes the night (4)
66 How strange! (3)
67 Tommy reached the Dizzy heights of No 1 once (3)
70 Utopian album (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across: 1 Dead Kennedys, 8 Errol, 9 Who, 13 Madrigal, 15 'My Hat', 16 Gig, 17 Bauhaus, 19 Riot, 21 Skank, 22 Chelsea, 25 Eon, 27 Wire, 29 Watt, 30 Sal, 32 Nagasaki (Nightmare), 33 Viv, 34 Totale, 35 Monkees, 36 Roach, 39 O.B.E., 40 Ella, 41 Spandau, 42 Bunny, 43 Upstart.
Down: 1 Dreaming, 2 Air, 3 Killing Joke, 4 New, 5 Eno, 6 Yes, 7 Smith, 10 'Half Machine Lip Moves', 11 'I'm So Hollow', 12 Uhuru, 14 Diagram, 18 Star, 20 'In', 21 'Supernature', 23 Visage, 24 Stevie Wonder, 26 (Nagasaki) Nightmare, 28 Rak, 31 Bassie, 33 Vanilla, 37 Holly.

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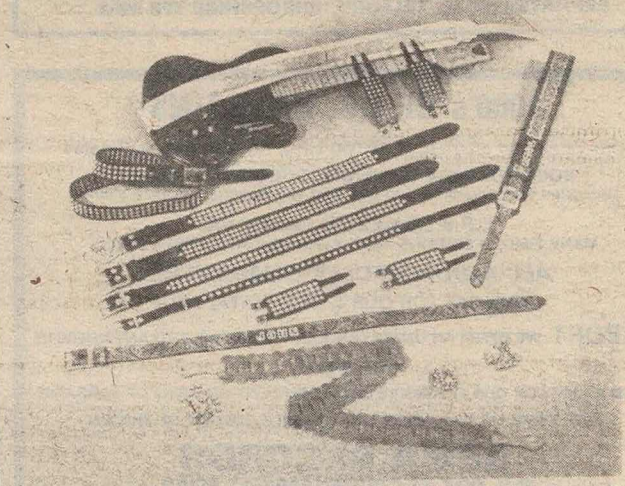

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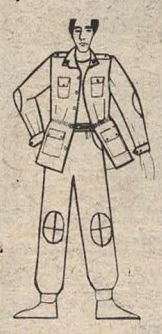

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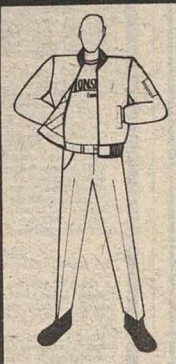

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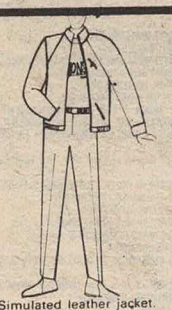

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WHAT YOU SEE IN THIS ADVERT IS ONLY A SMALL TOKEN OF WHAT WE HAVE IN STOCK. JOIN THE 1000s OF HAPPY CUSTOMERS WE HAVE ALL OVER THE WORLD (£1.20 per year) (overseas £2) AND YOU WILL GET ALL OUR GREAT LISTS WE ISSUE DONT DELAY DO IT TODAY IT WILL BE THE BEST THING YOU'LL DO TO MAKE YOUR RECORD COLLECTION COMPLETE
POST PACKING UK SINGLES 1.25p, 2 to 5 = 40p, 6 to 10 = 60p, OVER 10 = £1. LP & 12" 1.60p, 2 = 90p, 3 = £1.25
OVERSEAS 1.50p 2 to 5 = £1, 6 to 10 = £1.50, 11 to 20 = £2.50, LPS & 12" 1 £1.50, 2 = £2.50, 3 or over £3.50

RECORD CORNER
27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM, SW12 9EX (01-673 6130 — *Ask for Dave*)

THIS WEEK'S BIGGIES THIS WEEK'S BIGGIES

12" ADAM & ANTS Stand & Deliver/Beat my guest (Pict (I) 3.49
CHRON GEN Cassette only. Live at Leicester 28th June 1981 16 tracks. (Only 2000 made. Each one numbered) (Also has pic insert) ....3.75 + 50p P&P (Overseas £1)
ANTI PASTI Cassette only. Live at Lyceum 24th May 1981. (Official bootleg) 16 tracks. (Only 2000 made. each one numbered) (Also has pic insert) ....3.75 + 50p P&P (Overseas £1)
We are the only official Mail Order outlet for these cassettes
7" BLONDIE Call Me (Square postcard record with pic on it) (Deleted Limited Edition) (I) 4.99
7" BLONDIE Dreaming/U. City Blue (Square postcard etc ...) (I)4.99
7" POLICE Bed's too big without (Square postcard etc ...) (I) 4.99
7" CLASH London's calling (Square postcard etc....) (I) 4.99
7" D. SUMMER The wanderer (Square postcard etc....) (I) 4.99
7" QUEEN Play the game (Square postcard etc ...) (I) 4.99
7" R STONES Em. Rescue (Square postcard etc....) (I) 4.99
12" ABBA Lay all love (Sive is different colour & design) (I) 3.49
12" D.A.F. Der Mussolini/Der Raob. (Diff pic to Brit) (I) 2.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Hard times/Love action (Over 20 mins) (P) 1.49
7" JAM Start (Same pic as Brit. Different Catalogue no.) (I) 1.50
7" B. SPRINGSTEEN Cadillac ranch/Be true (I) (P) 1.99
7" B SPRINGSTEEN River/Ramrod (Diff P to Brit + lyrics) (I) 1.99
7" ADAM & ANTS Dog eat dog/Physical (Diff pic to Brit) (I) 1.99
12" ST WONDER Happy Birthday (8.20)/Birthday singalong (8.42) 1.99
7" JAPAN Quiet life/2nd emotion (Dff Pic to Brit) (I) 1.99
12" UB 40 Present arms (Voc. & Instl/Don't slow down (7.15) (I) 2.99
7" BEACH BOYS Beach boy medley (I) 1.25
12" THEATRE OF HATE — Neno (P) 2.20
L.P. T. REX Bolan boxies; T. Rex (British re-issue in original sleeves with original catalogue nos.) ....each 4.49
HEAVY METAL MARAUDERS magazine (with Motorhead and Heavy Metal pull-out poster plus 12 Heavy Metal Marauders stickers) ....1.50 + 50p P&P (Overseas 1.50)
7" MOTORHEAD Golden years live EP (diff to pic British) (I) 1.99
7" ELTON JOHN Chloe/Tortured (I) 1.25
7" VAN HALEN So this is love/Hear about it later (I)(P) 1.25
12" NEW ORDER Ceremony (New mix and new pic) (+ FREE Joy Division flexidisc) 1.99
7" PAT BENATAR Fire on ice/Hard to believe (I)(P) 1.25
12" MOTORHEAD/GIRLSCHOOL 6 track hits (Jap 12" single, large pic label, good pic sleeve - lyrics)(very ltd edition) 6.99
7" SQUEEZE Tempted (Diff. pic to imp) (+ FREE pic slve. 5") 1.25
7" ABBA Lay all your love on me / On + On (I) 1.20
7" ABBA Andante, andante/Happy new year (I) (P) 1.99
(Slightly smaller biggies in other sections)

7" SALE 7" SALE 7" SALE

KATE ROBBINS More than in love; BOWIE A. SONG (+ wraparound poster); BUZZCOCKS Everybody's happy (P); SHAM 69 You're a better man; DICKIES Give it back (P); DICKIES Gigantor (Yellow v. P); DICKIES Fan mail (Red v. + poster); DONNA SUMMER Dim all lights (I) (P); DONNA SUMMER Bad girls (I) (P); DAVE GOODMAN Homicide (with Pistols) (P); ELIZABETH God save the SEX Pistols; HI TENSION Hi tension; ELTON JOHN Song for guy 50p each or 5 for £2
RUMOUR Emoonal traffic (Col v.) (P); X RAY SPEX Highly In. (Red v.); SPECIALS Message to you Rudy (Full pic) (I). SELECTER On my radio (I) (Full pic); BEAT Mirror in the bathroom (I) (Full pic); NAZIS AGAINST FACISM Sid did it (Pic of Sid Vicious) 99p each
SQUEEZE Pretty one (I) (P); KATE BUSH Hammer horror (I) (P); SQUARES Buddy Holly (+ Free B. Holly mirror) (P), ASHFORD/SIMPSON Flashback (PIC DISC); M. JACKSON You can't win (PIC DISC) (drilled); LINER Keep reaching out for love (PIC DISC); MUD Take the money (PIC DISC), pease band peace (PIC DISC); HOT GOSSIP Super Vasanova (PIC DISC). 75p each or 5 for £3

12" SALE 12" SALE 12" SALE 12" SALE 12" SALE

ASHFORD/SIMPSON Seems to hang on; AZYMUTH Jazz carnival; ROYALERS Fever; BROS JOHNSON It's you girl; C. H. AFAR Gonna love you forever; CHANSON Don't hold back; CHANGE Lover's holiday; CHIC I want your love; G. G. Disco nights. ISLEY BROS Next phase; LA BIONDA One for me, one for you; MEMBERS Offshore banking; O. RUNNERS Sir Dancelot; PIRATES All in it together; PIRATES Shakin all over; RODS Life on the line; ROSE ROYCE Makes you feel like dancing; DONNA SUMMER Back in love + Try me + 1; SHAM 69 Hersham boys; STARGARD What you waiting for; SANTANA It's alright; TELEVISION Foxhole (Red vinyl); VILLAGE PEOPLE In the navy; BARRY WHITE Sha la means I love you; WRECKLESS ERIC Hit & Miss Judy (Orange vinyl) 50p each or 5 for £2
HERB ALPERT Rise; R CRAWFORD One day I'll fly; I DURY Rhythm stick; FLOATERS Float on; HEATWAVE Gangsters of groove; HEATWAVE Jitterbuggin; QUINCY JONES A/ No Corrida; FERN KINNEY Together we are beautiful; L LOVICH Lucky No.; MOTORS Forget about you (red v); S SLEDGE We are family; TELEVISION Marquee Moon, YMO Invaders theme; BLACK SLATE Amigo; B RATS Someone's looking, B MARLEY I shot the sheriff; S MILLS Two hearts; S MINOTT Good thing going; BROS. JOHNSON Ride a rocket; BROS. JOHNSON Stomp (Original); GARY'S GANG Keep on dancing (I); QUINCY JONES Stuff like that (Orig); S. LATTISAW Jump to the beat; ONLY ONES Out there in the night (Blue v. chilled); SHALAMAR In to sock/2nd time around; T CONNECTION Do what you wanna do; T. CONNECTION At midnight; V. PEOPLE Go West; V. PEOPLE Can't stop the music; FLAMING GROOVES Shake some action; ANITA WARD Ring my bell (I); LIGHT OF WORD Swingin'; J. MATHIS Gone gone gone; G. PARKER Protection; G. PARKER Hey Lord; YARBOROUGH & Don't stop the music ....99p each
12" GARY NUMAN Cars (I)(P) 1.99
12" LOURY Reasons to be cheerful (green vinyl)(I)(P) 1.99
12" AC/DC Touch too much/Live wire/Shot down (I)(P) 1.99
12" BLONDIE Call me (vocal & instl)(I)(P) 2.25
12" CLIFF RICHARD We don't talk anymore (6mins)(I)(P) 1.50
This is a small selection from the hundreds in our SUPER SUMMER SINGLE SALE. Ask for free sale list when ordering.

CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45

12" CLASSIX NOUVEAUX Inside out/Don't bite/Every home (P) 1.99
12" B. MOVIE Marilyn Dreams (P) 1.99
12" S. BALLET Chant No. 1/Feel the chant/Cut a long (I) (P) 3.49
12" SOFT CELL Tainted love/Where did/Tainted dub (P) 1.99
12" VISAGE Tar/Frequency 7/Blocks on blocks/We move/Fade to grey (I) (P) 3.99
7" U2 Day without me/Things to make (Diff P to Brit) (I) 1.50
7" U2 Fire/J. Swallo/11 o'clock/Ocean/Cry/Electric Co. (Dble single) (P) 1.25
7" 852's 52 girls/6060 842 (Diff pic to all others) (I) 1.99
7" BOW WOW WOW Prince of darkness (Poster pic) 1.20
12" NEW AGE STEPPERS (SLITS) My love/? 02)/L Forever (7.00)(P) 1.99
12" JAPAN Art of parties/Width of a room/Life without buildings/Experience of swimming (I)(P) 3.75
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Sound of the crowd/Boys and girls/Dance vision/Add your voice/Tom Baker (I)(P) 3.75
12" NEW ORDER Ceremony (long mix & pic)(+ free Joy Div flexi 1.99
7" FLUX OF INDIANS (Epileptics) New smell (Crass label, poster pic) 75p
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Dignity of labour 1/4 (+ flexidisc)(P) 2.20
7" ULTRAVOX Y Savage; D Rhythm; Rockwrock (all pic) ....each 1.15
7" BILL NELSON Youth of nation + 3 (dble 7", gatefold P) 1.49
7" KID CREOLE / COCONUTS Maladar d'amour (E) (P) 1.99
10" KILLING JOKE Follow the leader (E) / Tension (P) 1.75
12" JAPAN Art of Parties (6.41) / Life without (6.40) (P) 1.25
12" JAPAN 2nd that emotion / European son / Life in Tokyo / Stateline / Adi sex (re-recorded) (I) (P) 3.99
12" HUMAN LAGUE Sound of the crowd (Voc & Inst) (P). 1.15
12" JOY DIVISION Transmission (P) (+ FREE flexidisc) 1.99
12" JOY DIVISION Atmosphere (P) (+ FREE flexidisc). 1.99
12" JOY DIVISION Love will tear (Diff pic from 7" + flexidisc) 1.99
Please note. All copies of the new Joy Division L.P. (due for release in 3 to 4 weeks) bought from us will contain a FREE flexidisc)
12" JAPAN (Live in Japan) Deviation / Obscure alternatives (6.05) / In vogue (6.10) / Sometimes I feel low (I) (P) 3.49
12" P.I.L. Flowers of romance (long version) (P) 1.99
12" VISAGE Visage (dance mix) / Second steps (P) 1.99
12" VISAGE Mind of toy / We move / Freq. 7 (dance mixes) (P) 1.50
7" VISAGE Tar / Frequency 7 (I) (P) 1.99
7" VISAGE Moon over Moscow / Fade to grey (I) (P) 1.99
12" ORCH. MANOEUVRES Red frame, white light (P) 3.99
12" DEPECHE MODE New life (remix)/Shout (7.25) (diff P to 7") 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX P. Strangers (+ pic of album sleeve on back) (I) (P) 2.50
7" ULTRAVOX P. Strangers (clear vinyl) (P) 2.99
12" WAS NOT WAS Out come the freaks (E) 1.99
12" TOM TOM CLUB Wordy rappinghood (E)/Elephant 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX Stood still (E)/Athes Kar/Keep talking (P) 1.99
12" BAUHAUS Bela Lugosi's dead (P) 2.20
12" HEAVEN 17 Fascist groove thing/Decline of West (7.00) (P) 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX Vienna (4.50) / P. Reply / Herrx (P) 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX P. Strangers / Face to face / Kings lead (P) 1.99
12" DRAMATIS (Numan's band) Exhuma Scientia (P) 1.25
12" SOFT CELL Memorabilia (E) (P) 1.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire state human (P) 2.25

DANCING ON THE FLOOR DANCING ON THE FLOOR

12" ENIGMA I love music (Medley) 11 mins) 1.99
12" GAP BAND Oops Upside your head (8 mins) 1.99
12" STARS ON 45 Vol 1 (Beatles medley)(11.32)(P) 1.99
12" STARS ON 45 Vol 2 (Abba medley)(11.57)(P) 1.99
12" TIGHTFIT Back to the 60s (medley)(11 mins) 1.99
12" STARTRAX Startrax (Bee Gees medley) (9 mins) 1.99
12" GIDEA PARK Beach Boy Gold (medley) (5 mins) 1.99
12" LOBO Caribbean disco (Caribbean medley) (12 mins) 1.99
12" R PHIL ORCH Hooked on classics (classics medley) (7 mins) 2.25
12" SUPREMES/B ROSS Hits medley (10 mins) 1.99
12" IMAGINATION Body talk (E) 1.99
12" 3RD WORLD Dancing on the floor (E) 1.99
12" JACKSONS Walk right now (E) 1.99
12" CARL CARLTON She's a bad Mama Jama (E) 2.25
12" VOGGUE Dancing the night away (7.24) 1.99
12" BROS JOHNSON The real thing (E)(P) + 2 ....1.50
12" QUINCY JONES Razzamatazz (E)(P) 1.50
12" SHAKATAK Brazilian dawn (E) 1.99
12" MICHAEL JACKSON We're almost there 1.99

MEGASTARS MEGASTARS MEGASTARS

12" ABBA Lay all your love (Vogue white label test pressing) (Few only) (I) 15.00
7" PAUL RAVEN (GARY GLITTER) Soul thing/Stand (1968 MCA label)2.99
7" ADAM & ANTS Antmusic/Dog eat dog (Jap I + lyrics) (Different pic of Adam to any British 7") 2.50
L.P. BEATLES Interviews with Ed. Rudy (I) 5.99
L.P. BOLANT. REX Slider (gatefold slve); E. Warrior (gate slve with pic of Marc); Futuristic dragon (+ lyrics); Dandy in underworld; Story of Pop (slve has write up on career); 20th Century. (All I) ....each 4.99
L.P. T. REX Metal Guru (Jap I + lyrics) 7.99
L.P. T. REX Metal Guru (Jap I + lyrics) (Hits & rarities) 8.99
L.P. BOLAN Words & Music 1974 - 1977 (2 Recs) (I) 5.99
L.P. MONKEES More of, First, Birds bees, Pisces Aquarius; Headquarters; Instant replay; (re-issues of Originals) (Jap I + lyrics) ....each 6.99
L.P. MONKEES Dolenz, Boyce, Jones & Hart. Live concert in Japan) (Lots of hits, all live + poster + lyrics) (Jap I) 7.99
7" T. REX Get it on/Hot love (I) (P) 1.99
7" MONKEES Daydream believer/Last train to C. (I) (P) 1.99
L.P. VIHO My generation (gatefold sleeve) (I) (P) 4.99
ADAM & ANTS Postermag No 5 (P&P 60p. Overseas 1.50 ....60p
L.P. G. NUMAN Telekon (Import cdpies) 1.99
12" BLONDIE — Rip to shreds/X offender/In flesh (British pic) 1.99
12" BLONDIE — Denis/Contact red sq/Kung fu girls (British pic) 1.99
7" BLONDIE Heart of glass (Original Brit. pic. Not re-issue) 3.99
STARSHOTS Magazine (Adam & Ants mostly) (P&P 60p. Overseas 1.50) 60p
7" G. NUMAN I die you die (blue or yellow or white or dark green vinyl) (All import, all pic) ....each 1.99
7" GARY NUMAN This wreckage (Jap I + lyrics)(P) 2.50
L.P. STRANGLERS Black & White (Grey & White vinyl) (I) 5.99
L.P. KATE BUSH N forever; Kick (Jap I + lyrics etc) ....each 8.99
L.P. E.L.O. Collection (14 tracks) (Gatefold, Jap I + lyrics) 10.99
7" LED ZEPPELIN Whole lotta love / Immigrant song (I) (P) 1.99
L.P. OLIVIA N. JOHN Crystal lady (dble L.P.) 32 track greatest hits (gatefold sleeve + lyrics) (Jap Import) 12.50
7" ABBA Dame dame dame (Gimme in Spanish) (I) (P) 1.99
7" ABBA Chiquitita (sung in Spanish) (I) (P) 1.99
7" POLICE Walking on (Diff. pic to others in our cat.) (I) 1.99
7" POLICE Reasons to die in the night (I) (P) 1.99
7" ADAM & ANTS Stand & deliver (Limited poster sleeve) 1.15
7" ADAM & ANTS Don't be square / Ant music (I) 1.20
7" TUBEWAY ARMY Bombers/That's too bad (dble single) (P) 1.99

GOOD THINGS GOING

L.P. E. COSTELLO My aim is trye (Vogue test pressing. White label) (I) 9.99
L.P. TUBES T.R.A.S.H. Hits & Rarities (I) 5.99
7" Profiles in Gold E.P. (A special release from Atlantic records & Coca Cola) (Has 2 GENESIS tracks plus 6 by others) (I) (P) 1.99
BOW WOW WOW Cassingle Prince of darkness (E) (P) (P&P 50p U.K.) 1.50
7" SQUEEZE Bang bang (Green vinyl) (P) 4.99
7" UTOPIA Set me free/Rd. To Utopia (I) (P) 1.99
7" WISHBONE ASH Helpless/Living proof (I) (P) 1.99
7" ELTON JOHN J'veux d'la tendresse (I) (P) 1.99
7" O.N. JOHN Long live love (British Original on Pye) 1.99
L.P. SHAKIN STEVENS 'Get shakin includes You drive me Crazy/This Old House/Marie Marie/Hot dog etc) (I) 5.99
10" SHAKIN STEVENS Marie Marie/Hey Mae + 2 (I) (P) 3.49
7" MEATLOAF Paradise by dash/Took the works right (I)(P) 1.99
L.P CRASS Penis envy (+ wraparound poster pic) 2.25
L.P MIKE OLDFIELD Wonderland (10 hits)(gatefold sleeve)(I) 5.99
L.P O.N.JOHN Live in Japan (13 tracks) (Gatefold sleeve + lyrics + large poster)(Jap I) 9.50
B.E.F. CASSETTE (Members of Human League) Music for Stowaways (33 mins of music, only available as a Ltd Edit Cassette) 3.49
7" COCKNEY REJECTS Greatest Cockney rip off (yellow v) (P) 2.99
7" RUSH Tom Sawyer/Witch hunt (I) (P) 1.25
L.P. JAPAN Quiet life ....only 2.99
7" JAM Sats kids/Heatwave (I) 1.25
7" SEX PISTOLS Holidays (with original banned British pic) 1.50

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

7" BOWIE A Song/S Oddity (+ wraparound poster) 50p
7" BOWIE Scary monsters (5.10)/Up the hill (I)(P) 1.99
LP BOWIE Rock Galaxy (blue gatefold slve, unlike any other)(I) 5.99
LP DAVID BOWIE (re-issue of 1st LP orig pic, 14 tracks)(I) 4.99
LP BOWIE Chameleon (diff pic to any other 12 tracks)(I) 5.49
12" BOWIE Up the hill (pink pic sleeve + ltd edt. insert of 12" x 12" sheet of set of 36 Ashes star-ps) (I) (P) 3.49
LP BOWIE Wir kinder (Has 6.08 of 'Heroes/Helden) (I) 3.99
10" BOWIE Not losing sleep/Dig everything/Can't help/Do anything/Good morning girl/And I say (really good pic) 2.49
7" BOWIE Joe the lion/John I'm only dancing (I)(P) 1.99
7" BOWIE Soddity/A song (dif P to others)(I) 1.99
12" BOWIE Scary monsters (5.10) / Because (I) (P) 2.99
BOWIE BADGES (1 inch) Low, Man who sold, John I'm, Ashes (clown) Scary Monsters (P&P 14p any quantity U.K.) ....25p each
12" BOWIE John I'm (E)(Pi) + free RCA John' Promo badge) 1.99

STARS ON 12" 45 STARS ON 12" 45 STARS ON 12" 45

12" IVOR BIGGUN Bras. on 45 (Family & Dirty versions) 1.99
12" JOE DOLCE Shaddap you face (I) (P) 3.49
12" HAZEL O'CONNOR We're all grown up/White room/Dawn chorus (in French) 1.99
12" SIOUXSIE/BANSHEES Arabian nights/Congo/Sup (P) 1.99
12" DURAN DURAN Girls on film (Long version) (P) 1.99
12" BOB MARLEY 3 Little birds/Every need (I) (P) 2.99
12" PRETENDERS Message of love/Porcelaine (2 tracks only) (I) (P) 3.49
12" CHASS & DAVE — Turn that noise down (P) 1.99
12" KISS I was made for lovin' (7.54) (good pic) 1.99
12" EAGLES Hotel Cal (6.55 live)/Long run (5.35 live)(I)(P) 3.49
12" CHAKA KHAN I'm every woman + 2 ....1.99
12" SPECIALS Ghost town (6.06) (full pic slve with lyrics) 1.99
12" ABBA Lay all your love on me/On & on (pic) 1.99
12" SPANDAU BALLET Chant no 1/Feel the chant (P) 1.99
12" MIKE OLDFIELD 6 hits (large pic label/Jap I + lyrics)(very limited edition)(P) 6.99
12" XTC Don't lose temper/Smokeless + 5 more tracks (large pic label/Jap I + lyrics)(P)(v ltd edition) 6.99
12" IAN DURY Sex & drugs/What a waste + 3 more tracks (large pic label/Jap I + lyrics)(P)(v ltd edition) 6.99
12" ECHO & BUNNYMEN Promise (remix) / Broke my neck (E) (P) 1.15
12" UB40 Present arms / Arms dub / Don't slow down (I) (P) 2.99
12" PSYCH. FURS Pretty in pink + 2 (+ FREE t Shirt) 2.50
12" BAD MANNERS Up up lorry (E) (P) 1.99
12" ECHO & BUNNYMEN Rescue + 2 ....1.20
12" ABBA Chiquitita/Lovelight (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Voulez vous/Angel eyes (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Winner takes it all/Elaine (I) (P) 3.99
12" TOYAH I.E.Y.A. (8 minute version) (P) 1.99
12" LYNYRD SKYNRD Freebird (3.08) + 2 (P) 2.20
12" ORCHESTRAL MANEOVRES Enola gay (P) 1.99
12" SPECIALS Ghost town (6.06)/Why/Fri. night (2 tone bag) 1.75
12" B. SPRINGSTEEN River/Born to run/Rosalita (7.02) (P) 1.99
12" BOB MARLEY No woman no cry/Jammin' (both live) 1.99
12" BAD MANNERS Lorraine (long version) + 2 (P) 1.99
12" SPECIALS Too much too young e.p. (I) (P) 2.99
12" MADNESS One step beyond (in Italian) +3 (I)(P) 2.75
12" ELTON JOHN Funeral for a friend EP (20 mins)(P) 1.99
12" UB40 My way/Dream a lie/Earth dies (I) (P) 2.99
12" HAWKWIND Hurry on sundown (6.50) / Sweet mistress of pain (5.20) / Kings of speed (4.25 live) (P) 1.99
12" ROXY MUSIC Jealous guy (I) (P) 2.99

7" JAP IMPORTS (All picture inserts + lyrics) 7"

7" MONKEES 1 Daydream believer, 2 I'm a believer/Last train to Clarksville, 3 I wanna be free/Valerie, ...each 2.50
7" ELO Confusion; All over the world; Mr blue sky, I'm alive; S talking woman; Don't bring me down; Shine a little love ....each 2.50
7" LED ZEPPELIN Black dog; Immigrant song; Whole lotta love; Fool in rain/Hot dog; Candy store r

BONAPARTE RECORDS

284 Pentonville Road
London N19NR England

NEW SUMMER SPECIALS

Bow Wow Wow — Prince Of Darkness 7" in special open-out poster bag 99p
12" with special cover £1.99
Bow Wow Wow — Prince Of Darkness. Cassingle in special pack ..... only £1.15

Joy Division — Still. Double L.P. Long awaited. One L.P. Studio, one L.P. Live £4.49
Simple Minds — Love Song / This Earth 7" (pic) 99p
12" Is Extended Version with pic cover £1.99
Ultravox — The Thin Wall / I Never Wanted To Begin. 12" (pic) £1.99
7" In Pic Bag 99p
Funkapolitan — As The Time Goes By 7" (pic) 99p

Human League — Love Action / Hard Times 12" Last Over 21 Mins (pic cover) £1.49
7" Love Action (pic cover) 99p
Theatre Of Hate — Nero / Incinerator 12" (pic) £1.89

Pretenders — 2nd Album. Pretenders II £3.99
Thompson Twins — Animal Laugh 12" (Re-Mix) 2 Tracks On B-Side (pic) £1.99
UB40 — One In Ten / Present Arms (dub) New Single 7" (pic) 99p
Soft Cell — Tainted Love / Where Did Our Love 7" (pic) 99p
Soft Cell — 12" Also in picture bag £1.99
New Age Steppers — My Love / Love Forever. 12" (pic) £1.99
Duran Duran — Girls on Film 7" (pic) 99p
Duran Duran — Girls on Film 12" (re-mix) + 2 extra tracks (Pic) £1.99
Echo And The Bunnymen — Promise. 12" pic cover £1.15
Spandau ballet — Chant No 1. 12" (pic) (Beggar & Co. are the back-up band) £1.99

U2 — 4-track E.P. double pack — Fire. Includes live version of 11 o'Clock Tick Tock. Very ltd. (Pic) £1.15
Adam & Ants — Stand And Deliver. Import. 12" in colour bag. V. ltd offer £3.99

Associates — Q. Quarters. 12" with extra track + pic bag £1.99
Department S — Going Left Right (pic) (brilliant) 7" 99p
Bauhaus — The Passion of Lovers / 1 2 3 4. New 7" (pic) 99p
Depeche Mode — New Life 12" (pic) Ext £1.99
Delta Five — (pic) — Shadow 7" 99p

NEW RELEASES FROM HUMAN RECORDS

Au Pairs — Inconvenience / Pretty Boys. 7" (pic) 99p
Au Pairs — Inconvenience. 12" + Extra Track. (Re Mix of Headache) pic cover £1.79

Modettes — White Mice / Kray Twins (Live) 7" (pic) 99p
Ana Hausen — Professionals / Tunnel Vision (Atmospheric Debut Single) 7" (pic) 99p
Hermine — T.V. Lovers / Valley Of The Dolls (pic) 99p

ALSO STILL AVAILABLE: ON HUMAN RECORDS

Au Pairs — Playing With A Different Sex. LP The Brilliant & Critically Acclaimed Debut LP £3.79
Zeitgeist — Shake Rake. 7" (pic) 99p
Zeitgeist — Touch 7" (pic) 99p
Slits — Animal Space. 7" (pic) 99p
Au Pairs — It's Obvious / Diet. 7" (pic) 99p
Hermine — Torture. 7" EP (pic) 99p
Dangerous Girls — Man In A Glass. 7" (pic) 99p
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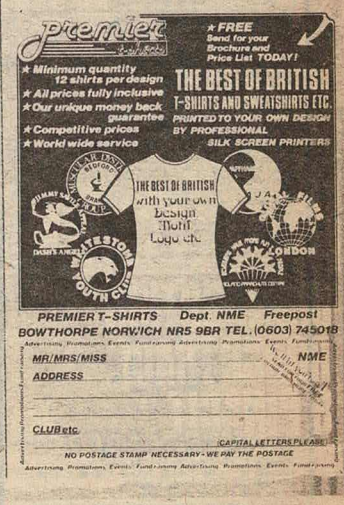
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Ian Dury

FROM PAGE 14

Davey Payne repairs to a room on the second level shuts himself in and, with the aid of several saxophones, proceeds to warm up. The resultant noise aproximates the death cries of a stricken grampus, Medusas snakes mimicking Robin Gibb in sequence or a falsetto foghorn crying rape.

In the panic on the pavements, I join a crazed throng of people dashing to find sanctuary from the dread din. As Davey lets rip, the surrounding street look like the final scenes from *Day Of The Locust*. We settle in a nearby hostelry.

"All The Jewels In The Crown Of Englands Glory
Too numerous to mention but a few
And every one could tell a different story
And show old England's Glory something new."
—"England's Glory" by Max Wall

written by Ian Dury

VIVAN STANSHALL will be guesting tonight. That's the word rolling around the walls of this quaint folksy late '70s inn. Dury and Stanshall were at art school together in 1960 and have rarely seen each other since. But Sir Henry is not the most startling presence here tonight. No, bob.

Sitting at my table, and still a little confused as to why, is Chas Jankel. Just the day previous he had vowed that he'd be a monkey's uncle if ever he'd play onstage with The Blockheads again. Hmmm.

Well hi, Chas! What news from nephew Kong?

"I was sitting at home munching some cornflakes when the phone rang."

Steady Chas you're beginning to sound like me. Go on.

"Anyway it was Ian and he was panicking. Mickey Gallagher had slipped a disc and as I was the only other one who knew the songs. What was I doing? Well, I feel a bit foolish seeing as how I've been telling interviewers that I'd never do this again. But here I am."

How was it at Crystal Palace for you?

"OK. . . OK. That water didn't half stink though."

As you may know, Chas penned and did the definitive version of Quincy Jones' recent smash 'Ai No Corrida'. A tremendous song. (I hope you concert DJs are taking notes here). He's a gifted fellah and should have little bother in emulating his friend Rod 'Hitmaker' Temperton if planted in the States. It was Temperton who got the song to Quincy Jones.

When Chas Jankel promises an interesting story he's not just whistling Dixie. More to the point, how rich has this made Dury's buddy?

"It was a hit everywhere in the world but I ain't got a penny yet. That's how these thing go. Rod's on a fair whack though. . ."

To say the man who amongst others wrote 'Off The Wall', 'Rock With You', 'Gimme The Night' 'Love X Love' 'Razzamatazz' is "on a fair whack" is a bit like saying Vivian Stanshall doesn't care much about convention. The trouble is . . . will the convention care much for him.

"The manager called me in his office, he said 'Joe there's only one thing wrong with your act — the seats are facing the stage'."

— A Card For The Clubs by Les Dawson.

DURY HUGGED Stanshall like it'd been years. "It's been years," said Ian.

The pair of them stood for a few seconds nodding and smiling. Ian Dury genuinely, and to the best of his belief, hasn't a malicious word, an uncaring one even, to say for anyone in rock music. For originals and great men he positively *loves*. As if some pang of conscience makes him overcompensate because he's an accepted figure wheras they're not, and because of their excesses, never will be. He also has an almost fatherlike compassion when talking of young bands. I wondered if he was aware of that.

"Yeah really, I certainly feel for someone like young Ian Page who took a terrible hammering. OK, he set himself up a lot of the time, but . . . y'see most of 'em don't see this as a long term thing — which is great — but I think a bit of foresight is handy. You've got to bounce up and down like Noel Coward whose career was whoosh up them whoosh down all the time. If you don't have horrible times you never learn anything just repeat."

So what's been the high and low spot for you in the last five years?

"Erm, 'New Boots And Panties' and 'New Boots And Panties'. See it brought hundreds of things in its wake that I never considered. For example, I'd recommend to all aspiring rock'n'rollers that you write *two* LPs before you release the first one. Then you've got space, time to relax, a year to enjoy. Because the enjoyment goes right out when the pressure's on. The punter's after new stuff, getting restless."

THE LIGHTS dimmed and the howl sounded. But instead of the pumped funk introl to 'Sex & Drugs' or the shimmering keyboards announcing 'Wake Up' the curtains opened on Humphrey Ocean. The audience sat tensed and waiting for the obligatory Kosmo wind-up that would finish in a hollered *'Ianduryantheblockheads!!'* A time honoured starting pistol on such events.

But Humphrey introduced someone else. He called upon the nervous talents of Vivian Stanshall. Well, what the hell, OK said the crowd, two introductions for the band tonight. Good Gag plus a weird personality t'boot. BUT! Putting down his bag of props the old Bonzo Dog began to do a small turn. Within two minutes of his observations on wedding day starting, the catcalls slow handclaps and hoots were loud enough to have got the theatre banned from landing in most major US airports. Whatever barbs Stanshall was fighting back with were lost under the tide of impatience.

He was nervous and apprehensive enough before he went on but, dear me, watching through barely open eyes I saw his spirit leave his body wearing a hat and coat, whisper, "You're on your own kid" in his ear and dive into a cab.

It was awful: John Cooper Clark at the Vortex, Des O'Connor at the Glasgow Empire, Custer at Wounded Knee all rolled into one.

After eight or so minutes, on belted Charlie Charles and Co to set up the opening Blockhead rhythm and allow Viv to ease off with some dignity. But Stanshall seemed to think this was a beat set up to give his vocals some beef and he grabbed a mike and started improvising a song all over the intro — unrecognisable though it was — of 'Sex & Drugs'. He was hammering away full pelt when on came Dury and the house went nuts.

Confused at the screams he half turned and saw the main attraction acknowledging the reception and whatever word he was shouting shrank then disappeared on wee little legs back down his neck. It still makes my skin crawl to think of the embarrassment he must've buckled under on realising even his allies were trying to say, "Viv, old mate, save it. Make a dash for the wings and we'll try and hold 'em off for ten minutes."

Gathering his scattered assortment of jests he tried to be invisible as the concert got going. He got off safely. After having been with the Bonzo's the experience can't have been foriegn to him, water off his back even, but for me and a couple of others I later found out were there, it was like having a hand stuffed down your throat and then pull you inside out from the socks. Horrible to see a friend die. (I'd like to say something damning about rock audiences here but the reducing of a performer is nothing peculier to rock'n'roll).

The memory almost faded as the headline band gave a performance I didn't think, after these many viewings, they still could evoke. The Blockheads were brilliant that night. And would've been in any period of entertainment you could name. And this time the encores were played and were almost enough. Respect it.

What's your favourite food Ian?

"Vitamin pills and . . . swimming pool water."

"They've burst your pretty balloon and taken the moon away"

— 'The Party's Over'.

COMING BACK home about 11.30, the pubs were still open and people were still busy clearing up from the street parties. It looked like it had been some day. Housewives sat exhausted amongst half-eaten sandwich quarters and flags that were curling up only slightly less. Husbands sang 'Didn't We Have A Lovely Time The Day We Went To Bangor' as they folded the great wooden tables away till Coronation Day. Everyone was smiling and looking theatrically worn out at each other.

Some day.

The following lunchtime I was telling a griend about how Vivian Stanshall had been crushed and, quite naturally, we both laughed until we ached. He told me he should have been in charge of the block party they held over on one part of the Silwood Estate.

"It was going alright," he said still giggling, "till this fakkin' DJ turns up and tries to impress 'em all with how loud his speakers could go and they all fakked off to another do down the road. He drove 'em all out till there was just him and the two organizers looking at each other across 500 decibels! He packed up and went after three quarters of an hour!"

Well, face it, its a long way back to Wood Green.

Right?

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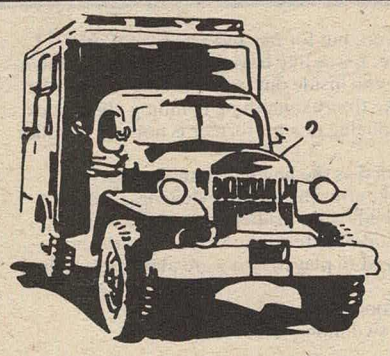


Manning the pumps: Andy Gill

(Sorry, no letters in cans)

Sluice your juice to us at GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG.

Ray Faulder, Cramlington, Northumberland.
PS: Print this letter last, because everyone reads the short ones at the end first.
Certainly, Ray. Anything to oblige. — AG

Well darling, when I first appeared on the stage in England ten years ago, the English public wasn't quite ready for me, if you can believe that! I think the answer, arguably, is that I polarised the critics. Polarised. Which just means that quite a few of them couldn't stand the sight of me. I mean I'm a frank woman, no beating about the bush.
Ari Walker.
You can say that again. — AG
Well darling, when I first appeared on . . .
Oh, a clever devil, eh? You ought to get together with this next reader. She's a smart cookie, too . . .

So the riots are an "expression of the frustration of unemployment", are they? I didn't realise that ten-year-olds were so frustrated at not finding work.
Alison Terry, Birmingham.
Young kids will always be strongly influenced by their elder brothers and sisters, a great deal of whom are *extremely* frustrated at not finding work. Despair and resentment are deeply contagious, Alison. So is cynicism. But you already know about that, right? — AG

It is not often that I write letters to magazines but John Michael's articles on the death of John Lennon compel a protest. They are simply the worst piece of journalism that I have ever seen in your publication. Almost devoid of verifiable fact, they rely on rumour, speculation and the ravings of certified lunatics.

Michael relies on people like Mae Brussel and A.J. Weberman. Weberman is the ex-Dylanologist famous for his scavenging of Bob Dylan's garbage for clues to the man and his conclusion that all of Dylan's lyrics were about drugs, written in a code that was only understandable to the cognoscenti. Brussel is a conspiracy nut who sees worldwide conspiracies behind every event. America has, unfortunately, many of these persons. They were responsible for the McCarthy era, when everything was the fault of the Communists, and they are responsible for the paranoid rantings of Mr Michael.

Mr Michael's accusations regarding Dr Bernard Diamond are simply wrong. He asks why Dr Diamond, one of the psychiatrists who examined Sirhan Sirhan, was called from California to examine Chapman when there are qualified psychiatrists in New York and implies that it was part of a conspiracy to quiet Chapman. The answer is that Dr Diamond, in addition to being a psychiatrist, is a Professor of Law and the outstanding American authority on psychiatry and the law. He is the pre-eminent authority in the field and *the* most competent expert to offer an opinion on the question of whether a person is competent to stand trial or insane under the law.

These articles are ill-informed, poorly reasoned and just plain stupid. Tragically, America keeps producing people like Chapman and Hinckley. Mr Michael's articles, by blaming the violence on a grand conspiracy, shifts concern away from the real problems plaguing this country.
Richard Fannan, Attorney-at-Law, Los Angeles.
I have to agree. Conspiracy theories are best left between the covers of Thomas Pynchon novels, unless supported by hard facts. — AG

Oh dear, what a shame! The riots came four years too late, or was it punk that came four years too early? If only the two had collided.

When The Clash were actually singing 'White Riot', half of the youth were too busy queuing up for tickets to bother rioting. Why does music always live in a dream? Take the Romantics/Futurists — one big dream. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't be part of that way of life.

Let's get rid of the pretence and have some music that speaks for today and tomorrow in a new and inspiring manner.
A Real Futurist, 19 Burnt Out Road, Cindersville.
Filippo Marinetti Memorial Steam Train winner. — AG

I am a 19 year old police officer. I have read your paper for five years now and only once have I seen a letter from another police officer.

Having read your reports/letters re Moss Side, Brixton etc, I'd like to know whose side you are on. I was actually at Toxteth, I saw and felt what happened. Why don't you realise racism is a two-way thing, between all communities? Two weeks into the police force, I was badly beaten up by a few blacks. My crime? I was wearing a uniform they didn't like. I didn't even see or speak to them until I was on the ground. Have you ever got off a bus and had someone spit in your face because you wear a uniform?

I try and involve myself in the community, but who am I to force myself on unaccepting people? I can't, obviously, comment on a place other than Birmingham (even though I was at Toxteth). But look at *our* local press: Asians were saying they would work with police, and vice versa. I suppose we will have real trouble in Brum to prove me wrong.

I've left myself open for a lot of criticism, but all I'd like to say is that I'm not a racist, and perhaps it's up to people like you to keep things that way.
"Just Another Pig?", Birmingham.
Maybe, but surely the onus is on you to remain impartial? It may be difficult, given the experiences you outline, but you seem intelligent enough to realise that you're on the receiving end of others' paybacks: another case of the sins of the father being visited on the son, or whatever it is. Wish there were more like you around. — AG

I've seen Rip, Rig & Panic play. They are mad. Out of their heads. Never let them play again. Please.
Beatrice Price, Hackney.
OK Gareth, we recognised your handwriting. — AG

Kevin Rowland is the John McEnroe of music.
Erroll Brown, Handsworth, Birmingham.
Bit of a backhanded compliment, that. — AG

The *NME* fascinates me in spite of myself, it really does.

This week you have actually topped your two-faced selves yet again, yes!

Tony Parsons refers in his usual condescending singles review to Siouxsie as aiming for the "Zionist market". Aha, true colours show so bright! Well, fair's fair, you can't abuse the blacks or Asians because, due to current trends much to your liking, their grief might coincidentally boost your readership with some opportunistic "we care" reporting that pays easy, tangible circulation dividends so, through Parsons' quaint euphemism, you give consent and play to some old-styled anti-Semitism. Oh yes, shame the competition for using Nazi slogans and then go on the very next week to roll the pseudo-tanks into Poland. Ha ha, six million people can't be wrong, eh?

Being a lousy Yid myself, I can laugh at it all, knowing well and truly who *my* enemies are, both covert and extrovert, but it still disturbs me to see you gunning up the engines again.

Hate to think that the *NME*, the great liberator of this century's thought, could ever stoop to mere racism; but no, you stoop to journalism instead! Worse!
Reader of no fixed antecedents.
The phrase "Zionist market" is not a euphemism, nor does it have anti-Semitic connotations, you pathetic little paranoid. It merely refers to the commercial exploitation of political and religious symbols — like swastikas in '77. — AG.

How about involving your readership in a more directly participatory way than you currently do? *Gasbag* is okay, but limited in its scope, ie. any single letter can't cover as many angles as well as a comprehensive piece of amateur, egotistical, self-satisfying journalism.

Many other rags allow room for articles, reviews, etc, from readers. Obviously, many of us amateur rock critics would love to have the opportunity of fully expressing our views. One area where this would be possible is in the field of provincial reviews of gigs and bands.

It seems that over the last year or so the *NME* has become an increasingly multi-level commentary on modern culture rather than merely an icon of rock and popular music. This is fine by me and probably by the majority of people who buy your paper, but you sadly neglect the field of modern literature, ie. only purely music-related works are reviewed, and no fiction or poetry is printed.

How about more on this angle?
Daniel Robert, Hull.
Our live pages are always open to unsolicited screeds from the sticks, Dan. Just *do it*! And as for modern literature, watch out for pieces on Didion, MacInnes, Zinoviev, Kennedy Toole, the Strugatsky Brothers and anyone else who takes our fancy. — AG

I was in Brum's HMV shop on Saturday getting the autographs of Duran Duran, when who should I see but Paul Morley. Natch, I asked for his autograph, and as soon as he remembered who he was and had found a pen, he obliged. However, when I got home I had a look at his signature, only to find an illegible mess which seemed to resemble "Dal Moley". Surely this goes to prove what many people have maintained for a long time: PAUL MORLEY CANNOT WRITE!
Specimen Zero Zero One, Browns Green, Birmingham.
Think yourself lucky he couldn't find his "typewriter". — AG

Who is that prat who appears practically every week in the audience on *TOTP*? The one who's always in the back doing all the hand jives when Shakin' Stevens is on (every bloody week), and who always dances with Legs & Co. I'd love to kick him in the balls.
Name Supplied, Liverpool.
Dal says he'll wear a cricket box in future, just to be on the safe side. — AG

Fighting racism is about changing attitudes — and that needs efforts by individuals as much as by organisations. Okay, the Leeds Carnival may have done a lot of good, but what's wrong with organisations like ANL is *precisely* that they want to simplify everything to 'clear political statements' — so their supporters don't need to think for themselves. Just like the hopeless unemployed of Germany in the '30s supported the Nazis because they offered jobs and a future.
Irvington Washing, Bournemouth.
Repeat after me: I am an individual. I will think for myself. I will not do as others tell me. — AG

2,800,000 unemployed, riots in the cities, *NME* turning into *What Car?*. How much are these upper-middle-class status symbols anyway?.
Working Class, Tipton.
The basic cost is £15,211, to which must be added £1267.58 Car Tax and £2,471.49 VAT, making a total of £18,950.37. Exclusive of number plates, of course. — AG.

Illustration: Martin Lambert

T-ZERS

ERROL HERE, on the Royal Yacht, shading, sipping and remembering the kind of week that only money and fame can buy. It helps to be British as well . . .

Monday night, **Fire Engines** at Heaven. Heaven indeed! There are those who do not understand what it is to pose down at Heaven at 3 in the morning, poor beings. I only wish I could have bought the divine **Davey Henderson** on this cruise with me and my friends The Newleyweds, but some things have to wait. Just before the group set Heaven alite with no intention of putting it out, dinky Davey promised me that this was the end of Fire Engines phase one. Phase two involves you and your best friend falling passionately in love with the group. Heaven crawled with people in groups. Some cheeky **Scars, Delta 2,** a miserable **Julian Cope** (they wouldn't let him on stage) ex **Positive Noise** stud **Ross Middleton,** the soon to be massive **Drowning Craze** — I'm a little disturbed to hear that the wonderful **Andrea Jaeger** is leaving the group — **Edwyn** out of **Orange Juice** flushed after his appearance on The **Danny Baker** Show, all three members of **Heaven 17, Mekons** (who need a polish) and **John Doyle** out of **Magazine.** I had to buy this lot a drink. Where did it get me? Back to bed, I can go on like this for ever . . .

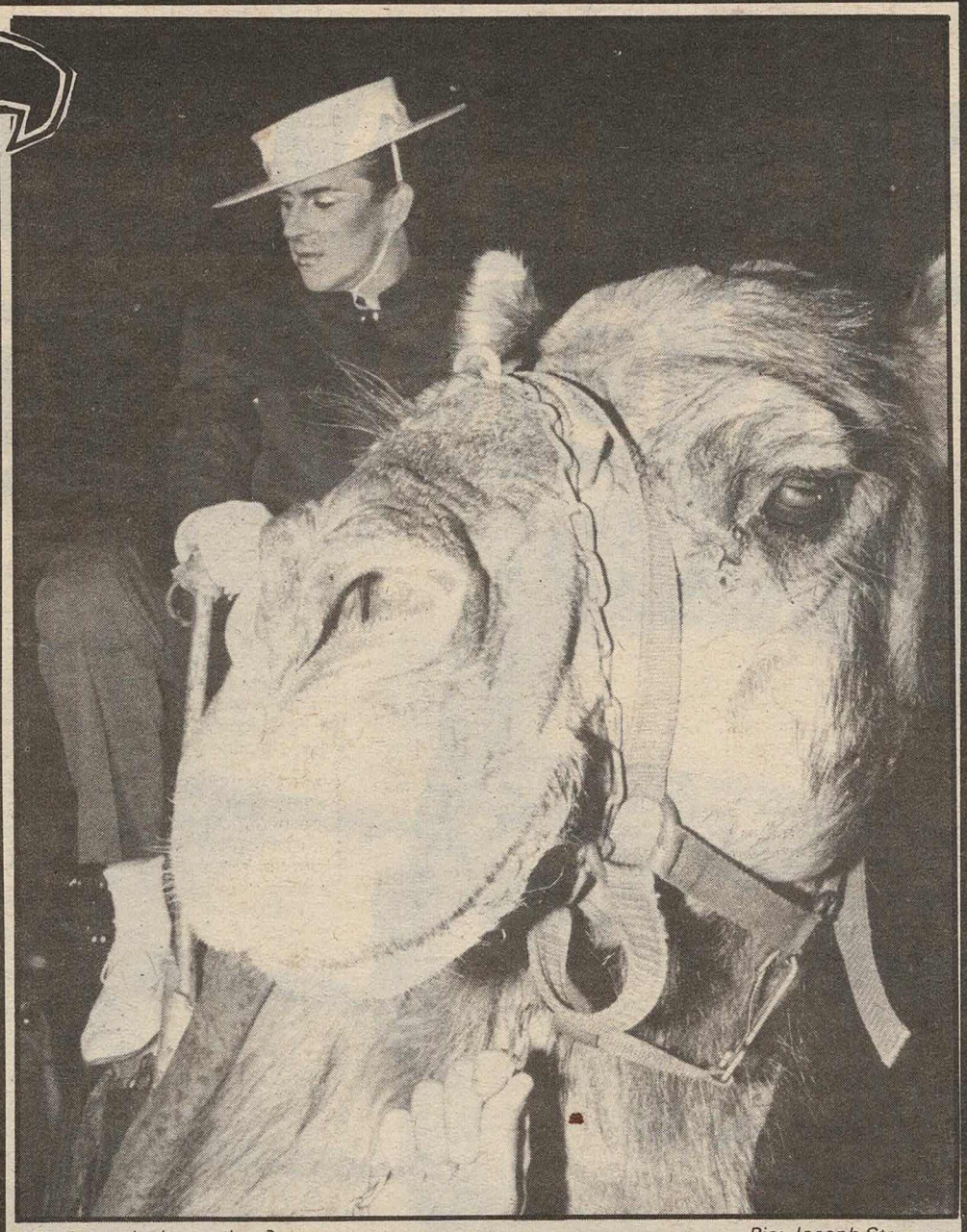
Tuesday night, eve of the wedding, the third anniversary of the day I first tasted a Black Russian, the fifth anniversary of the day I first kissed **Peter Shelley,** and what a party! First of all those fireworks in Hyde Park. As my old friend **Alistair Burnett** said, some went whizz-bang and others bang-whizz, and Alistair and I agree that we can't possibly tell you what went wrong with the display. Except nothing went right. But who cares! I arrived at Hyde Park on one of the numerous coaches carrying world leaders to the display. I sat amongst the King of Norway, a prince from Luxembourg, a few important people from parts of Africa, someone who once knew **Lord Carrington,** the fading **Richard Jobson** (morose because he wasn't taken by limousine), **Ant** person **Marco** and occupying the backseat a few **Haircut One Hundreds.** They had a hamper full of champagne and Carlsberg 68s that they shared on account of their new multi-billion money's no object deal with Arista. The bow tie boys will have their own label — I haven't come up with a name for it yet — and a super **Bob Seargent** produced single — possibly the snazz-funky 'Chunky Puzzles' is easing it's way down the lubricated pipeline . . .

The funny fireworks stopped there, but the fun didn't. **Mrs Reagan** turned down my invitation, so I escorted an obscure middle European princess down to **Blue Ronda A La Turk's** wild all night party in Farringdon. What a scorching to do that was! I got astonishingly drunk, fell in love, hippety hopped and draped myself for hours to northern soulboy **Hector's** swinging disco roadshow and I stayed upright long enough to see the zootist combo themselves. And I was well impressed! Hey who would have guessed. I knew they looked zoot-sharp and moved liked sexually charged maniacs but I never expected them to sound this good. Or was it the drink? Whoever said this was a jazz group must have been a rock fan. There's jazz in there along with bits and pieces of everything from swing to Blue Peter to ska to salsa to the end of the monarchy. **Spandau's** controller **Steve Dagger** hit the nail square on the head: "They're more **Madness** than they are **Kid Creole**!!"

AFTER SUCH a night the answering machine was flowing with information when I got back home (thankyou to whoever took me home). Someone take it down for me . . . Former **King Crimson** damp songwriter/prannet/silly poet **Pete Sinfield** has co-written two tracks on the new **Bucks Fizz** LP. Former Crimson saxman **Mel Collins** also plays on it. I was asked to do the sleevenotes, but I much prefer **Dollar** . . . A message from **Terry Hall** of **The Specials** asking me to tell you all that he's just bought a cat. A cat? it's called **Smokey,** something to do with its colour. This information is courtesy of cute corner . . .

And this is courtesy of a crazy world. Rough Trade may well bring over from America to England New York performance artists **Laurie Anderson.** She does have a record out ('not her best' say my informants) and I'm told that any visit to these shores would be welcome . . .

The Rolling Stones, a '60s group with long fingernails and hairy legs, painted an obscure Ukrainian bar in New York City pink for the taping of their 'Tattoo You' promotional film. The Stones are apparently continuing to lure the mysterious Ukrainian girl of 'Emotional Rescue' fame away from **Tom Verlaine.** Both Stones and Verlaine's albums are due out the same week. Guitar duel? Do you care?



Who's got the hump then? *Pic: Joseph Stevens*

Steve Strange goes sheikh

THE AMERICAN record industry is supposed to be in a recession. Cut-backs everywhere. But once in a while they still manage to scrape up the big bucks and throw them away on useless promotional gimmicks.

Like throwing a party for Steve Strange and having him arrive atop a camel.

Polygram, the company distributing the Visage album in the US, thinks there may be gold in them thar New Romantics. The party for Strange at New York's Chase Park club was just one of five parties they are giving around the country. But it's the only one with a camel.

The camel was supposed to come down lower Broadway, with Strange on it, at 10 pm. But by 11:30 it hadn't shown yet, and the people from Polygram were getting visibly nervous.

Quite a crowd had gathered, both in the club and outside on the sidewalk, packed with record company people, journalists and assorted would-be celebs like Gary Valentine and Billy Idol. Male and female Steve Strange fans posed politely on the sidewalk for the photographers. A horse-drawn carriage pulled up with a bunch of models. The one surprise was seeing Tom Verlaine, who never goes out, get out of a cab and go through the door.

Nothing had happened by midnight so I decided to leave. I walked around the corner — and there was Steve Strange, hidden away, sitting in a parked limo. So much for his riding the camel down Broadway. And lo! there was the camel, in a trailer, coming down the street, and there were the Polygram execs running out into traffic to flag it down before it reached the club and gave away the game.

Strange is ushered out of the limo and helped up on to the camel. He's wearing the same outfit he'd had on two days earlier at the New Music Seminar, a dark green jumpsuit and a white gaucho hat that Bryan Ferry retired to the closet five years ago. The camel trainer leads him around the corner, where there is two minutes of camera flashing before Strange gets down, not looking too shaken, and goes into the club.

And this, they say, is how careers are built.

—RICHARD GRABEL

IT'S WEDNESDAY, the fourth anniversary of the first time I ever shaved my arms, the ninth anniversary of the day I discovered girls, and The Pubs Were Open All Day. Spent the morning with the former **Lady Diane Spencer** *(surely some mistake here? — Gil)* consoling her. I'd decided to give up my invitation to her wedding and spend the day commentating on the show for an American television station. Only Lorainne Chase for Radio 2 was better . . .

Spotted in the crowds around St Pauls were **Mensi, Jimmy Pursey,** half of the **Thompson Twins, The Fire Engines'** backing singers, the **Stray Cats drummer, Joanne** and **Suzanne** from **The Human League,** Theresa from **Dollar,** and quite possibly **Blondie's** rhythm section. Later on crowding towards the palace as Charles and Diane wet their lips on the balcony were members of **Au Pairs, UB40,** plus a choice selection of Radio One disc jockeys . . .

WEDNESDAY night I furthered my relationship with that, obscure middle European princess — she isn't so obscure any more — but some brave friend of mine dived down hill to a garden party in Ladbroke Grove where **Funkapolitan** were playing an open air game. **Joe Strummer** was there — he's now living in this country — but some over zealous skinheads invaded the garden and soiled a couple of Funkee Politan's before being driven off by **Simon Super Ace.** Ended the evening, like **Charles,** entwined with a princess . . .

Thursday night I dipped my toe into one of these intriguing new psychedelia nights, this one in Sloqgh at Studio 21. A lot of colour and a lot of love and even, if you like, a lot of nonsense. This pyschedelia hysteria is bound to take off, you take it from your love **Errol.** Spotted in Slough were mighty mouth **Gary Crowley, Jam** and **Vapors** producer **Viv Coppersmith Heaven, Vaughn Toulouse** (one hit wonder) and **Peter Townsend** . . .

Coming in at psychedelia from a future-nut tangent is my colleague in indulgence **Steve.** He disc jockeyed at Rock City on Nottingham a little while ago: the venue was expecting 200 people to turn up, the place sold out. That's 2,000 girls and boys looking for FUN. Stevo handed out 2,000 magic mushrooms and encouraged everyone to have sex on the dance floor. SEX, DON'T DANCE. 200 people complained. Stevo's Some Bizarre label are looking for new artists — if you're wacky, cracked up and enjoy magic mushrooms then ring 0522 38322 and ask for the Spaced Out Man . . .

Blue Rondo A La Turk return again — they're to psychedelia what Pernod and blackcurrant is to spiked lime juice. They're playing a shoe this Saturday in Barry, South Wales at the Pelican Club . . .

As usual I missed Friday — all day in bed but by now the middle European princess has walked out on me — and spent the weekend up in Birmingham watching the Fourth Test between England and Australia. My good friend **Mike Brearley** — notice how **John Lydon** has nicked Brearley's hair style/colour — promised me England would win. This would be his present to the Royal Couple. So I was never in any doubt of the score. Mike, amidst the celebrations, told me **Millie Jackson** has ditched her foul mouthed bad rappin' to go country — her next LP is called 'Just A Lil Bit Of Country' — and warned me that, as I'm off the New York this week, authorities in Long Island are hoping to persuade discos to close down two hours earlier than usual. They claim that a 2am shutdown will greatly reduce the mounting drink and drive deaths. Club owners disagree, insisting it will pave the way for illegal after-hours speakeasy type scenes. I'd lead the way.

With that I kissed Mike on the cheek and took off in my helicopter for The Rock and The Yacht: a week of sun, sea and sex, not in that order. . .

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

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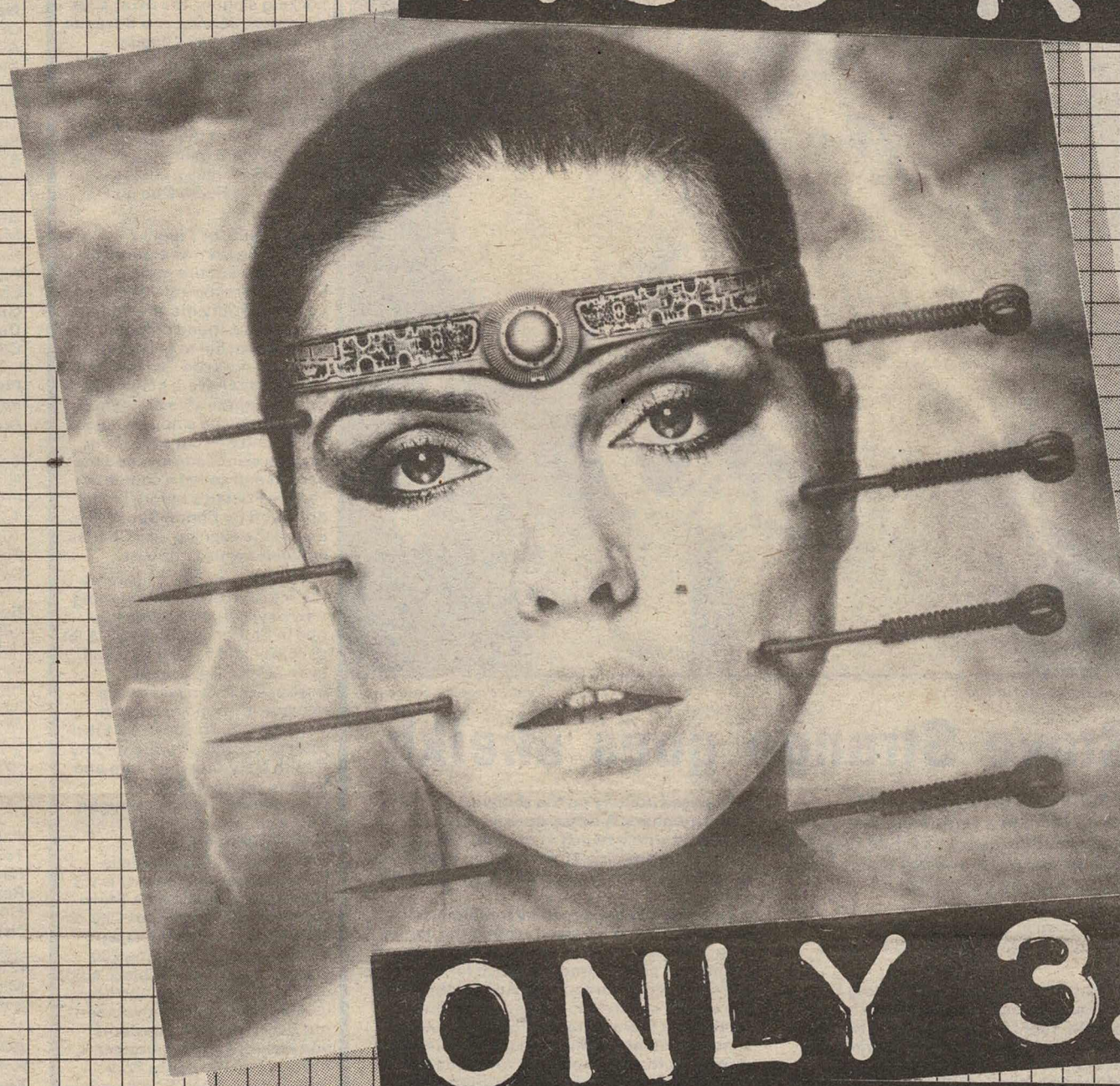

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